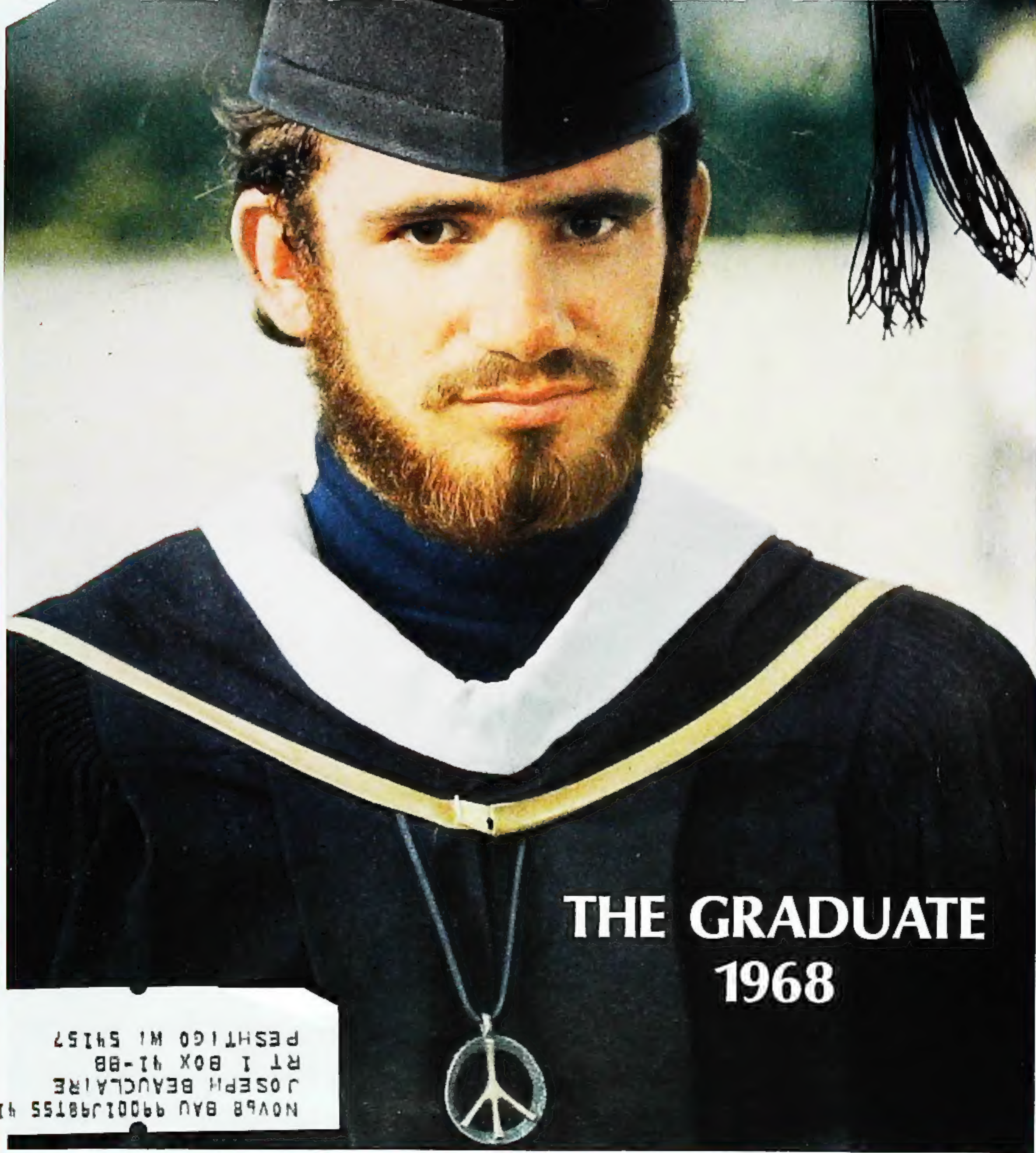


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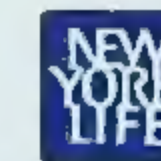
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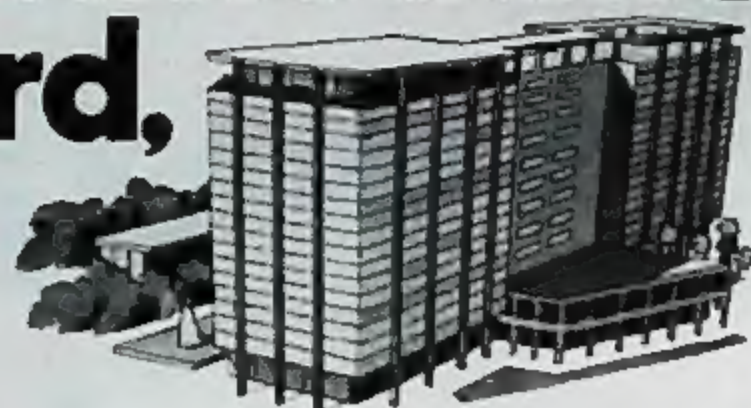
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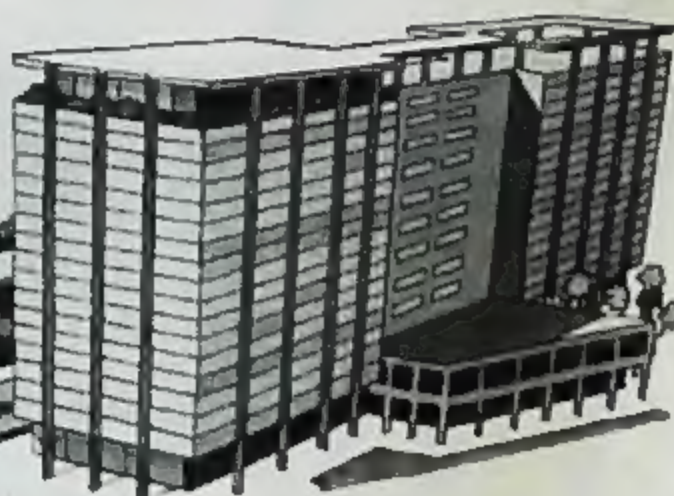


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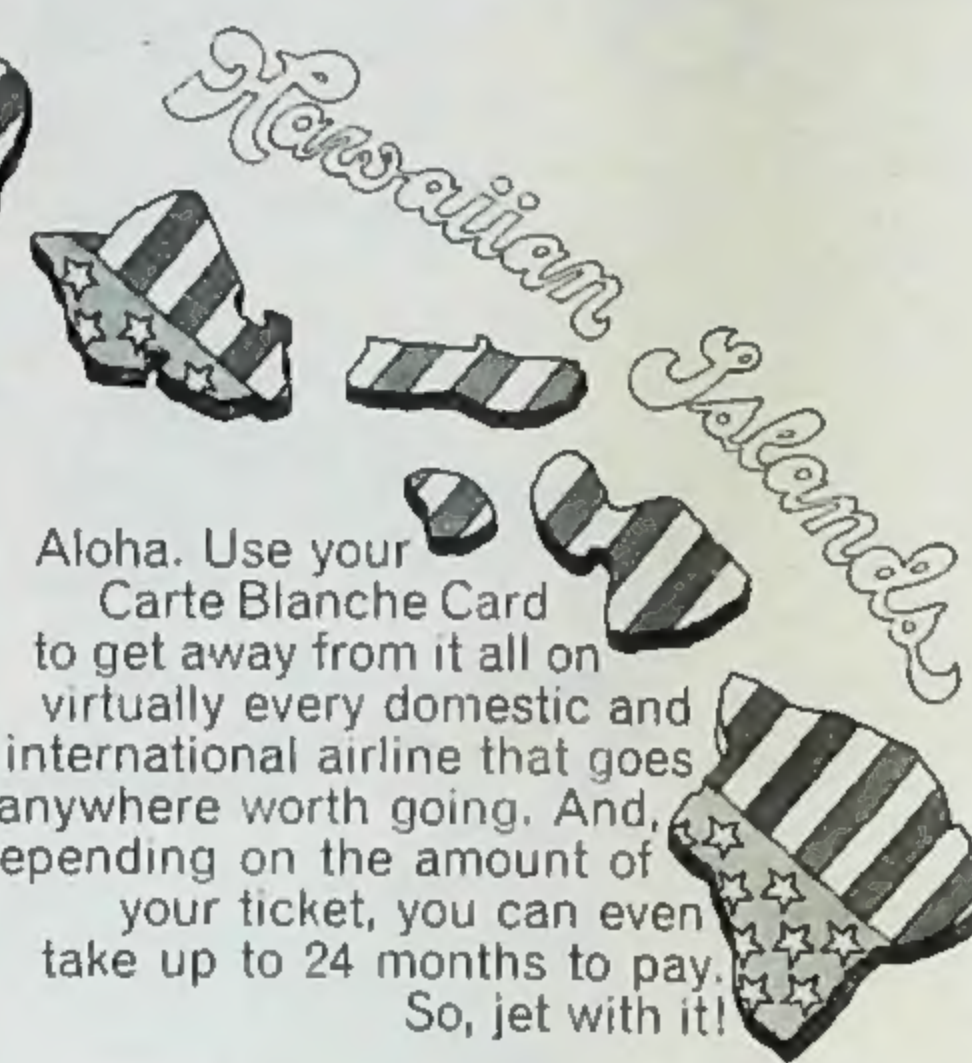
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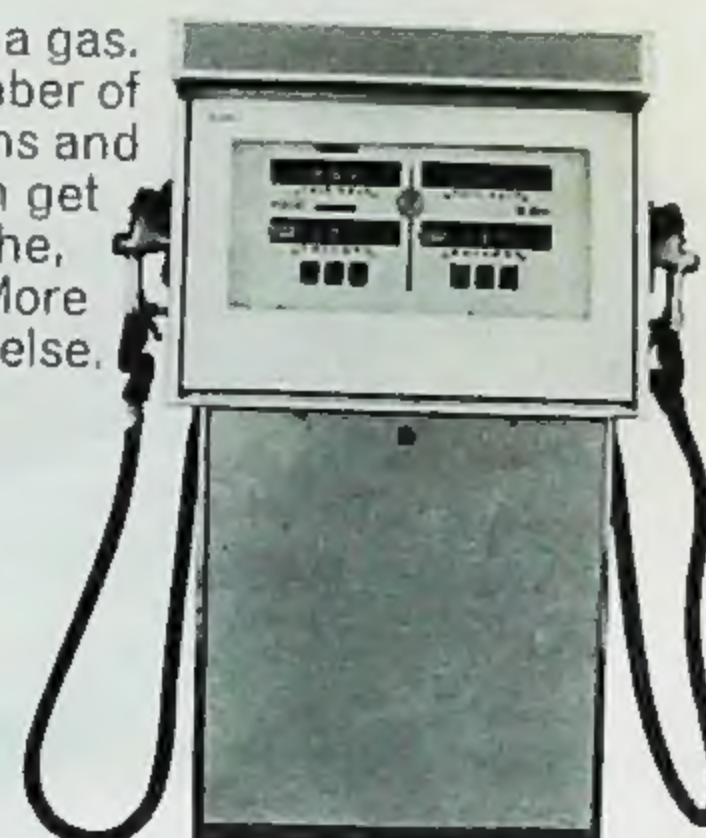
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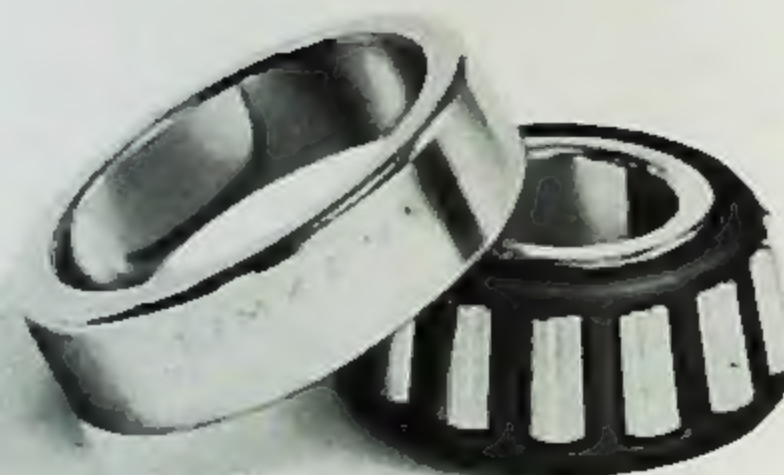
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BELLINI: NORMA (London, 2 LPs). Bellini's sylvan tragedy is rarely heard on-stage, for since Giuditta Pasta introduced it in 1831, only a handful of sopranos have felt equal to the task of impersonating one of the most complex, heroic and appealing roles in opera. The latest soprano in the noble line of Normas is blonde Greek-Argentine Elena Suliotis, 25, who makes the role's demands sound like a cinch. But to entice those who already own the superb Callas *Norma*, or Sutherland's less successful try, London has reduced this album's price by cutting

the score. Yet quality prevails. Everyone involved—from engineers to Conductor Silvio Varviso—has outdone himself.

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NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY. Homicide and schizophrenia are the unlikely ingredients of a black and bloody comedy, which matches a callow New York City cop (George Segal) against a clever killer (Rod Steiger) who uses a closetful of disguises.

BOOKS

Best Reading

This spring's juvenile fiction in the seven-to-eleven range leans heavily to contemporary social problems—mental retardation, adopted and foster children, how black and white youngsters get along together, big-city neighborhood gangs and ghetto schools.

A RACECOURSE FOR ANDY, by Patricia Wrightson (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.50). The story of a retarded boy who is convinced that he owns the local race track. The book is warm but not sentimental, particularly in its treatment of four friends' sincere concern for a chum who does not quite understand the world he lives in.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DOVES, by Walter Macken (Macmillan, \$4.50). Late one night, Finn Dove, 12, and Derval, his seven-year-old sister, run away from their nasty old uncle in England and head for



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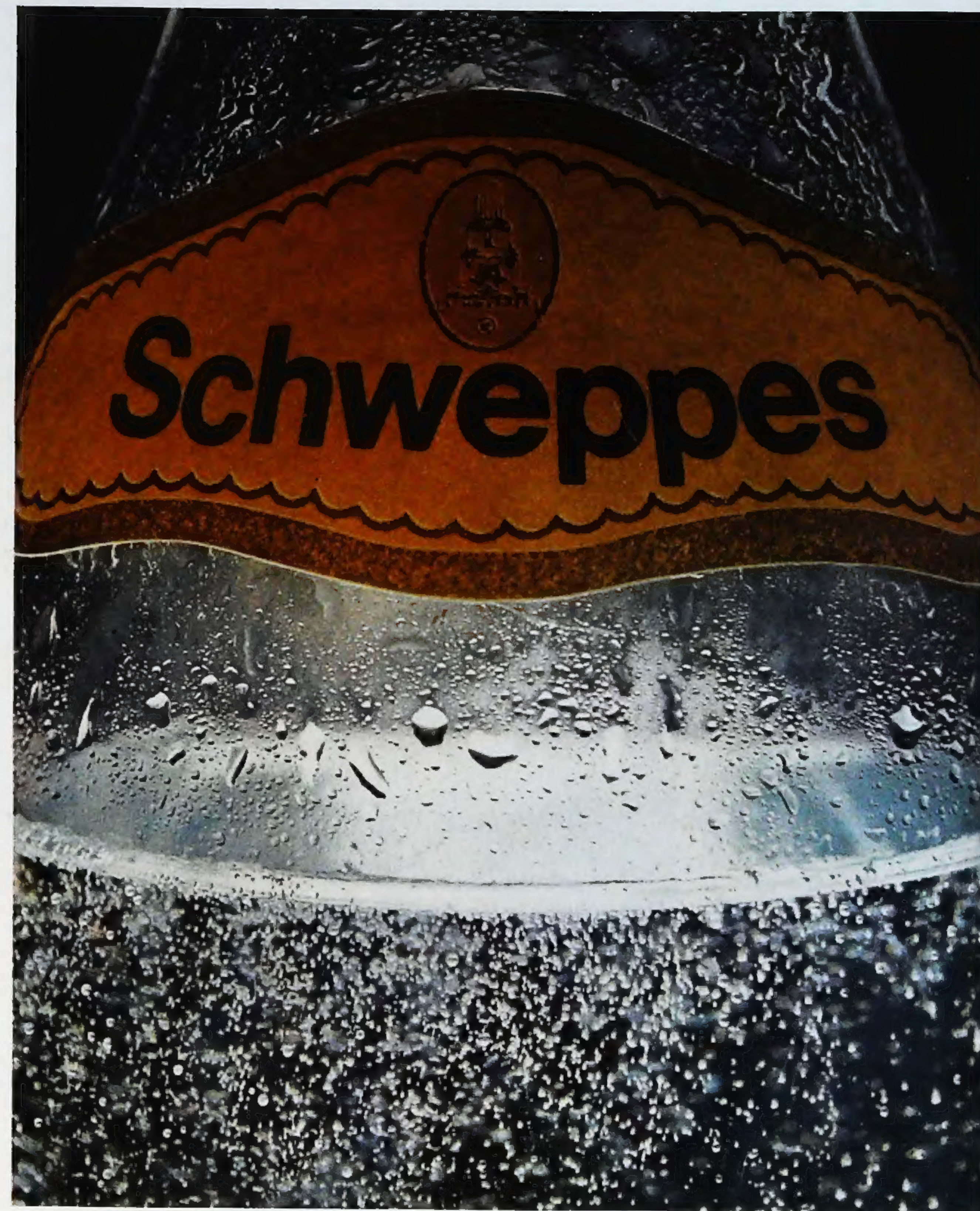
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You still don't
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mutual funds?

Investment Company Institute, 61 Broadway, N.Y.

a dimly remembered grandmother in some faraway town in western Ireland. All sorts of strangers aid them along the way, including one policeman, who knows he should return them to their uncle.

THE BATTLE OF ST. GEORGE WITHOUT, by Janet McNeill (Little, Brown; \$4.50). Six London slum children discover an abandoned church in an overgrown city park and adopt it as their own special civic-rehabilitation project. The story has ingenious complications, as the children try to protect the church from vandals who want to steal the roof.

UNDERTOW, by Finn Havrevold (Atheneum; \$4.25). The first English translation of an award-winning Norwegian story about two stouthearted youngsters on a wild sailing adventure.

AMERICAN TALL-TALE ANIMALS, by Adrienne Stoutenburg (Viking; \$3.95). In the style of Paul Bunyan, Miss Stoutenburg has put together ten humorous stories that make wonderful reading-aloud tales. Glen Round's delightful illustrations show the bear as big as a cloud, bedbugs the size of wildcats, and the hoss-mackerel, the big fish that cowboys ride like a bucking bronco.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES, by Naomi Mitchison (John Day; \$3.95). When Petrus' schoolteacher brother is arrested for speaking against apartheid, his mother sends him for safety to his relatives in the Bechuanaland countryside. It is only 60 miles away, but the young South African boy finds many things different—most important the definitions of freedom and decency.

STAR ISLAND BOY, by Louise Dickinson Rich (Franklin Watts; \$3.50). A foster child, pushed from home to home, discovers warmth and a sense of identity among the lobster fishermen on a bleak Maine island.

DEAD END SCHOOL, by Robert Coles (Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$3.95). The well-known author of *Children of Crisis* here tells the story of one Negro family's fight to have their children educated in a decent school.

THE SPY WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, by Amelia Elizabeth Walden (Westminster; \$3.75). A brisk spy yarn, set in the Middle East, in which the double martini is replaced by "a fine towering strawberry parfait."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Couples, Updike (2 last week)
2. Airport, Hailey (1)
3. Myra Breckinridge, Vidal (6)
4. The Tower of Babel, West (4)
5. Topaz, Uris (5)
6. Vanished, Knebel (7)
7. The Triumph, Galbraith (8)
8. Testimony of Two Men, Caldwell (3)
9. The Confessions of Nat Turner, Styron (10)
10. Christy, Marshall (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Naked Ape, Morris (1)
2. Between Parent and Child, Ginott (2)
3. Iberia, Michener (3)
4. Our Crowd, Birmingham (6)
5. The Right People, Birmingham
6. The Double Helix, Watson (4)
7. Gipsy Moth Circles the World, Chichester (9)
8. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (5)
9. The Center, Alsop
10. The French Chef Cookbook, Child (8)

TIME, JUNE 7, 1968

With a famous name for lighters, how can Ronson get a name for making great appliances?

Develop men's cordless razors guaranteed to shave close as a blade.

World's thinnest stainless steel shaving screen lets Ronson guarantee shaves close as a blade or money back.* Up to a week of shaves between charges. \$41.95.*

Invent a better cordless electric toothbrush.

At 11,000 strokes a minute, it's unsurpassed in speed and power. Maintains steady speed throughout brushing. With rounded tip nylon bristles, it's gentle to gums. Children love to use it. \$21.95.*



Shape a ladies' cordless shaver to a lady's hand.

First cordless shaver styled exclusively for women. Two cutting systems; for legs, underarms. Long, tapered for easy reach. \$33.50.*

*For prompt refund, guarantee requires that within 30 days, razor be returned with sales receipt, warranty card and, nature of dissatisfaction to Ronson Corporation, Customer Service.

*Suggested retail prices.

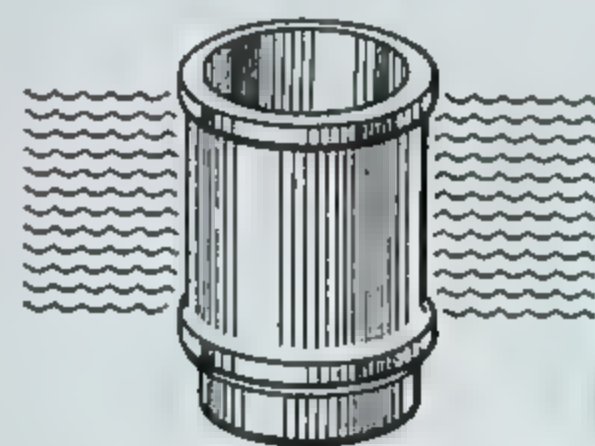
Ronson makes appliances like nobody ever made them before.
(How else could we make a name for ourselves?)

RONSON

Renault's wet sleeve philosophy.

Our wet sleeve philosophy is based on a very simple proposition: An economy car shouldn't stop being an economy car after you buy it.

Which is why the Renault 10 has wet cylinder sleeves.



Most car makers merely bore the cylinders right into the engine block. But since our cylinder sleeves are made

separately, they can not only be made with incredible accuracy, but they can be made with metal much stronger than that commonly found in engine blocks.

Moreover, we use centrifugal casting to rearrange the molecules, which makes the sleeves even stronger.

Finally, the sleeves become "wet" when they are mounted

into the engine block where they're surrounded by liquid coolant to keep them at optimum operating temperatures.

P. S. An incidental benefit of separate sleeves is that they're replaceable. When ordinary cylinders are worn out the whole engine block may have to be pulled out, rebored, and put back again. Or replaced entirely. With ours, you just replace the old sleeves with new sleeves.

Obviously, there's more to a car than cylinders. There are many other things in the Renault 10 that are made the way they're made to make sure they won't give you any trouble later on.

It has 5 main-bearings supporting the crankshaft.

It has a sealed cooling system which virtually eliminates having to add anti-freeze.

It has self-adjusting disc brakes on all 4 wheels.

It is given an anti-corrosive bath. Not just a spraying.

It can get 35 miles a gallon.

And it doesn't only save money after you buy it. The Renault 10 costs under \$2,000. Way under \$2,000.

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on a great
champagne**



Sparkling Wine • Charmat Bulk Process • Lejon Champagne Cellars, San Francisco

WHY THE WRIGHTS RENT A PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER TO MAIL JUST 5 LETTERS A DAY.



If you walk through the long, low building that houses the Wright Implement Company in Liberty, Kentucky, you're bound to run into a Wright. Either John Wright, the owner; his wife, Linnie; Russell, his son; or daughter-in-law, Mabel (That's Mabel and Russell in the picture.) Together, they've made a nice family business of selling farming, tobacco and highway machinery to customers in their rolling, rural part of the state.

About a year and a half ago, the Wrights took a non-family worker into the business: a Pitney-Bowes desk model postage meter,

to help with the work in the office.

Since then, the meter's been adopted by every Wright who's used it.


The meter prints the postage right on the envelope. So to Linnie, who "dreaded the thought of having to lick all those stamps," the meter has meant a more pleasant job. To Mabel, it's the way the meter and its flap sealer "cut the time we spend getting the statements out."

Because she can have the meter set to hold up to \$99.99 in postage in just one trip to the Post Office, Mabel can spend more time at her job. Something quite impor-

tant since Linnie has her own work to do and there's no one else to replace her. As Mabel put it, "It's unhandy for us to go uptown for stamps."

Even Russell and John, who prefer the repair bays to the office, like the meter because it can print a little ad on the envelope at the same time it prints the postage. The ad they chose reads, "It's Service After The Sale That Counts."

If you've a business where every person and minute counts, you should adopt our meter, too.

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For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1230 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser Printers, Folder Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.



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Frank Martin (L.) with 30 years experience is typical of the professionalism our men bring to claims handling.



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LETTERS

ZAPI POWI SOKI

Sir: To those of us who voted for him in the Indiana primary, Senator Robert Kennedy [May 24] represents honesty, imagination, courage and leadership. These, in my opinion, constitute the ingredients of that special chemistry that Presidents are made of.

MICHAEL KOR

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir: A carpetbagging snollygoster with Torquemada tendencies should be denied a license to pilot the ship of state.

POKA CARIAN

Detroit

Sir: The Kennedys promised us the moon in 1960, and that particular moon consisted of the Bay of Pigs, acceleration of the war in Viet Nam, the Berlin Wall, the disastrous Vienna conference and the failure to get one New Frontier legislative program through Congress. What is Bobby going to do for an encore?

EDWARD H. CALLAHAN

Olean, N.Y.

Sir: If there's one thing R.F.K. has shown himself good at, it's recognizing past errors of judgment (cf. the significant difference between his early and recent positions on Joe McCarthy, civil rights, Cuba and Viet Nam). How many lives would have been saved if L.B.J. had this same quality?

CHARLES LOUIS JAGODA

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir: Roy Lichtenstein's cover drawing of Robert Kennedy, the New York Senator from Massachusetts, was superb. It provided an at-a-glance character analysis: colorful, comic, callow and caustic.

CHRISTINA SAKOWSKI, '71

University of Illinois
Chicago

Sir: The cover exemplifies the real Bobby Kennedy because it explodes with the youth, nationalism, pride and determination that are so characteristic of this great leader.

DOUGLAS KELT

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sir: Looks to me like the kid has the measles and ought to be quarantined until about Dec 1.

A. M. BROWN

Meridian, Idaho

Sir: The cover cartoon shows the Senator's hair parted on the left, as Ted wears it (and as John did), whereas in fact Robert parts his hair on the right. Like Alice, Robert Kennedy has gone through the looking glass, where inversion and distortion, of him as well as by him, are the only possibilities. Mr. Lichtenstein is less artist than oracle.

MICHAEL G. DULICK

St. Louis

Sir: Zap! Faster than a chartered 707! Pow! As powerful as Pappa Joe's Checkbook! Sok! It's the American Eagle! It's the Dove of Peace! It's Super Fraud! Who, disguised in beads and a turtle-neck, leads a never-ending battle for touch football, New Camelot, and his own way! Bleah.

T. J. GREEN, '69

University of Missouri
Columbia

The Name Game

Sir: TIME lists me among the supporters of Senator Kennedy [May 31]. I support Senator McCarthy. When political figures seek our support, we have little to lend but our presence, represented by our names.

BARBRA STREISAND

Los Angeles

Sir: Pleased to be anointed as Beautiful Person. However, you have erroneously listed my name among supporters of one of the Democratic candidates. I have not lent my name in support of any candidate. I am in fact a member of the California delegation formerly pledged to President Johnson but expressing no preference at this time.

GREGORY PECK

Universal City, Calif.

Students at the Barricades

Sir: While reading the article concerning the student riots in France [May 24], I began to realize how influential our generation is, whether it be at Columbia or the Sorbonne. It's frightening to think that we could have a whole nation kowtow to our demands. We could eventually find ourselves with a 25-year-old President who couldn't tell the difference between a resolution and a revolution.

ANN KRANSTOVER

Milwaukee

Sir: Where were you when I needed you? I read you all through high school and you and the rest of my outmoded society taught me wrong. I thought it was a privilege to enter a university. Imagine! A chance to listen and read and learn and question and maybe change an idea or two. You didn't tell me that my ideas at 18 or 20 were the only possible ideas and should be forced on an administration that, after all, had only been facing the same problems for an average of 20 years. So now that I'm too old to be taught anything different (22), I'm stuck with the ridiculous notion that freedom to follow convictions should be granted both sides of the question, and the suspicion that maybe, somewhere, somebody over 30 knows something I don't. Shucks.

ANNE C. DORNEY

Ithaca, N.Y.

Getting the Old Irish Up

Sir: What is wrong with Academia [May 24] is what is wrong with contemporary

society as a whole. When I was a young man, an old professor in Germany, who was the greatest man in our field, said to me musingly: "In our profession one needs a certain abnegation." Most of our young men and women today who follow in that old man's footsteps want maximum salaries and leave with pay before they have even begun to think of abnegation. This comes, of course, from the fact that universities and colleges have quadrupled their enrollments and they have to bid high for even the poorest of staff. We cannot do a great deal about this, immediately, but we can stop blaming the deficit on Anglo-Saxon and Sanskrit, on research papers and the writing of books, and on concentration on periods of interest which are not strictly contemporary. Only too frequently knowledge of the contemporary is quite a bore, and it offers very limited perspective. I should like to take in hand one of those bitter critics of modern Academia. Maybe I could get him interested in Vulgar Latin and Old Irish. He might change his mind and that would do harm to the sale of his bitter books.

URBAN TIGNER HOLMES JR.

Kenan Professor of Romance Philology
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

Nothing to It

Sir: Anent your article on anarchists [May 24]: observing the anarchists' consistent alienation from reality, a 19th century critic summed up their program in two statements: 1) there shall be no law and order; 2) no one is required to comply with the preceding statement. Each generation of anarchists draws its inspiration from this "program."

JACK WREN

Little Neck, N.Y.

Indictments All Around

Sir: "A Nation Within a Nation" [May 17] constitutes a powerful indictment of U.S. society. In the midst of unparalleled abundance, a third of the nation goes to bed hungry each night. The bare facts, without emotionalism, cry louder than the fervent oratory of Martin Luther King for overdue reforms in our thinking. It may make the smug fat cats gag on their much vaunted affluence.

EDWARD FRANZBLAU

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir: Men drafted into the Army must attend classes on how to have healthy bodies and teeth, sanitation, disease prevention, problem solving, character guidance. Those of us who feel it is almost heresy,

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in a land of opportunity, free schools and helping agencies, for a healthy person to live off welfare, would like to see those who receive social handouts be required to attend classes on birth control, nutrition, personal hygiene, problem solving, job opportunities, family budget and management and generally on how to keep the bartender and loan shark from getting the lion's share of any "guaranteed family income." Those who can't force themselves away from their television sets or the local tavern to attend classes can go hungry.

LEW MURDOCK

Columbus, Ga.

Distaff Distress

Sir: It seems that women as well as Negroes are still having trouble taking their place in the business world [May 24]. In fact, the two groups have many other problems in common. Both have been denied the vote, equal education, access to certain places and events, and equal pay except in certain fields such as entertainment and sport where their talents are much in demand. Both have a major weakness—they are much too emotional. However, everybody knows they do have a natural rhythm. Both are tolerated, sometimes beloved, if they stay in their place; but, if they step out of it, are soundly whacked back where they belong. However, there is one difference. Negroes do not become un-Negro if they fight for equality the way women who do so are said to become unwomanly. Therefore, Negroes will undoubtedly achieve full status as human beings sooner. I do wish women progress in their dainty, nonviolent struggle. Some of my best friends are women.

MARJORIE RAY PIPER

Palo Alto, Calif.

Trans-Obliterated

Sir: Skinny Monkey and Jade Woman are merely aliases used by movie critics and fan clubs when alluding to Frank Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor [May 24]. They're never splashed across marquee. Virtually all stars' names are transliterated into Chinese by movie exhibitors. Thus Gina Lollobrigida reads Jen-na Lo-lu-bo-li-gi-da, and Richard Burton becomes Lee-chu Bo-tun. But movie titles in Chinese are really a vault over the East-West language barrier. *Casanova 70*, starring Marcello Mastroianni and treating male impotence, became a box-office hit thanks to its Chinese marquee title of "He's Finished Before Tasting the Real Thing."

S. T. HSU II

Hong Kong

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TIME, JUNE 7, 1968



ELSON, MAGNUSON, SÁNCHEZ AND BABCOX

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

BUREAUS and stringers across the country flooded us with the names and qualifications of dozens of candidates for this week's cover. Choosing one person was a singularly difficult job, for no one student can be expected to symbolize or typify a group as large and as varied as the one made up by the 630,000 seniors who are being graduated from the nation's 1,593 four-year colleges. Ultimately, the editors selected Brian Weiss, 21, a U.C.L.A. anthropology major, to appear for the concerned Class of 1968.

As the school year ended, Weiss was triple-timing between lectures, cramming sessions for exams and his extracurricular work as editor of his campus paper, the Daily Bruin. All that recalled a familiar routine to Writer Ed Magnuson, who, as a student at the University of Minnesota 18 years ago, was a reporter for the Minnesota Daily. In those days, the most burning campus issue was not the draft; it was fraternity discrimination—both religious and racial. "We tried our best to be impartial," says Magnuson, "but of course the paper wound up flailing the Greeks."

While our correspondents on campuses contributed much to the story, many key interviews were handled by Education Reporter Peter Babcox. At his alma mater, Columbia

College (Class of '60), he taped the thoughts of Rebel Student Leader David Shapiro during a taxi ride to Queens, where the Phi Beta Kappa poet was to give a reading. Later, Peter sat in on a midnight bull session with students in Buffalo, then drove the next morning to State College, Pa., with Sociologist Edgar Friedenberg, interviewing him en route. Babcox ended his school swing in a talk with a Penn State senior while flying back to New York. Checking out the facts in Manhattan was Researcher Enka Sánchez (Hunter College, '60); the final grading was done by Senior Editor John Elson (Notre Dame, '53).

Even without the prompting of a cover story, each spring hundreds of students write us about on-campus job opportunities with TIME. Most want to be campus representatives to earn both money and experience selling Time Inc. publications at special student rates. They also assist in marketing surveys for our advertisers—polling their peers on subjects as varied as shirt styles and cosmetics, as well as attitudes toward business recruiters. Students who want to become campus representatives should write for application forms to the TIME College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 7, 1968

Vol. 91, No. 23

THE NATION

IN THE "NEW" POLITICS

1968 has been projected as the year in which the new politics would dispossess the old, in which the traditional deployments of blocs and bosses would be short-circuited by new-mold men and electronic eloquence. But events have bypassed such assumptions, dictating instead the politics of paradox.

Oregon is haven to the maverick and uplifter of the underdog. In last week's primary, Oregon Democrats allowed Eugene McCarthy to check Robert Kennedy's drive, while the Republicans gave new velocity to Richard Nixon's bid for the nomination. By so doing, Oregonians made it more likely than ever that the post-convention contest would be between Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, the two ostensible traditionalists in the crowd.

Regardless of the personalities and vintages of the probable candidates, however, the second half of the campaign year will doubtless be as unorthodox as the first. Kennedy and McCarthy may eventually succeed only in canceling each other out, but together, their challenge of party discipline and the response it has evoked have had a rippling effect in which Lyndon Johnson's departure is merely one large circle. Political leaders hear all too loudly the bubbling of events, and sense the need to respond.

Giant Image. Nelson Rockefeller talks of multibillion-dollar schemes for urban redevelopment. Ronald Reagan, though popularly considered to be this year's Mr. Conservative, withdraws his opposition to California's open-housing law, promotes a legislative package aimed at economic salvation of the ghettos. Nixon, still regarded by many as the partisan epitomized, reaches out with new ideas for the support of independents and Democrats, and talks up the development of black capitalism. Humphrey, too, advocates expanded opportunities for Negro ownership of inner-city businesses.

How this ferment translates itself into election results is the yeastiest element of all. Bobby Kennedy, who presents himself as the patent holder of youthful disquiet, found that out last week in Oregon. By virtue of his expertise, diligence and money, and buoyed by a

string of primary victories, Kennedy came into Oregon the odds-on favorite. His overconfidence was so manifest that he had come to regard McCarthy as merely a foil for his own continued success. "I'd be in real trouble," Kennedy told a TIME correspondent after Nebraska "if he got out." And the week before Oregon Kennedy was so sure of himself that he said publicly: "If I get beaten in a primary, then I'm not a very viable candidate."

Kennedy should have been more prudent. Oregon is dovish, and McCarthy, as the first antiwar candidate in the race, was much better known there than in Indiana and Nebraska, where recognition was a major problem. Oregon is also an overwhelmingly white, middle-class state with none of the substantial minority blocs that Kennedy has come to count on for support. For once, McCarthy forces out-organized and even outspent Kennedy's camp, but it was Kennedy who conveyed the giant's presence and McCarthy the shepherd lad's.

No Kicks. Kennedy himself inflated his overdog standing by simply ignoring McCarthy, concentrating instead on flaying Hubert Humphrey. Bobby dodged Gene's challenge to debate; he ignored taunts about his own record concerning Viet Nam; he seemed not to be listening at all as McCarthy increasingly and effectively sharpened his anti-Kennedy rhetoric.

By the end, Kennedy realized that he was lagging. A few hours before Oregon's polls opened, Kennedy said of the campaign: "Sometimes I wished they'd booed me or kicked me or done something. I just couldn't get much response." By then it was too late. McCarthy got 45% of the vote, Kennedy 39%, Johnson (whose abdication came too late to permit his removal from the ballot) 12%, and Humphrey 4%, as a write-in candidate. It was the first defeat suffered by any of the three Kennedy brothers in the 27 primary and general-election campaigns they have waged since John F. first ran for Congress in 1946.

"I am not the candidate that I was before Oregon," Bobby acknowledged. Changing his tactics, he at last began to answer McCarthy's attacks directly



HUMPHREY IN ATLANTIC CITY



MC CARTHY IN PORTLAND



KENNEDY IN OAKLAND
Torrent of change.

THE NON-DEBATE

SINCE Senators Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy began competing for the presidential nomination, many political analysts have adjudged the opposed pair as alike as a couple of peas from the same unorthodox pod—at least where the issues were concerned. For their part, both candidates have protested that there were marked differences between them. When they agreed to an hour-long televised debate, the nation looked forward to a spirited exchange of their divergent views. Anticlimactically, last week's spectacular, displacing the *Hollywood Palace* revue on the ABC network, was no showdown, and it wasn't even good show biz. It was downright dull. Nearly two-thirds of the way through the confrontation, Moderator Frank Reynolds declared plaintively: "Well, there don't seem to be very many differences between [you] on anything, really."

Since this is the season for TV reruns, it is perhaps fitting that the first McCarthy-Kennedy meeting left any reasonably informed citizen with the feeling that he had seen that segment somewhere before. And that he had seen a lot of better panel shows. Not an inch of new ground was broken, not a refreshing new idea voiced. Part of the problem, certainly, was the format, which called for three ABC newsmen sitting around a table in San Francisco's KGO-TV studios to pose questions, but inhibited direct dialogue between the Senators. McCarthy was particularly critical. "This is not really shaping up as a debate," he complained. "We're just going to sit around a table and be nice to each other."

They were not being exactly "nice." One-upping and putting-down one another to the best of their ability, both candidates did their determined best to denigrate the other's qualifications for the presidency: McCarthy, 52, came across as casual, languidly professorial, mature and even a little sleepy—an impression that was enhanced by the pouches beneath his eyes. Kennedy, 42, appeared tense, brittle and, by visual and verbal comparison, considerably younger.

The interviewers started out, not surprisingly, by asking about Viet Nam, and it seemed for a moment as if a real brouhaha was about to ensue. McCarthy, first to reply, appeared to be saying that the National Liberation Front, political arm of the Viet Cong guerrillas, would have to be included immediately in a postwar Saigon government. Kennedy said that the Communists would have to be given some role, but he crisply challenged the wisdom of "forcing a coalition government" on Saigon. McCarthy backed down, said that he would not force a coalition either.

So it went. When he was questioned about the worldwide role of the U.S., McCarthy conceded that the nation had "clear obligations," both moral and legal, to a number of countries; he specifically cited India, Japan, Israel and, surprisingly, Formosa. But he emphasized that in any area of the world where the nation's commitments are less binding, the U.S. should very cautiously balance possible losses against anticipated gains. Kennedy was far less precise, at least three times reiterated his campaign axiom that while the U.S. could not honestly ignore its international responsibilities, "I don't think we can be the policemen of the world."

Both professed deep concern for the poor, and particularly for Negroes. When McCarthy complained about a congressional cutback in funds for public housing, Kennedy went him one better by declaring that public housing is a failure anyway and repeated his belief in greater involvement by the private sector.

The most apparent difference between the two was in their attitudes toward two major Administration officials: FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, who was one of the first officials to be reconfirmed in office by John F. Kennedy, and Secretary of State Dean Rusk, a J.F.K. appointee. Bobby noted that he has disagreed with Rusk for some time, but understandably refused to say that he would fire him. McCarthy was somewhat less tender. Stating the obvious, he said that he would sack any Cabinet member with whose policies or performance he disagreed; he left no doubt that he would retire both Rusk and Hoover. And probably quite a few others. "Your brother," he said to Bobby, "was too kind to a number of people after the Bay of Pigs."

If most of the debate was merely dull, the end was positively demeaning. The candidates were given a couple of minutes apiece to explain, like high school sophomores seeking class office, why they wanted to be President. Both began by dutifully presenting their credentials. "I've had the experience," said Bobby, evoking his service as Attorney General and member of the National Security Council. McCarthy, who wound up with a more substantial *Who's Who* entry, cited his 20 years in Congress and his service on committees that are concerned with the whole gamut of U.S. problems, from racial relations to foreign relations.

When it was all over, Moderator Reynolds said hopefully: "There may have been some light." There was not, unfortunately. What the show did more than anything else was to raise doubts about whether 1968 will produce a genuine debate on television.

and agreed to a joint television appearance—though it hardly developed into a debate (see box).

Pennsylvania Pressure. While the vote was certainly a moral victory for the durable Minnesotan, few powers in the party yet view him as a serious possibility for the nomination. By slowing Kennedy, he increased Humphrey's already strong pulling power in the tug of war for convention delegates. The Vice President was adding to his long lead even before Oregon's votes were counted. In Florida, a slate of delegates pledged to Senator George Smathers as a favorite son, but favorable to Humphrey, captured 55 of the state's 63 convention votes. Members of Pennsylvania's 130-vote delegation met for the first time and, ignoring pleas from Kennedy backers to remain uncommitted, gave Humphrey about 100 of their votes. In Missouri, Kennedy and McCarthy forces defeated a move to give Humphrey all 60 votes under a unit rule, but the Vice President was the heavy favorite at the state convention. Delegates in many states now regarded as strong for Humphrey will be under no compulsion to remain loyal until the national convention, but for the time being, Humphrey's advantage seems unassailable.

On the Republican side, Nixon is in an even stronger position because he has combined effective courtship of delegates in nonprimary states with a sweep of the primaries. Oregon was his most impressive win of all. More than in Nebraska, his absentee rivals, Rockefeller and Reagan, had the benefit of well-financed publicity drives aimed at cutting down Nixon's plurality. Yet Nixon smashed all public and private predictions to amass 73% of the vote, compared with 23% for Reagan, who was on the ballot, and a 4% write-in for Rockefeller.

Catch the Train. Much as Oregon enjoys cutting front runners down to size, it apparently has no use at all for those who essay politicking from afar. Nixon conducted a skillful, low-pressure campaign that allowed him to say at the end: "The voters of Oregon have spoken, and I like the sound of their voices." Also listening closely were the uncommitted party leaders, such as Washington Governor Dan Evans, who chatted with Nixon last week and then said of other G.O.P. chiefs: "When the train leaves the station, everyone wants to be aboard."

Reagan retreated behind his non-candidate's cloak, denied any connection with the \$300,000 television drive waged on his behalf in Oregon. Rockefeller pooh-poohed Oregon's importance while seeking delegate support in Denver, Albuquerque, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and Las Vegas. With increasing edginess, New York's Governor questioned both Nixon's ability to win in the general election and to be a successful President even if he did.

In fact, so much has happened in



NIXON IN OREGON
Good sound to the voices.

the past eight months, let alone eight years, that many old assumptions about the strengths and weaknesses of parties, policies and personalities are now invalid. More than in most election years, the torrent of change has made for clean political slates, giving the candidates an unusual opportunity to write their credentials big and bright. In this sense, they are all caught up in new politics.

POLITICS

The Checkbook Factor

"Politics has got so expensive," Will Rogers observed 37 years ago, "that it takes lots of money to even get beat with." What would Will say today? By convention time in August, presidential hopefuls will have shelled out at least \$20 million—\$16 million of it on primaries—and that is just a down payment on the \$80 million more that they are expected to spend by Nov. 5. This year's total campaign tab, for all races down to dogcatcher, is estimated at \$250 million, up 25% from 1964.

Old Republican Pro Leonard Hall, who had expected to pour \$3,600,000 into George Romney's battle for the nomination, says that preconvention bills for presidential aspirants will be four times as much as in 1964, mostly because there are half a dozen hopefuls in 1968 as opposed to two in that year. Candidates traditionally inflate their foes' spending and poor-mouth their own, but their counterclaims give a good indication of the money involved. McCarthy's aides maintain that the Kennedy camp is spending \$3,500,000 in California on television alone; an Indiana foe of both R.F.K.'s and McCarthy's says that each lavished \$2,000,000 on the primary there.

Ponying Up. The most accurate source of campaign-spending information is the Manhattan-based Citizens' Research Foundation, which uses news-

paper stories, what candidates say they spend, and intelligent guesses. The foundation estimates R.F.K.'s spending to date at up to \$5,000,000, McCarthy's at \$3,000,000, Humphrey's at \$2,000,000, Rocky's at \$2,000,000, Reagan's at \$500,000 and Lyndon Johnson's at \$300,000 before he dropped out. Nixon's headquarters puts his spending at \$2,000,000, and Finance Chairman Maurice Stans says that the figure will reach \$5,000,000 before the convention. A conservative estimate of totals spent on all the primaries to date: New Hampshire, \$675,000; Indiana, \$1,250,000; Nebraska, \$600,000; Oregon, \$1,350,000; and California, at least \$3,100,000. In Wisconsin, according to official if not quite credible reports, Nixon spent \$457,534, McCarthy \$342,527 and L.B.J. \$137,964.

Who gives the money? Nixon's contributors include the *Reader's Digest's* DeWitt Wallace, Chicago Insurance Executive W. Clement Stone, Steel Heiress Helen Clay Frick, and 100,000 donors who sent in contributions by mail. Humphrey's finances are run by Stockbroker John L. Loeb, Sidney J. Weinberg and ex-Commerce Secretary John Connor. To raise his funds, McCarthy has Howard Stein of the Dreyfus Fund, his kinderklatsch and a pride of beautiful people. Kennedy's finances come mostly from the family coffers.

Chats, Charters & Chow. Most expensive single item for any campaigner is television time. One of Oregon's twelve stations, KGW, reported that in one-minute campaign spots alone, Nixon bought 112, Reagan 104, Kennedy 58, McCarthy 46 and Rocky 17. The station charges \$400 per minute for a political spot in prime time (7:30-11 p.m.), \$300 in Class A time (6-7:30 p.m.) and \$110 in daytime.

Humphrey's money, so far, has gone mostly to 150 headquarters staffers, to his chartered Boeing 727 and to some 200 advance men drawing \$20 a day in expenses plus travel. Chunks of McCarthy's money go to his young crusaders' bed and board. As for Rockefeller, the Research Foundation's Herbert Alexander finds the spending hard to judge "because he has so many people on his permanent payroll." Relatively few are, in fact, although Press Secretary Leslie Slote is paid by New York State. Salaries for the 68-man campaign staff will cost \$180,000 by convention time.

Hardest budget of all to pin down is Kennedy's. In addition to paying for a three-floor Washington headquarters, an army of arm-twisters and saturation-of-publicity media—not to mention his bill for the dozens of cuff links seized by avid admirers—Bobby in Indiana, Nebraska and California has rented trains at a total cost of \$8,700. No one has even attempted to reckon the cost to Kennedy of supporting the 13 relatives who are campaigning for him in the field, but their daily phone calls home must cost—by anyone else's standards—a minor fortune.

PRIMARIES

Wayne by a Whisker

Wayne Lyman Morse proudly records in the *Congressional Directory* that he was once a professor of "argumentation." For the past 23 years, his flair for public argy-bargy has persuaded Oregon's voters to keep him in the U.S. Senate—even while he performed his maverick metempsychoses from Republican to independent in 1952 and from independent to Democrat in 1954. This year for the first time, the professor very nearly lost his podium.

Not until 24 hours after Democratic primary polls closed was Morse certain that he had outpointed former Congressman Robert Duncan, 47, for the party's senatorial nomination. With returns nearly complete, Morse, 67, squeezed through by 173,000 votes to 167,000, a margin of 2%. Even at that, the victory was more a matter of luck than a test of Morse's strength.

After one poll last year, it seemed questionable whether Morse should even try for county prothonotary. Running 2 to 1 behind Duncan, the Senator began taking time out from his antiwar campaign in the Senate for furious fence-mending missions at home. Morse argued from one Oregon border to another and blanketed the state with TV spots.

Duncan, a onetime merchant seaman who narrowly lost to Republican Senator Mark Hatfield in 1966, vowed early "not to descend to personalities." As Morse gained ground, however, Duncan bitterly suggested that the Senator might be waging "the first million-dollar campaign in Oregon's history." A strong supporter of the President's war policies, Duncan was robbed of his chief issue against Morse when the Paris talks started.

Wayne's cause really waxed with the presence of a third candidate, Million-



KATHERINE PEDEN
Top of the twelve.



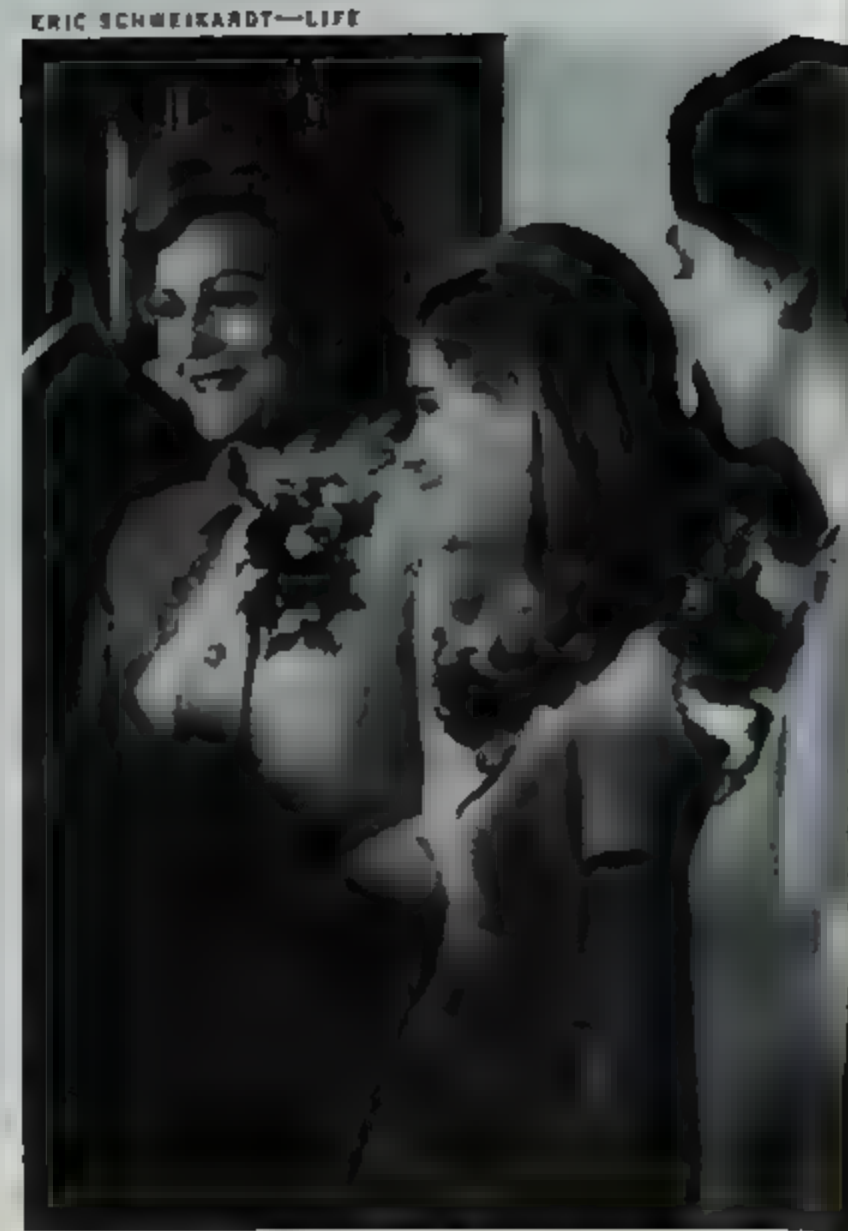
MARY MCCARTHY



FRECKLES



ROSE KENNEDY



PAT, TRICIA & JULIE NIXON

BRING THE GIRLS

FOR the love of a man and the votes of 62 million women,* presidential candidates' wives this year are suffering tortures that would have given Martha Washington the vapors. Ethel Kennedy, three months pregnant, takes a fall on the ice as she and Bobby skim a rink for the benefit of photographers and the skaters' vote. Abigail McCarthy totters out of a sickbed to stump for Gene. Happy Rockefeller endures scores of bone-crushing handshakes daily. Pat Nixon makes her millionth airport arrival, to beam and greet the faithful. Only Muriel Humphrey, recuperating from an operation, has been spared.

More than ever, Americans vote for the family package, not just the man. From McCarthy's twelve-year-old daughter Margaret to Kennedy's 77-year-old mother Rose, wives, sisters, cousins, nieces, in-laws, daughters and family dogs are out there working the territory for their man.

"Awful Choice." The McCartys are the newest national political family in the race, but they have come on with élan. Abigail McCarthy, 53, a matronly former schoolteacher, is as independent-minded as her husband. Though plagued by virus attacks earlier this spring and then by gallstone trouble, she has stumped valiantly through all the primary states, frequently on heavy schedules of her own. Even so, she candidly admits that she did not want Gene to run for President. "But I have an awfully bad record," she adds. "When he decided to run for Congress, I thought it was nice being a professor's wife. And when he talked of running for the Senate, I thought it was nice to represent a good safe district. When he decided to run for President, I said, 'Does it have to be you?'"

Then there is Mary McCarthy, 19, the Senator's intense, freckle-faced second daughter. A sophomore government major at Radcliffe until she took a leave of absence last winter to work in the campaign, Mary is more than campaign frou-frou, as she proves at coffee conferences by ranging through the war, the gold flow, the draft ("First of all, eliminate General Hershey") and alternatives to her father ("It's a pretty awful choice"). Ellen McCarthy, 20, will pitch in after her exams at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. The youngest McCarthy, the Senator's self-styled "secret weapon," is Margaret, 12, who has already made her contribution by addressing a New York group called "Living

Kids for McCarthy." When Mrs. McCarthy asked her daughter how the speech went, Margaret said disgustedly: "They didn't ask me about any really important issues."

Different Style. Republican family acts are more sedate than those of the Democrats. Happy Rockefeller clutches every hand in sight, but otherwise limits herself to staring raptly at Nelson during his speeches. Nancy Reagan dislikes travel, although she did fly last month to Cleveland and Chicago to take in part of non-Candidate Ronald Reagan's eight-city speaking tour.

The Nixon family has grown remarkably glamorous since the days of the Republican cloth coat. Pat, as svelte as she was in 1960 and considerably more chic, generally stays close to her husband rather than striking out on her own. "One spokesman in the family is enough," she says. But in years of campaigning with Dick, she has developed an easy grace with the voters. Daughters Tricia, 22, and Julie, 19, have blossomed into political charmers, paragons of wholesome comeliness in a nonconformist era.

From Rose to Freckles. For sheer spectacle, of course, no one outperforms the Kennedys, who, as Mother Rose remarked in California last week, "more or less inaugurated this business of family campaigning when John Kennedy ran for the Senate in 1952." Since Bobby's March 16 announcement, all the clan from Rose to Freckles, the Senator's Irish spaniel, has swarmed across the landscape to pursue voters. While Brother-in-Law Stephen Smith and Brother Teddy manage campaign logistics and strategy, Sisters Jean and Pat, Sister-in-Law Joan and Cousin Polly Fitzgerald descend upon the distaff electorate. Materfamilias Rose is one of the wonders of the campaign. "Look at those legs," marveled a 70-year-old man in Los Angeles. Bobby kids her by telling audiences: "My mother has worked in every campaign since McKinley."

It is impossible to judge the real political value of the Kennedy-family blitz, since as often as not the crowds turn out merely to meet celebrities. But Ethel Kennedy, for one, more than pays her way. Though expecting their eleventh child and terrified of flying, Ethel has covered virtually the entire primary circuit with Bobby. "I feel better when she is here," Kennedy tells friends. Small wonder. Her gaiety and energy are inexhaustible in the face of 18-hour campaign days, run stockings, demolished hairdos or even last week's Oregon primary. Not the least of Ethel's virtues is that she avoids making speeches.

aire Phil McAlmond, a former Duncan aide and voluble supporter of the Viet Nam war. McAlmond drew 17,000 votes, nearly all of them away from Duncan, and 11,000 more than Morse's margin. In other primary races:

► Florida's former Governor LeRoy Collins also suffered through an election-night cliffhanger in his bid for the Democratic nomination to the Senate seat that George Smathers is vacating this year. An urbane lawyer and former director of the President's Community Relations Service, Collins, 59, narrowly defeated Florida Attorney General Earl Faircloth, who ran as a "conservative alternative" and forced Collins into last week's runoff election. Having beaten Faircloth by only 3,000 votes, Collins will be forced to forsake some of his courtly brand of gentle persuasion in the race against Republican Congressman Ed Gurney, who will inherit much of Faircloth's conservative Democratic support.

► For the first time in Kentucky's history, voters nominated a woman for the U.S. Senate. By nearly 35,000 votes, Katherine Peden, 42, a former state commerce commissioner and the only woman member of the President's riots commission, defeated her closest opponent in a field of twelve candidates to win the Democratic nomination for the Senate seat held by Republican Thruston Morton, who is retiring. Miss Peden, who owns a Kentucky radio station, set off the morning after her victory to campaign against Jefferson County Judge Marlow Cook, the Republican nominee. Despite Kentucky's G.O.P. leanings, Miss Peden is given an even chance of beating Cook, a Roman Catholic.

NEGOTIATIONS

Not a Single Millimeter

Laundry service was erratic, and the gasoline shortage made it difficult even for diplomats to get around Paris on unofficial business. Otherwise, France's internal crisis has had little effect on the U.S. and North Vietnamese peace negotiators. If the situation had grown worse, the U.S. favored Stockholm or Geneva as alternate sites, but for the time being, the talks on ending the Viet Nam war will go on in Paris.

And on and on, from the look of things. "We did not progress a single millimeter," said a North Vietnamese spokesman after two sessions that consumed seven hours and 50 minutes last week. Nor is the appointment of hard-lining Le Duc Tho, a member of Hanoi's Politburo who is due in Paris this week as an "adviser" on the talks, expected to do much to break the impasse.

Fantasy & Propaganda. During last week's sessions, Hanoi's chief delegate, Xuan Thuy once again rejected as "absurd" the U.S. demand for a reciprocal move in the wake of Washington's limited bombing pause, and he refused to broaden the discussions until the air raids end. If the U.S. insists on reciproc-

ity, he suggested sarcastically, the North Vietnamese might reply by issuing a statement that Hanoi "commits itself from now on, as in the past, to refrain from bombing and all other acts of war on the entire territory of the U.S." Thuy inched a little closer to admitting that North Vietnamese troops are fighting in the South, but still refused to come right out and say so.* Chief U.S. Negotiator Averell Harriman in turn handed Thuy a report charging that Hanoi had decided as early as May 1959 to launch a military offensive against the Saigon regime. Since 1964, the document added, Hanoi has sent more than 200,000 men into the South, now has at least 85,000 there. Until the North Vietnamese admit their presence, said Harriman, "meaningful and frank discussions" are impossible.

The deadlock was plainly beginning to irritate Lyndon Johnson, who is coming under increasing pressure to resume all-out bombing. After Deputy U.S. Negotiator Cyrus R. Vance flew back from Paris to brief the President on the talks, Johnson jabbed at Hanoi. "It is time," he told an impromptu White House news conference, "to move from fantasy and propaganda to the realistic and constructive work of bringing peace to Southeast Asia." So far, he declared, the North's only response to his bombing curtailment has been to pour in men and supplies "at an un-

* Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos was less reticent. He accused Hanoi of turning his country "into an active transit route for North Vietnamese troops going to South Viet Nam," and added that there were at least 40,000 fighting men from North Viet Nam permanently stationed in Laos.



XUAN THUY
Belief in time by both sides.

precedented rate." Nonetheless, two days later during a press conference at the L.B.J. Ranch with Australia's Prime Minister John Gorton on hand, the President reiterated that "if Hanoi will take responsive action" to reduce the level of violence, "we are ready to go far and fast with them, and with others, to reduce the violence and to build a stable peace in Southeast Asia."

Desperation & Deterioration. In fact, the level of violence on both sides has risen steadily since the talks began. A week before the negotiators met in Paris, the U.S. command in Saigon issued a directive urging field officers to go "all out" to hit the enemy. The Communists, similarly, stepped up their attacks and increased the rate of infiltration; U.S. reconnaissance pilots (see THE WORLD) report sighting 100-truck convoys in areas of Laos and North Viet Nam's southern panhandle where ten trucks once constituted a big catch.

Despite the intensified fighting, General William Westmoreland, who will yield his command of U.S. forces in Viet Nam next month to become Army Chief of Staff, offered a characteristically optimistic assessment of the war during a visit to the L.B.J. Ranch. The enemy "seems to be approaching a point of desperation," he told the President, and his forces "are deteriorating in strength and quality." Though hard fighting looms in northernmost I Corps, the Central Highlands and around Saigon, added Westy, "time is on our side." That, clearly, is what Hanoi believes—about its side.

THE SUPREME COURT

Not for Burning

On a blustery March day in 1966, four young men touched a gas burner to their draft cards and reclassification notices on the steps of the South Boston Courthouse. Well publicized in advance by the students, the happening attracted a large gallery, including several FBI agents. For their draft resistance, three of the youths were sent to prison for up to three years; the fourth, David P. O'Brien, a 19-year-old Boston University freshman, was sentenced under the Federal Youth Correction Act to a stiff term of up to six years.

O'Brien took his case to a court of appeals, which upheld his conviction for not carrying a draft card, as required by the Selective Service Act of 1948. However, the court ruled unconstitutional a 1965 congressional amendment to that act prohibiting destruction or mutilation of draft records, reasoning that the amendment, in effect, abridged freedom of speech. In a 7-to-1 decision last week, the Supreme Court disagreed and upheld the congressional amendment by comparing the burning of draft cards to the destruction of tax records, also required to be kept by law. "We cannot accept the view," observed Chief Justice Warren, "that an apparently limitless variety of conduct can be labeled 'speech.'"

* Who now outnumber the males of voting age in the nation by about 7,500,000.

TURMOIL IN SHANTYTOWN

"We will not abandon this place!" cried the Rev. Ralph Abernathy in Resurrection City, the 15-acre Washington campground staked out by the Poor People's Campaign. But at least one-third of an estimated 3,000 residents pulled out of it as more than two inches of rain fell during one 30-hour period, blanketing the once-grassy meadow with a six-inch impasto of mud. Abernathy himself spent his nights elsewhere until a band of Negro militants invaded his hotel. Though they were turned back by staff members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Abernathy, chagrined, moved into

White Ghettos. Another group marched on the Supreme Court, whose decisions have done much in the past decade and a half to secure the rights of all minorities. Their aim: to protest a decision upholding the convictions of 24 Indians for violating fishing regulations in the state of Washington. Led by George Crow Flies High, a Hidatsa chief from North Dakota in buckskin jacket and pants and full-feathered headdress, the group ignored a statute banning demonstrations outside the court. Indian women let out war whoops. Others cried: "Earl Warren, you better come out now." Demonstrators defiantly sprawled over imposing marble statues, splashed in fountains, hauled down an American flag and smashed five windows at the side of the building, though leaders of the march absurdly blamed the press and "the CIA" for the breakage. Still another group of 500 demonstrators marched into the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, refused to budge until HEW Secretary Wilbur Cohen came out of his office to see them.

The campaign was also plagued by internal dissent. Resurrection City, heavily black, sprouted some white ghettos, including one populated by Appalachian mountain folk and another by hippies who dubbed their enclave "Diggerville" and festooned their shelters with gaily colored cloth and psychedelic banners. There was an angry flare-up over the black monopoly on policymaking. "Black militants have taken over, and nobody else gets a chance to talk," protested Reyes Lopez Tijerina, leader of a group of 200 Mexican-Americans quartered at the private Hawthorne School about a mile from the shantytown. He complained that brown, red and white Americans were being bossed around by the Negroes and shouted down at meetings. "They are pushed down by black marshals, pushed out and humiliated," Abernathy finally made a pilgrimage to Hawthorne and promised Tijerina a larger voice for nonblack groups.

Blue-Sky Manifesto. The week was not, however, a total loss. In New York, Organizer Bayard Rustin skillfully set about mobilizing marchers and money for the massive June 19th demonstration that is intended to highlight the demands of the poor; to ensure order, Rustin is arranging for nearly 1,500 black New York City policemen (known as "the Guardians") and firemen ("the Vulcans") to serve as marshals in Washington on the big day. On Capitol Hill, Abernathy and 20 sympathetic Congressmen agreed to set up six subcommittees that will seek legislation to aid the poverty-stricken. Among the measures that they will push: President Johnson's program to build 6,000,000 homes for low-income families over the next decade, which last week was approved by the Senate; an Administra-

tion proposal to help industry create 500,000 jobs for the hard-core unemployed; food programs for 256 counties designated as emergency hunger areas; and repeal of a freeze in the number of recipients under the Aid for Dependent Children program.

The goals are relatively modest, but they are also attainable. That is more than can be said for the blue-sky, 59-page manifesto of demands that Abernathy drew up at the start of the campaign.

THE CONGRESS

Wilbur's Full House

"All those men have their price," sneered England's 18th century Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, speaking of his opposition. In Wilbur Mills's case, the price came high: \$6 billion sliced from the proposed 1968-69 federal budget of \$186 billion. Not a cent less, insists the flinty House Ways and Means Committee chairman, will coax a mulish Congress to stomach a 10% surcharge on personal and corporate income taxes in an election year.

With the graven mien of a frontier gambler who has peeked at his opponent's hole card, the Arkansas Democrat has stood pat against Lyndon Johnson—himself the master emeritus of Capitol Hill poker—matching imperturbably the President's wiles, threats and blandishments for 16 weary months. Last week the approaching adjournment of Congress forced a showdown.

Drawing strength from a majority of like-minded congressional conservatives in both parties, Mills coolly turned up a full house. He defeated handily, by 259 to 137 votes, an attempt to make him abide by the cut of only \$4 billion that would be acceptable to the White House. Next day, in slow, stressed cadences, the President capitulated on Mills's terms even though the cut will slash into the bone and sinew of Great Society programs he deems essential to assuage America's social ills. Without increased taxes, Johnson warned, "the gates of economic chaos could open."

The new tax, retroactive to January 1 for corporations and to April 1 for individuals, should garner \$10 billion in a calendar year to offset a deficit that could run as high as \$25 billion—even after the cutback in expenditures—and bolster sagging international confidence in the dollar. During the second quarter of 1968, the U.S. economy is expected to equal the first quarter's \$20 billion leap forward in gross national product. With no rein on the economy, Johnson reasoned, inflation could lop 4% off every dollar's purchasing power during the year and help price U.S. exports out of world markets; tight money induced by Government borrowing to meet current bills could squeeze interest rates up to 10%, provoke a slump in new housing, and snap the string of 87 months of economic advance. The President's surrender virtually assures passage of the corrective tax this month

SILENCE FROM THE SEAMOUNTS

SUBMARINE duty in the U.S. Navy is known as "the silent service," and for grim reason. In two world wars, combat subs have cloaked themselves in quiet while stalking enemy prey, and even in the deepwater missions of peace, their nuclear-powered successors maintain infrangible radio silence for as long as 13 days at a time. Last week, with the almost certain loss of U.S.S. *Scorpion*, that silence appeared tragically unwise and probably unnecessary.

An eight-year-old 252-ft. attack sub of the *Skipjack* class, *Scorpion* was returning to Norfolk, Va., from a cruise in the Mediterranean with 99 officers and men aboard. On May 21, just south of the Azores (see map), she filed her last "movement report" before transiting the inadequately charted undersea mountains of the mid-Atlantic. Not un-

ing with the hypothetical stranding of a nuclear sub on a seamount in mid-Pacific, argues that the Navy not only has insufficient bathymetric data on bottoms in all oceans but lacks adequate communication and rescue devices for subs in distress as well. *Scorpion*, like more than 70 of her sisters in the U.S. nuclear-sub fleet, carried only two buoys mounted on cables fore and aft to mark her position in the event of disaster, plus a handful of flares that must be fired to the surface and a pair of radio beacons mounted on floats. These drift about at the whim of wind and tide broadcasting in Morse code for only about six hours the ominous message: "S O S—sub sunk."

Beyond Reach. Even if these scanty signals are picked up somewhere along a sub's disaster course (*Scorpion's*:

ly concluded, had probably been a hoax; the hulk proved to be that of a World War II sub.

Though the search—by as many as 55 ships and 35 aircraft—continued at a diminished level, it seemed most likely that *Scorpion* had gone to the bottom in the depths beyond the reach of sonar, divers or the McCann chamber. Unlike the loss of *Thresher* with 129 men aboard, *Scorpion's* demise appeared to have nothing to do with inadequate shipyard maintenance: she ostensibly got a "Four O"—i.e., excellent—rating in an overhaul only last summer, and had performed superbly in the Mediterranean. Had she not remained incommunicado in transit but been required to signal her position every 24 hours, the Navy might at least know approximately where *Scorpion* lies and how she foundered. That information could at least benefit submariners of the future.



til six days later was the Navy aware that anything was amiss—and then only when *Scorpion* failed to report her arrival off the U.S. coast. The cold-war code for U.S. nuclear subs requires them to cruise submerged without any radio signals that might permit nearby Soviet trawlers and hydrographic vessels to calculate for possible future use the nuke routes of the U.S. Navy. The Russians, of course, are well aware of those routes anyway, since their own subs travel them frequently.

Over the Rockies. Subs like *Scorpion* cruise submerged at speeds of up to 35 knots and can operate at depths down to 1,000 ft. There are "seamounts"—underwater slopes—charted along her great-circle route homeward that lie only 900 ft. below the surface. Retired Navy Captain Charles N. G. Hendrix, an old "pigboat" skipper who is now a professor of oceanography at the U.S. Naval Academy, likens such subsurface navigation to the plight of "a pilot flying over the Rocky Mountains without knowing how high the highest peaks are, where they are, or even if they exist. The great-circle track in the vicinity of the Azores has never been systematically surveyed in detail."

Hendrix, who by ironic coincidence published an article in the current issue of *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings* titled "The Depths of Ignorance," deal-

2,500 miles long by 50 miles wide), the device the Navy relies upon to rescue deep-seated submariners is ancient and inadequate: the McCann rescue chamber, an "undersea elevator" that can remove only eight men at a time from subs in 850 ft. of water or less. Devised in the 1920s, it was last used in an actual undersea rescue when *Squalus* went down off Portsmouth, N.H., in 1939.* Development of a "Deep-Submergence Rescue Vehicle," begun in 1965 in the wake of the *Thresher* tragedy two years earlier, has been delayed until late 1970 by technical and budgetary problems. When it is completed, the Navy will have two vehicles that can extricate 24 submariners at a time at depths of up to 3,500 ft. Four more DSRVs will be added later, to be flown to a point near disaster scenes, then piggybacked atop "mother" nuclear subs or catamaran-hulled rescue vessels.

Though a radio message using *Scorpion's* call sign, "Brandywine," and the discovery of a 250-ft.-long steel hulk in 180 ft. of water off Cape Henry, Va., raised hopes that the missing sub might be found, by week's end she was still silent. The radio signal, Navy men bitter-

* Located by a yellow telephone buoy at a depth of 240 ft., *Squalus* ultimately relinquished 33 of her crewmen to safety. 26 others had been drowned in a flooded after-compartment.

ARMED FORCES

The Thinking Animal

At 5 ft. 4½ in., he was plainly too diminutive to meet the Navy's minimum height requirement (5 ft. 6 in.). So Victor Krulak persuaded a buddy to hit him on the head in hopes of raising a bump big enough to narrow the stature gap. That ploy failed, so—bloody but unbowed—Krulak petitioned and won the right to join the U.S. Marines as the shortest man in the corps. His Annapolis instructors also rated him low—among the bottom 10% of the class of '34 in military aptitude.

In time, Marines learned to look up to Krulak, whose persnickety preciseness had won him the mocking sobriquet of "The Brute" from Naval Academy classmates. Marines found the nickname appropriate. Merciless with incompetents, Krulak attracted feral loyalty as well as hatred. Early in his career he showed that there was nothing undersized about his brain. A specialist in the "dirty tricks" of unconventional warfare, he used hell-raising tactics on Choiseul Island during World War II to such advantage that the Japanese believed Krulak's Marine paratrooper battalion was a full division. At 43, he became the corps' youngest brigadier general.

Krulak was taken off Choiseul in



GEORGE CROW FLIES HIGH & MARCHES
Won't you come out, Earl Warren?

the camp. But he plainly felt put upon "I'm supposed to dream dreams and come up with ideas," he said. "This you can't always do down here."

Abernathy and his lieutenants in the S.C.L.C. were not notably successful at maintaining order down there either, and the result was a week marked by chaotic confrontations and often puerile demonstrations. One group of 150 poor people marched into the cafeteria of the Agriculture Department, piled their trays high with food, then refused to pay the \$292.66 tab. "We're going to balance it off against what the Agriculture Department owes us for all the lunch programs that we didn't get," said the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Next day Abernathy hurried over to the department to pay the bill, and soon thereafter Jackson was replaced as "manager" of Resurrection City by veteran S.C.L.C. Organizer Hosea Williams

1943 aboard a PT boat skippered by a young Navy lieutenant named John F. Kennedy. Two decades later, President Kennedy chose Krulak as a special adviser on guerrilla war in Viet Nam. The leatherneck's rosy report, based on a 1963 inspection trip, contrasted with a State Department official's gloomy prognosis shortly before President Ngo Dinh Diem's assassination. "Were you two gentlemen," asked Kennedy, "in the same country?"

In 1964, as a lieutenant general, Krulak was given command of Fleet Marine Forces Pacific. His huge bailiwick extended from El Toro, Calif., to Khe Sanh, with overall responsibility for 80,000 Marines fighting in Viet Nam. Krulak helped to mold tactics for a new type of war, combining hard fighting with civic action among the Vietnamese that only North Viet Nam's massive infusion of regular troops could nullify.

Last week cannons at Kaneohe Marine Air Station on Hawaii thundered a 15-gun farewell to the Brute, now 55, who was calling it quits after 34 years. A Distinguished Service Medal, Krulak's second, was added to the rainbow of ribbons on his chest. Watching were Krulak's three sons—a Navy chaplain and two Marine officers who have all served in Viet Nam. Between them, the Krulaks have won 49 medals.

Krulak had vowed to retire if he failed to win his fourth star by becoming Marine commandant, a job that went last year to Assistant Commandant Leonard F. Chapman. "I'm going to sit and inspect my fingernails for a while," says Krulak of his plans. "What I decide to do will be based on one thing: it must involve some opportunity to do something for my country."



KELLER AT RADCLIFFE (1904)
Her mind could see them all.

AMERICANA

A Life of Joy

"It is very pleasant to live here in our beautiful world," she wrote to Poet John Greenleaf Whittier. "I cannot see the lovely things with my eyes, but my mind can see them all, and so I am joyful all the day long." By the calendar, Helen Keller was nine when she corresponded with Whittier. By Helen's own insistent reckoning, she was not quite three. She considered that her real life, her "soul's birthday," as she put it, began when Anne Sullivan, who herself had been half-blind before surgery, penetrated Helen's limbo of blind, deaf childhood. "Teacher," as the girl was always to call her, not only put her pupil in touch with the world but also began the process of liberation that was to make the child from Tusculum, Ala., a world figure.

Instead of being condemned to an imbecile's life in an asylum, Helen Keller learned to read and hear with her fingers, and by touching others' throats and lips, she was eventually able to verbalize the words she visualized in her mind. At eleven, she was raising money for the benefit of other blind children. She traveled. She wrote stories. She maintained an animated correspondence with writers and clerics; Mark Twain named Miss Keller and Napoleon "the two most interesting characters of the 19th century." At the turn of the 20th, Helen Keller went to college at Radcliffe, where she was to graduate *cum laude* in 1904.

Poetry, essays and autobiography were to roll from her typewriter. Anne Sullivan died in 1936 and Helen went on with Polly Thomson and Helen went on with Polly Thomson as her companion. Her house burned down and with it the manuscript of her book about Anne. The house was rebuilt, the book rewritten. The travels continued, to Asia, Africa and South America as well as throughout her own country.

She lectured, she carried her word: "I would like to see the day when every blind child has an opportunity of an education and every blind grownup has the chance for training and job placement." The American Foundation for the Blind appointed her counselor on national and international relations, a title that conveyed only a hint of her activities; governments from Washington to Tokyo gave her medals.

The woman behind the name began to grow old. Polly Thomson died. The travels ceased, the books stopped coming, and instead of the aging legend in the newspapers and newsreels, Helen Keller was seen as a young girl again in William Gibson's *The Miracle Worker*, which told of her early days with Teacher when she was rescued from what she called the "no-world." The play and the motion picture brought alive for yet another generation the example of Helen Keller's conquest of adversity. Last week, shortly before her 88th birthday, Helen Keller died in her home at Easton, Conn. Soon after entering college, she wrote: "A potent force within me, stronger than the persuasion of my friends, had impelled me to try my strength by the standards of those who see and hear." Her success in that test is her epitaph.

THE PACIFIC

They Want to Go Back to Bikini

To most people today, the word brings to mind a fetchingly skimpy swimsuit. Few now recall that Bikini was the site of the world's fourth atomic detonation and the cradle of the hydrogen bomb. It has been 22 years since the atoll's docile people were banished by the atom, and gentling nature and the passage of time have leached away Bikini's residual radiation. Lush vegetation once more covers the island. Through their long exile, most of it on inhospitable, isolated, mosquito-plagued Kili Island, the 300 or so Bikinians have huddled in a beachfront slum, longing for their beloved strand of islets around a life-sustaining lagoon. They still cannot go home. The U.S. Defense Department wants to keep Bikini for a test site should the nuclear-test-ban treaty ever break down.

The Atomic Energy Commission has not yet revealed the results of a year-old survey of Bikini's habitability, although a 1964 University of Washington study found that the atoll has made a remarkable recovery. The Interior Department, which runs the Micronesia Trust Territory for the U.S., may make a decision by the end of summer, perhaps earlier, under pressure from the United Nations Trusteeship Council, which is reviewing U.S. stewardship of the Pacific islands. The U.N. was prodded by a Peace Corpsman's moving plea that urged: "If Bikini is free of radiation and is fit for human habitation, please call on the United States to return these people to their homes."

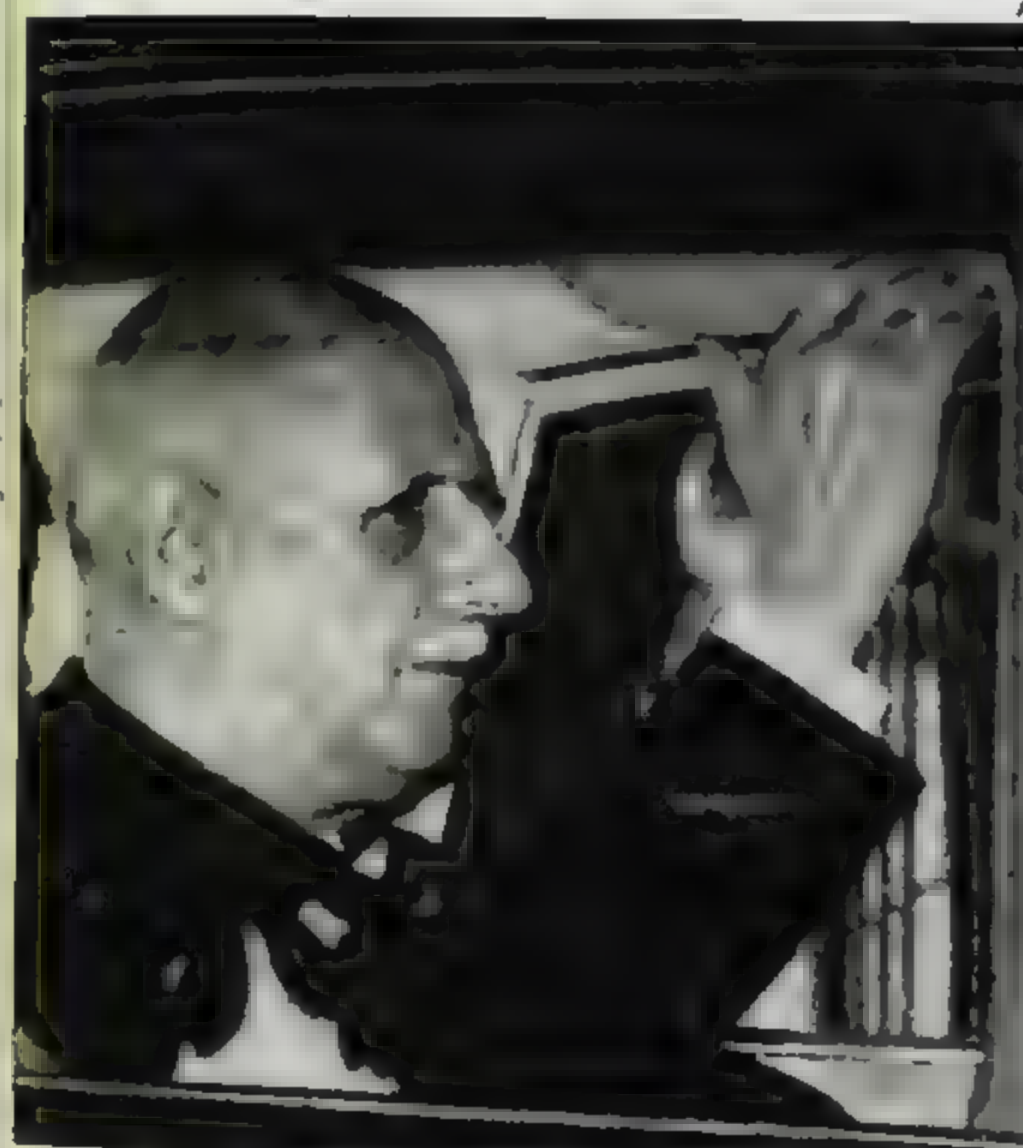
THE WORLD

ONCE MORE THE MYSTIQUE

CHARLES DE GAULLE has always laid claim to an extraordinary, almost mystical empathy with the French people. As France lay gripped by the worst economic paralysis in its peacetime history and cries for his resignation echoed in the streets of every major French city and town, that claim seemed destined, along with his once-proud Fifth Republic, for the dustbin of history. But last week, summoning all his genius for leadership, De Gaulle once more commanded the French people to heed his will for France. Astonishingly, once again they listened.

In five tumultuous days, France

Georges Pompidou and union leaders, after all-night negotiations, agreed early Monday morning to huge and highly inflationary wage settlements in order to end the strike that had idled half of France's 16 million-man industrial work force. Then, at plant after plant, the workers rejected the settlements and called for creation of a popular-front government of Socialists and Communists. It was a shattering blow to De Gaulle. He had been operating on the assumption that he could buy off the workers, whose demands until then had been purely economic, and then cope with the rebellious students who had



DE GAULLE ON RETURN TO PARIS



PRO-DE GAULLE DEMONSTRATION ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

What followed the speech no government in the world could have orchestrated.

passed from the brink of civil war to an almost universal feeling of relief that the worst of the crisis seemed to be over. Reviled by France's students and rejected by its workers, De Gaulle saw his government crumbling beneath him, Paris hostile and ready to explode, and opposition politicians closing ranks to cut him down. A lesser man might have quit; so serious was the situation that De Gaulle in fact considered it. But like his countrymen at the Marne 54 years before, he decided to stand his ground and fight. France responded, and by sheer force of will—and with some help from the French army—De Gaulle triumphed in perhaps the greatest crisis in his long service to France.

The week began on a hopeful note that quickly turned ominous. Premier

started the crisis in the first place. With the *non* from the workers, the faltering Gaullist government lost all momentum. Plainly confused and dispirited, Ministers trekked in and out of the Elysée; De Gaulle and Pompidou seemed to be at the mercy of events that they could no longer control.

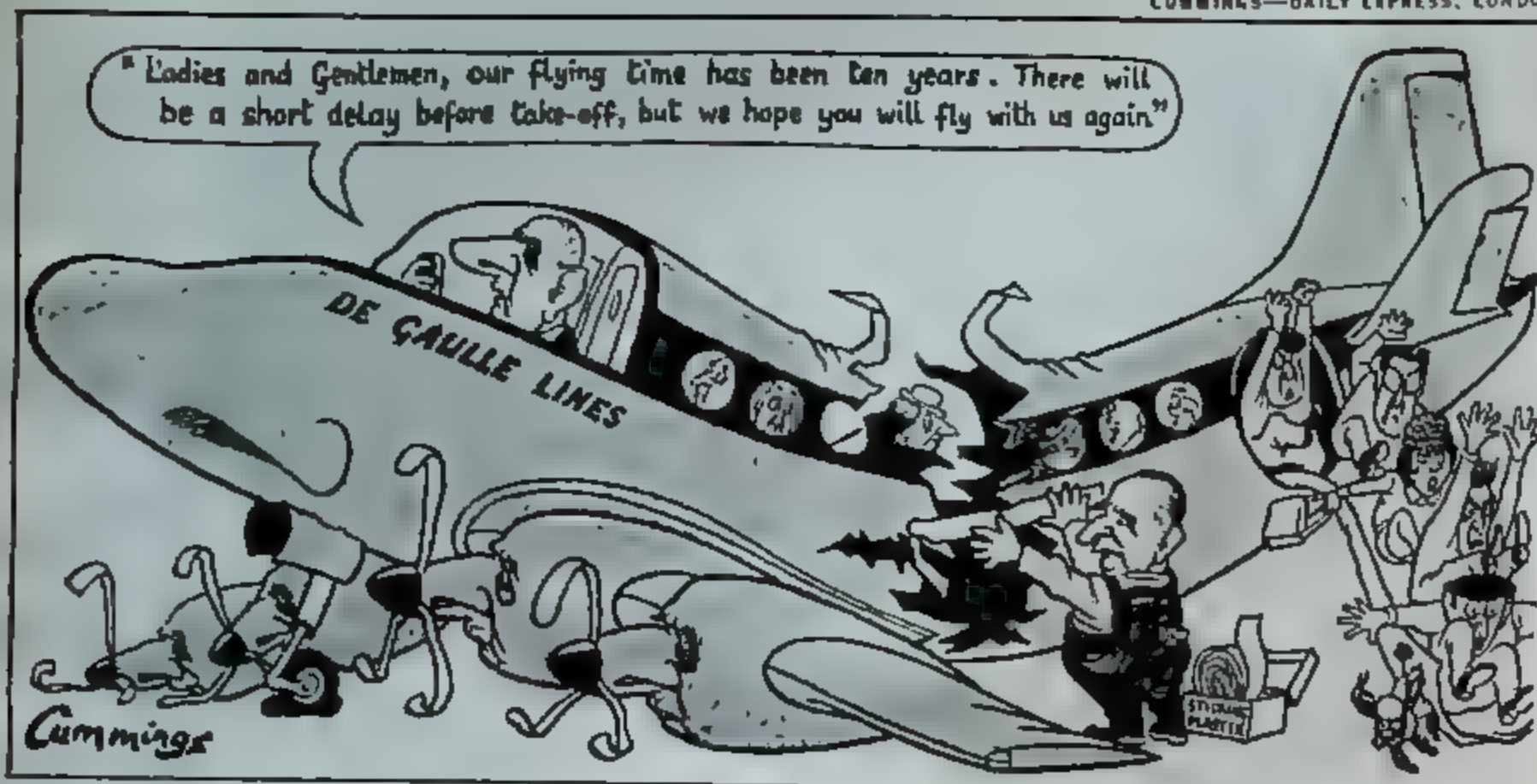
Sensing that the moment had come to strike, François Mitterrand, the leader of the non-Communist left, next day made an open bid for power. Summoning the press to a gilded salon in the Hôtel Continental, he called for the establishment of a provisional government of the left to prepare for the election of a President to replace De Gaulle. He suggested former Premier Pierre Mendès-France be leader of the provisional regime—a proposal to which Mendès-France quickly agreed—

the Elysée Palace, the telephone rang. It was De Gaulle. He had to get away, De Gaulle said. For two nights, he had not slept, and now, in De Gaulle's words, he "couldn't see clearly." Moments later, a news bulletin flashed across France: a reporter at the Elysée had seen the presidential Citroën bolt out of a seldom-used back gate. Before De Gaulle quit in 1946, he had retreated from Paris to his estate at Colombey-les-deux-Eglises in eastern France. Now some 250,000 demonstrators were parading through Paris in yet another anti-De Gaulle protest. On hearing the bulletin, they began to chant "Adieu, De Gaulle, adieu, De Gaulle."

Secret Soundings. For once in his life, De Gaulle was unsure about his course of action. As he departed from the palace, he handed an aide, Bernard



KRULAK INSPECTING TROOPS
They learned to look up at him.



Tricot, two keys to a safe. In a gesture reminiscent of Cardinal Richelieu's leaving a posthumous message to the French people, De Gaulle had deposited a document, presumably his resignation, that on his telephoned signal was to be opened and read to the nation.

While rumors raced through Paris about De Gaulle's intentions, the old general was setting out to determine the mood of France's military leaders. From a Paris helipad, he flew to the *force de frappe's* headquarters at Taverny, on the city's northwestern outskirts. There he used the *force's* secret communications net to sound out senior officers. Then he climbed into the presidential Caravelle and jetted to Baden-Baden, the location of French army headquarters in Germany, for a face-to-face talk with two combat-division commanders.

Then he sped on to Mulhouse, near the German border, where his son-in-law, General Alain de Boissieu, commands the French army's 7th Division. During the meeting, at which twelve other generals were present—including Jacques Massu, the commander of French forces in Germany, who, ironically, led the army rebellion in Algeria that brought De Gaulle to power in 1958—De Gaulle asked how the army would react if there were a showdown with the French left. The generals first told him in no uncertain terms that the army would never fire on students or coerce striking workers into resuming production. But, they added, in the event that the Communists made a determined effort to overthrow the regime through street fighting and guerrilla warfare, the army was prepared to intervene with its elite tank and paratroop units. That was all De Gaulle needed to know.

"Vigor." Next morning, after spending the night at his hilltop estate in Colombey, De Gaulle returned to Paris in a fighting mood. Emerging from a quickly convened Cabinet meeting at the palace, his Ministers wore the grim visages of men preparing to enter combat. What had been De Gaulle's message? asked newsmen. "Vigor," replied a Minister. "Vigor." Inside, in clipped, angry phrases, De Gaulle was shouting into a tape recorder his speech to the na-

tion. Within a quarter-hour, his words were relayed throughout France.

"I shall not withdraw," said De Gaulle. "I have a mandate from the people. I shall fulfill it." Ticking off his program, he refused to replace Premier Pompidou, who deserved "the tribute of all"—and had indeed been running the government virtually singlehanded for days. Because of the widespread disorders, De Gaulle was, however, postponing his referendum, scheduled for June 16, in which he had hoped to win a *oui* for his proposed social and university reforms. Instead, he planned to dissolve the National Assembly and call new parliamentary elections.

"France is indeed threatened by dictatorship," cried De Gaulle. The "totalitarian Communists," he warned, were waiting to ride to power on France's despair. It must have been an acute embarrassment for him to admit that the same breed of politicians with whom he had been trying so hard to make friends in the Soviet Union and the East bloc now threatened the very existence of liberty in France. Alluding to his new alliance with the army, he warned that he would use force to crush any further insurrection. "The republic will not abdicate!" he shouted hoarsely. "The people will collect themselves. Progress, independence and peace will prevail along with liberty. *Vive la France!*"

Not-So-Silent Majority. The speech lasted a bare three minutes, but it galvanized France. A pro-Gaullist rally had been scheduled several days earlier for that evening in Paris, but what followed De Gaulle's speech no government in the world could have orchestrated. In an outpouring of emotion, some 600,000 to 1,000,000 Frenchmen marched from the Place de la Concorde up the Champs-Élysées in the biggest parade in the capital since Parisians triumphantly walked behind De Gaulle as he led liberating Free French troops into the city 24 years ago. Businessmen in impeccable grey suits linked arms with shopkeepers and clerks. Bejeweled jet-setters marched with dowdy old ladies. There were grizzled army veterans, their jackets bedecked with medals earned long ago. World War II

Resistance fighters broke out tattered F.F.I. arm bands, and old parachutists wore their red berets. "We are the silent majority!" shouted the marchers. "Liberate the Sorbonne! Down with anarchy!" A banner said, I'M SICK OF RED FLAGS. SEND THE COMMUNISTS BACK TO MOSCOW, read another.

As the demonstration unfolded on the streets, the National Assembly met to hear itself dissolved. Things had moved so quickly that De Gaulle had not had time to have his letter to the President of the Senate typed by a secretary; the order was written in De Gaulle's own scrawl. Within five minutes, the ceremony was over, and as a finale, the two opposing factions—Gaullists and the Opposition—struck up the *Marseillaise*, each side trying to outsing the other. For a moment, the anthem's fratricidal phrases conjured up to many of the Deputies visions of what might happen again in France: *To arms, citizens! Form your battalions!*

Back to Work. Those fears seemed to be ungrounded. Though De Gaulle moved a tank regiment into the vicinity of Paris and alerted a few reserve units, there was no fresh rush to the barricades by his opponents, the workers

THE WORKERS OF FRANCE

BYOND the Paris the world knows—resplendent Boulevards and leafy esplanades, elegant restaurants and sunny sidewalk cafés—lies a ring of small communities with names like Aubervilliers and St. Ouen, Boulogne-Billancourt and St. Denis. No soaring monuments to Western civilization grace their drab and grimy streets. Instead, the stigmata of the worst of the 20th century abound: the sprawl of brick factories, the grey, faceless slabs of low-income housing projects. All day big diesel trucks thunder up and down belching fumes, their oversize tires slapping the ancient cobblestones. This is the Red Belt of Paris, so called because most of its towns have Communist mayors. It is here that the Parisian worker lives and plies his trade.

Out of the Red Belt came the muscle that nearly overturned De Gaulle; what the students began, only the French workers ever had any chance of finishing. On the surface, the cry for "worker power" seemed an unnecessary and ungrateful response to the Fifth Republic. In the decade of Gaullism, France's workers, particularly the skilled ones who earn an average \$195 each month, have enthusiastically entered the consumer economy. Fully 70% of all workers' households have a refrigerator, a washing machine and a vacuum cleaner. Though only 46% of all French

and the anarchical students led by Daniel Cohn-Bendit. Shoring up his government, De Gaulle fired eight Ministers, including just about everyone identified with his old social and labor policies, and switched two important portfolios: Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville went to the Treasury, while Finance Minister Michel Debré moved over to the Quai d'Orsay to take Couve's place. Aside from being an astute diplomat, Couve de Murville is an exceptionally effective administrator and an *inspecteur des finances* whose task will be to get France's shaken economy in order. Debré, always close to De Gaulle, can be expected to pick up on the general's foreign policy without missing a beat.

France, which had fallen apart with such appalling rapidity, now seemed to coalesce with the same amazing speed. Partly, it was the result of timing. By good luck or design, De Gaulle had chosen the proper moment to move: the striking workers were running out of money (the French unions have no strike funds), and the nation as a whole was tired of the inconveniences of living in an immobilized country. Partly, too, it was the response of a nation to

a heroic leader. The turnabout illumined the dilemma of the majority in an age of instant communication, when extremists can command publicity that inflates their influence out of all proportion to their numbers. When De Gaulle took his stand, the ordinary middle-class people of France finally had an opportunity to stand up and be counted in the battle for France. Their choice was plain: order, not revolution.

A return to work began to develop. Union leaders started negotiating with the government and plant owners for an end to the strike on the basis of Pompidou's earlier concessions. Some government postal and telegraph workers went back to their posts. Production resumed at several Peugeot auto plants, and the company expected a full force on the assembly lines this week.

Election Guesses. France now faces a battle of ballots, not bullets. The opposition parties, from Communists to centrists, welcomed De Gaulle's call for parliamentary elections and immediately laid plans for campaigning. Most French political experts gave De Gaulle's party only a slight chance of regaining its slim working majority in the National Assembly. It seemed like-

families own TV sets, at least six out of ten workers' families are able to settle down on the *canapé* at night to watch *le football* matches and the pop-singer contests. More than half of all French workers own a car, and a vacation in Spain or even Greece is no longer the province of the well-to-do Frenchman.

The worker's car and TV set are often bought on credit, a relatively new notion in France and one whose inescapable rhythm of monthly bills has proved a painful education. Wives often must work to make ends meet; workers seldom have any savings to fall back on in times of sudden disablement or job loss; life insurance is virtually unknown.

French inflation has cut heavily into the wage gains of the decade, and, among their Common Market peers, French workers lead the way both in the number of hours spent on the assembly line and in enduring the highest national cost of living. Though he made less money several years ago, Citroën Worker Pierino Fausti, a bachelor, says he used to be able to go to the local dances and meet girls whom he could then afford to seduce in the grand and proper French style. "Well, I can't any more. Now, it's no drinks, no food, no coffee, just straight to bed."

Nearly 200 years after the French Revolution, the French worker remains tightly fettered near the bottom of a rigid social system, one that he has little hope of ever escaping. Adult education is virtually nonexistent in France,

and though some companies offer evening courses for advancement, the training is almost always on the employee's own time. The room at the top of French life is restricted largely to those who were born there. A recent survey of 2,530 prominent French, ranging from Pop Singer Sylvie Vartan to Charles de Gaulle, showed that 68% came from families that belonged to the top 5% of French society. Only 5% of prominent French men and women came from what could be classified as the working class. Nor can the French worker reasonably hope that his offspring will inherit the chance for upward mobility that he was denied. For the vast majority of lower-class children, education ends at about 16, whereupon apprenticeship begins. Only 10% of French university students come from the working class, and many of those few fail to get through the maze of exams to the final degree so necessary for admission to the French Establishment.

Such narrow horizons shape the French workers' attitudes toward politics. Most workers are largely apolitical, openly cynical, and mistrustful of all shades of politicians and parties. The feeling is not entirely unjustified. Since in the past France's established parties have indeed done little for the worker. Such support as the Communist party enjoys stems from the fact that the workers feel that the Communist labor unions have fought hardest for their economic gains. Furthermore, unlike bourgeois Frenchmen, the worker

ly, in fact, that there would be a stand-off between Gaullists and leftists in the race for the National Assembly's 487 seats. In that event, there would undoubtedly ensue a period of intense maneuvering until one side won enough supporters from the independent center parties to try to form a government. In the less likely event of a severe loss at the polls by his party, Charles de Gaulle would most probably interpret the results as a repudiation of his rule and step down from the presidency. "The people must speak," De Gaulle told his Ministers, adding pointedly: "We must draw the consequences."

The consequences are likely to be far-reaching for France. Despite the present surge from violence, the country faces a crucial time of testing as it wrestles with the problems of achieving a more responsive government in a society that needs a greater measure of self-determination than De Gaulle's decade of authoritarian rule has allowed. It was a tribute both to De Gaulle's courageous leadership and to France's good sense that the country now had the opportunity to seek those solutions not at the barricades, but by democratic process in a climate of civil peace.

feels little or no fear about ultimate Communist intentions. "Even if they were to get the control," said one worker last week, "France wouldn't change very much. They would be moderates like the Czechs."

When the students first took to the barricades last month, the affair seemed as remote to the workers as almost everything else that happens in the "other Paris" of the bourgeois world. But as the violence grew, the workers—often ahead of their own union leaders—sensed an opportunity to turn the disorder to their own economic advantage, and the strikes and sit-ins began. From the discovery of their ability to bring the government to heel in money matters, it was only a short, logical step to the demand for worker power in political terms. But the evidence is that it was a step not taken by the great majority of French workers. Only a vocal few, in protest against their long history of being flattened to a single dimension by their unions as well as management and the government, demanded "direct democracy" and "participation" in factory affairs. They were sufficient in number to shout down Pompidou's wage increases. But they were not numerous enough to prevent the great bulk of French workers from wanting to go back to their workbenches, once it was clear that De Gaulle intended to stand firm. In that sense, the fundamental revolution of workers who are demanding genuine opportunity in French society still seems as far away as ever.



FRANCO FISHING

Too many inequities, too much passion.

SPAIN

A Mood of Unease

I beg you to pay attention to the tensions that manifest themselves in different sectors of our national life.

—Madrid Archbishop

Casimiro Morcillo Gonzalez

Let no one, from without or within, harbor the least hope of being able to alter in any respect our institutional system.

—Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, Spain's Vice President

These statements recently electrified Spain, where protest is still a tentative, testing affair. The speakers, representing the church and the armed forces, carried the force of two powerful arms of the political triad that has supported the rule of Generalissimo Francisco Franco for 32 years (the third being the aristocracy). One man is a usually conservative cleric, pleading with the government to be more liberal; the other is the officer who administers Spain on a day-to-day basis, warning the country against liberalism. Both addressed themselves to the same phenomenon: the mood of questioning, dissatisfaction and anxiety that has come over today's Spain.

Though the country's spreading sense of unease began long before De Gaulle's present troubles, and goes to the very core of Spain's Establishment, the upheaval in France has served to sharpen and intensify it. Spain has never been exactly a contented country—it has always had too many inequities, too much passion for that—but at no time in recent history has it been beset by such a sense of frustration.

Modern Hero. The frustration is felt at almost every level of Spanish life, and has taken particularly deep root among Spain's 12 million workers,

whose labor syndicates are creatures of Franco's government and easily bend to its will. In hopes of lobbying for labor gains, Spain's workers have boldly launched a grass-roots organization of their own as a rival to the syndicates. Called the Workers' Commissions movement, it has spread rapidly, now has chapters in factories all over Spain; it has also reached some white-collar employees, such as bank clerks and office personnel. In theory, the commissions are illegal, but in fact, they are tacitly tolerated by the government, though one of their organizers, ex-Socialist Marcelino Camacho, is now on trial in Madrid on charges of leading an illegal demonstration. As a result, Camacho has become something of a modern Spanish hero.

At first the commissions' tactics were cautious, involving in-plant petitioning, agitation and brief work stoppages. But as the movement grew, it acquired the support of students, churchmen, and political groups ranging from liberal Monarchists to the Communist Party. Non-violence remains its credo, but the threat of more audacious and aggressive action is always there. Some plant executives leaving the factory parking lot at day's end now prudently check to be sure that their brake-fluid lines have not been cut or their tires slashed. On May Day, the Workers' Commissions turned out such a huge crowd of marchers that the government nervously called a full "red alert" and positioned police and riot squads all over Madrid.

Factory Priests. The movement has acted as a catalyst for other segments of Spanish society. In support of it and of their own complaints against the regime, Spanish students rioted at the University of Madrid earlier this spring and forced it to close for more than a month. Three weeks ago, trouble erupted there again when hundreds of students chanting "We want liberty of expression" battled the police with stones, set furniture ablaze and smashed windows.

Looking nervously over his shoulder at France, whose turmoil has been thoroughly chronicled in the Spanish press, Franco has since made his first concession to the students. To alleviate congestion in the nation's overcrowded universities, the government promised to open three new universities in Madrid, Barcelona and Bilbao and add smaller polytechnical institutes in two other cities. But student militants remained unimpressed, and last week several hundred demonstrators took over the schools of philosophy and letters, science, and economics at the University of Madrid, threw up barricades, and held their ground for more than two hours before vacating the buildings and turning them back to the school authorities.

Fired with a desire not to be left behind in isolation from students and workers, more and more Roman Catholic priests are also backing the Workers' Commissions and helping to organ-

ize them, even demonstrating alongside the students. Almost 100 priests have obtained permission from their bishops to work in factories or on construction jobs.

Loss of Confidence. Adding to the rising unease is a slack in the four-year economic boom that, beginning in 1962, thrust Spain into the 20th century world of rapidly rising industrial wages, new cars and washing machines. The lull has created unemployment and put a brake on wage increases. Above all, it has cost the government the confidence of many businessmen who had always staunchly supported Franco. The government gives the impression of not knowing quite what to do about either the economy or the popular unrest, and this impression is strengthened by the fact that Franco seems to spend more time fishing than tending to government. When it comes to any internal threat to his power, however, he is, at 75, just as agile as ever at playing rivals off against one another.

In some ways, what rankles many Spaniards most is the government's retreat from its promise to relax its tight rein over significant portions of the country's life. After a strike shut down a Bilbao steel plant for seven months, the 1965 right-to-strike law was revoked, a bitter blow to labor. The much heralded press law of 1966 had its freedom riders seriously curtailed by the inclusion of press offenses in the penal code, which provides the regime with a handy means of punishing dissenting opinion.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Making Haste Slowly

While it has brought the euphoria of free expression and an undeniable sense of exciting evolution to Czechoslovakia, the liberalizing regime of Alexander Dubček has been unable so far to deliver much in the way of tangible reforms. One reason is that since he took over last January, Party Boss Dubček has had to move with caution while he measured Russian reactions. Another is the plain impossibility of dismantling overnight the barnacled apparatus of a hard-lining Communist state. Last week Dubček finally acted against the conservative Communists remaining in both the government and the party who fear and resent the promised economic and political changes. At a meeting of the Czechoslovak Central Committee, Dubček ousted his predecessor, Antonín Novotný, from the committee—his last position of influence—and suspended the party membership not only of Novotný but also of six former collaborators, "until their share in the political trials of the past is clarified."

Novotný's farewell performance was entirely in character. He reportedly tried to win votes by threatening to reveal stories about bribes taken by committee members in the past; then, when the committee debate went against him, he broke into tears. Dubček had come

armed with a batch of petitions from workers, students and other Czechoslovaks who called for the dismissal from the committee of Novotný's entire faction. He warned the committee that the party's capacity for action was threatened by "those forces who by words recognize the correctness of the new policy, but have not yet overcome their old opinions." In the end, the vote of the 110 committeemen was unanimous; even the 40 or so conservatives dutifully raised their hands against Novotný.

Winners & Losers. The vote may herald the start of a tougher campaign to force the resignation of others who served under Novotný and who still hold most of the top jobs in the government and in local party cells across the country. Only about 100 people, most of them unrepentant Stalinists and top Cabinet ministers, have lost their jobs in recent months—and almost all have been allowed to resign with dignity. An exception was the hated former Chief of Security, Miroslav Mamula, who was fired. He then got a job at a factory workbench, but when his fellow workers recognized him, they hounded him until he quit. In fact, the lash of public opinion has been harsher than that of Dubček. The suicides of 29 officials in recent weeks are attributed to TV and press exposés of their past roles in the Stalinist terror.

Thus no real purge has occurred so far, and that other Communist ritual that comes with every change of regime—rehabilitation—has also been slow to start. Dubček released about 450 political prisoners soon after his takeover. But he has yet to review the trials, many of which were rigged, of some 40,000 former prisoners, or to restore to good grace by any official act about 100,000 people who lost their party

membership, jobs, pensions and other privileges because of political acts or "unreliable opinions." Such redress as there has been has come from ordinary citizens trying to do something for the victims. Committees set up in factories, offices and clubs have got clerical jobs for lawyers who had been forced by Novotný to work in mines, have made taxi drivers out of students who, as punishment, had been condemned to do manual labor.

Russian Troops. The removal of Novotný from the Central Committee reflects Dubček's growing strength, and he plans to consolidate it at a special party congress in September. Dubček, however, had to make certain concessions last month to visiting Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. He promised, for one thing, to demonstrate his loyalty to the Warsaw Pact by permitting "staff exercises" in Czechoslovakia of troops from the Soviet bloc. The soldiers, most of them from the signal corps, were prompt to arrive. At week's end, the first of about 3,000 Soviet forces crossed the Russian border into eastern Slovakia even as the Central Committee was in session. Many Czechoslovaks were alarmed, seeing their coming as an unsavory attempt to influence the committee while it was debating the fate of the pro-Soviet conservatives.

PANAMA

Finally, the Winner

A full 18 days after Panamanians had gone to the polls to choose a new President, Opposition Candidate Arnulfo Arias, 67, was last week finally declared the winner. The government insisted that the long count was necessary in order to ensure a fair tabulation of the votes and give election-day passions in the volatile nation a chance



ARIAS

Nowhere without the Guard.

to cool down. Arias supporters charged that President Marco Aurelio Robles was really only buying time so that the ballot boxes could be stuffed in favor of his government candidate, former Finance Minister David Samudio, 58.

There was probably some truth in the contentions of both sides. Ballot boxes from more than 200 of the country's 1,389 precincts either vanished or were so obviously tampered with that they were nullified by the neutral National Election Board. Whatever the irregularities, Arias won by so commanding a margin—with 175,432 votes to Samudio's 133,887—that the outcome could hardly have been altered by the shenanigans of either side.

When he takes office on Oct. 1, Arias' first task will be to cement relations with Panama's 4,000-man National Guard. Though it promised to support the winner, the guard—along with Arias' political enemies—has booted him from power twice in the past, in 1942 and 1951. The first time around, Arias was evicted for writing a tough, totalitarian-style constitution that threatened to turn Panama into a fascist state. Eighteen months into his second presidency, he was toppled again for organizing his own secret police and once again trying to install his totalitarian constitution. Though as glib and charismatic as ever, Arias claims that times have changed and he has changed with them. As a start, Arias has organized a strong, five-party coalition, recruited some able talent for his government, and drafted the rudiments of a program calling for tighter tax collections, a much-needed plan for urban renewal and continued negotiations for a new Panama Canal treaty.

An even bigger job will be to soothe the country's lingering political tensions. After the announcement of Arias' victory, Samudio cried "fraud" and ac-



DUBČEK GREETING COMMITTEEMEN

Impossible to dismantle the barnacled apparatus overnight.



NOVOTNÝ ARRIVING FOR THE DEBATE

cused the National Guard of installing Arias as President. A few hours later, the government-dominated Electoral Tribunal, which oversees the Election Board and is theoretically superior to it, declared the board's vote count invalid. To make its action stick, however, the tribunal would have to get the support of the National Guard; and Panama's military seemed in no mood to let the politicians fight the election all over again.

ISRAEL

Rootless in Gaza

As underendowed a stretch of land as exists anywhere in the world, the Gaza Strip hardly seems to qualify as a territorial prize. The 25-mile-long seaside sliver of formerly Egyptian-run territory is more thickly settled than The Netherlands; it is more crowded with problems than any other area occupied by Israel in the Middle East war. Some 60% of its 350,000 inhabitants are refugees who lost their lands to the Israelis in 1948. Most of them live on the dole in eight refugee camps, sitting in the shade of their huts and shuffling sad-eyed from one day to the next. Their artificial economy is based largely on money from relatives working abroad; the once lively trade in luxury imports resulting from Gaza's status as a duty-free zone has ended.

Tourist Attraction. Yet the Israelis seem more intent on holding onto the Gaza Strip than any other part of their conquered territory, except Jerusalem. They are slowly integrating this arid area into Israel, and impressing on the Arabs the permanence of their presence. The reason: Worthless in every other respect, the Gaza Strip is im-

portant to Israel's security, since it probes like a finger into Israeli territory. Egyptian troops massed there before the outbreak of the war, and the Strip had long been a base for Arab terrorist raids.

To cement their wartime conquest, the Israelis are pouring \$1,000,000 a month into Gaza. They have replaced Egypt's currency with Israeli pounds, and completed new power lines linking Gaza city with Israel's main grid. Gaza Arabs have been forced to channel through Israeli, rather than Arab, banks the money sent them from abroad. Gaza's fishermen and its orange and grapefruit growers are getting not only advice but also improved equipment from the Israelis. More than 5,500 Arabs have been put to work patching and widening the Strip's bumpy roads. Another growing source of revenue is the influx of Israeli tourists, who descend on Gaza to snap pictures of rusty Egyptian tanks and other war trophies.

Arab Exodus. For the first time in 20 years, the Gazans are allowed to travel outside the Strip. With Israeli encouragement, more than 30,000 of them have gone to seek jobs in Jordan or the Israeli-occupied West Bank. The Arabs charge that the Israelis are allowing them to leave for political rather than humane motives, since every departing Arab is one potential terrorist fewer to deal with and one mouth fewer to feed. But the rate of the Arab exodus by bus and hired taxi has dropped off lately as word has spread that few jobs are available in Jordan.

Despite the improvements, the Israelis have won few friends among the Cairo-oriented Gaza Arabs. The natural hostility of the conquered is heightened by the fact that the Israelis react

harshly to terrorist incidents. They dynamite scores of Arab homes, detain hundreds of suspects, impose long and frequent curfews, and at times even stop food distribution. Last week the Gaza Strip was the scene of the first major eruption of pent-up Arab resentment over Israeli occupation in the year since the war.

A group of 200 Arab women set off days of demonstrations and street clashes by marching on the fortified Gaza headquarters of the Israeli military governor to protest the all-night detention of their husbands and kinsmen. The men—some 2,000 in all—had been herded into sheep pens for questioning, following a terrorist mine explosion that killed two Israeli farmers and injured five others. The men were released, but the sparks of protest spread, and two days later Israeli occupation troops for the first time had to fire their weapons over the heads of demonstrators in downtown Gaza city. Arab crowds chanted "Nasser! Nasser!" and the Arab terrorist war cry "Slaughter the Jews!" and stoned government offices and Israeli military and tourist cars from behind a street barricade.

Long Hot Summer. Angered by taunts and stones from teen-age Arab high school girls forming a human barrier across a main highway, Israeli soldiers next day lowered their sights and wounded five of the girls with submachine-gun fire. Inflamed by Radio Cairo's incessant propaganda broadcasts, jeering women and schoolgirls linked arms to block other Gaza roads, but dispersed when troops arrived. At Gaza's Palestine High School, troops with truncheons fought a bloody, classroom-by-classroom battle with 900 students, forcing them out into the street to dismantle a waist-high barricade that they had built. By week's end Gaza seethed with ill-concealed anti-Israeli feeling, and Jeeps mounted with 50-caliber Brownings and troop-laden halftracks were enforcing a nervous calm on the scorching, dusty streets. There was reason for the Israeli fear that the demonstrations and four recent terrorist bombings foreshadow a long, hot summer Strip.

THE WAR

Eyes in the Sky

Measuring the flow of North Vietnamese men and matériel into South Viet Nam is no easy task. The most telling evidence arrives at the Pentagon and the White House in the form of sharp, 9-in.-square photographs ferried by Air Force courier planes from Asia each day. The pictures, showing Ho's men on the move, are the product of the most sustained, highly sophisticated aerial surveillance in military history.

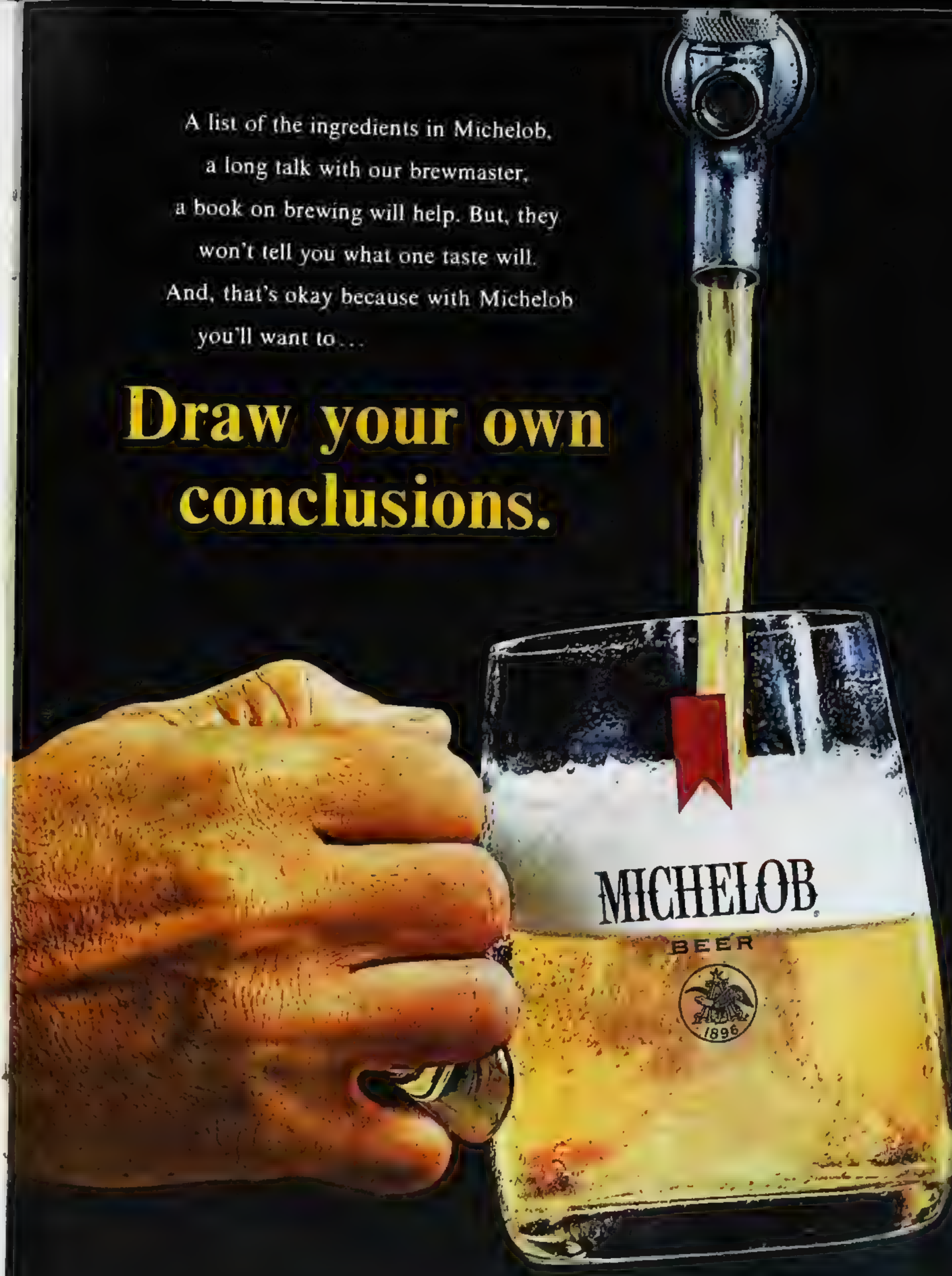
Day in, day out, U.S. photo jets streak over North Viet Nam and Laos, filming huge patches—and tiny pockets—of jungled land, searching for the scantest signs of activity by Communist forces. Finding the infiltrating enemy has been a lot easier of late. "We are



BURNED-OUT TANK PARKED IN GAZA MARKET
Impressing the permanence of the presence.

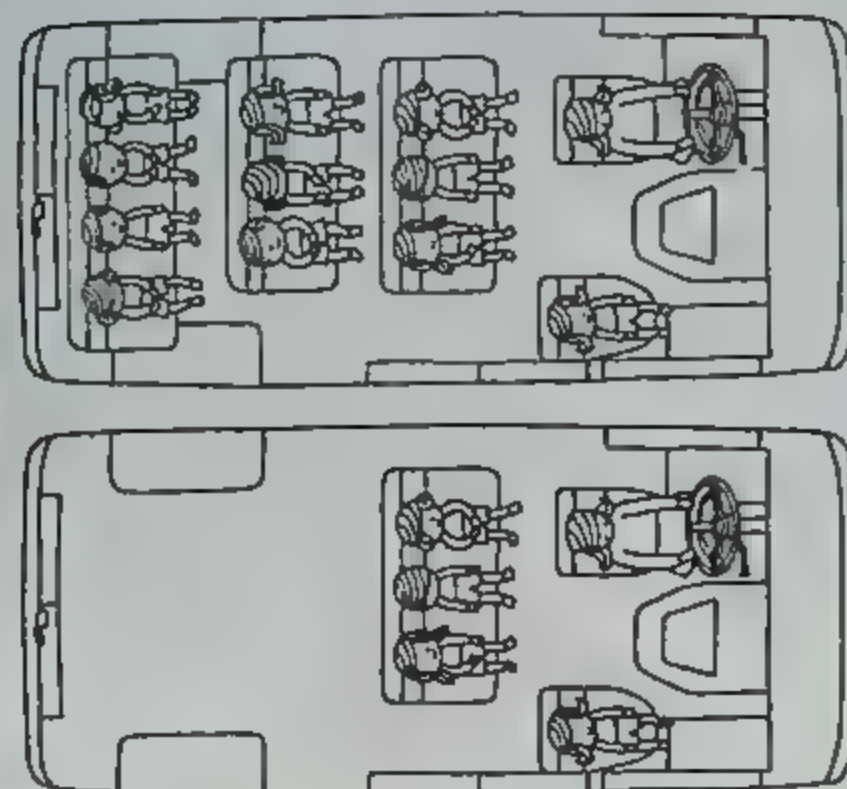
A list of the ingredients in Michelob,
a long talk with our brewmaster,
a book on brewing will help. But, they
won't tell you what one taste will.
And, that's okay because with Michelob
you'll want to...

Draw your own conclusions.



In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

Try cramming 12 campers into a standard wagon and you'll see where Ford Motor Company got the idea for the new Ford Club Wagon.



Too many people? Too little space? Ford Motor Company engineers have a better idea. Club Wagons that practically let you custom design the seating. For five, eight, or twelve passengers. Or nine passengers and one table. Cargo? Our new Club Wagons give you much more space than any others. Because of



exclusive Twin-I-Beam suspension they ride smooth and quiet as a car. Which isn't the only Club Wagon exclusive. There's outside servicing for gas, oil and water. And interiors that look like they belong in much less practical surroundings. You get more value in a Ford Club Wagon. Not to mention 12 campers.

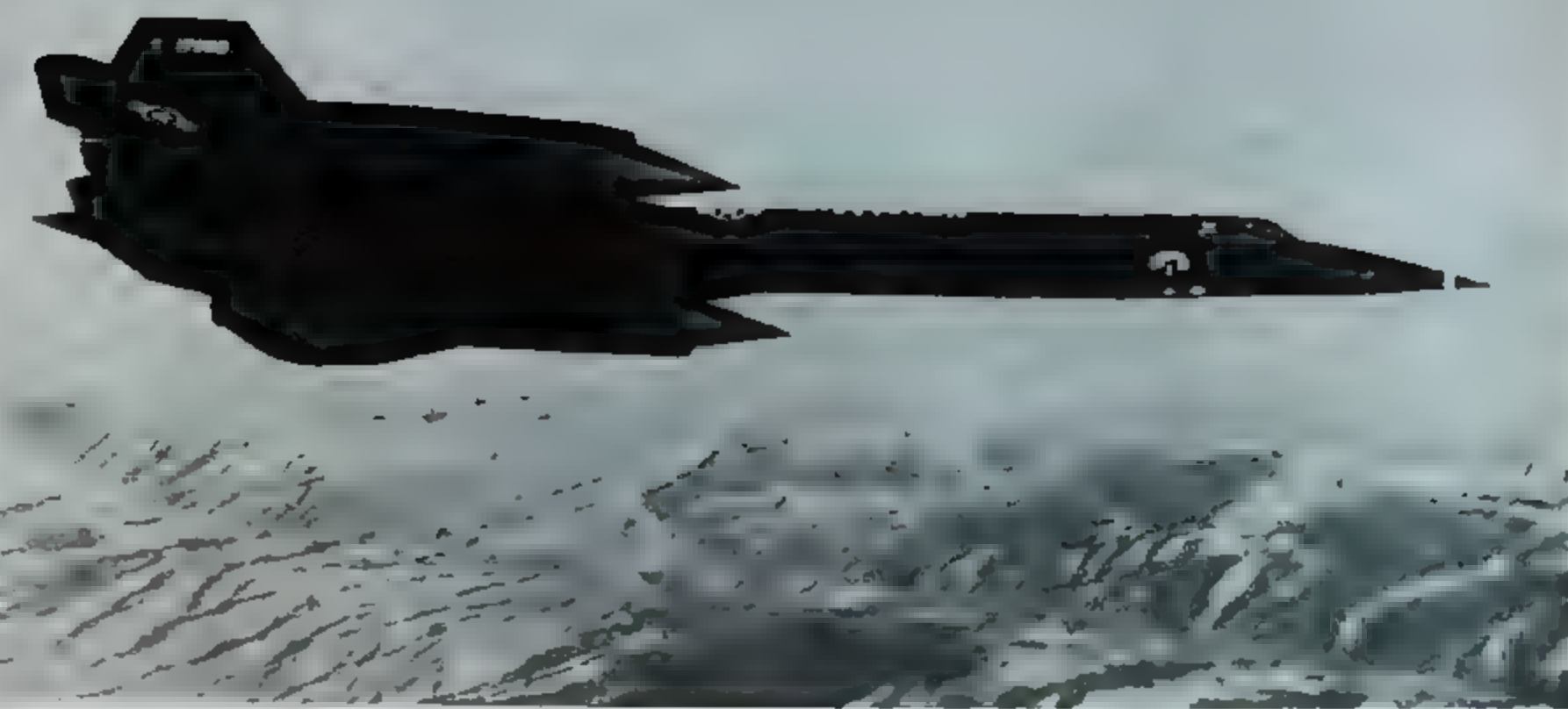


MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • TORINO • FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY COUGAR • MONTEGO • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL • CONTINENTAL MARK III

spotting convoys of more than 100 vehicles in Laos and the lower panhandle now," says one U.S. reconnaissance pilot. "It used to be that 10 to 15 trucks were a big catch." Now nearly every photo foray turns up new roads and fuel depots, fresh truck parks and anti-aircraft gun sites.

Since President Johnson restricted bombing to the area south of the 19th parallel, surveillance missions above the line have been flown by the successor to the U-2, the supersecret SR-71, double-delta-winged, 2,000-m.p.h. manned missile. Boring ahead faster than a rifle bullet, it takes pictures of astonishing clarity from as high as 80,000 feet. Over the panhandle and Laos, most of the monitoring is the task of the 432nd Tactical Reconnaissance Wing flying out of Udorn in northern Thailand. Its droop-nosed RF-4C Phantoms, unarmed and unescorted, shoot up to a cumulative seven miles of film on the 40 to 50 sorties that the 432nd flies each day.

Suspicious Ladder. Each Phantom carries anywhere from three to nine cameras, including infra-red equipment, as well as side-looking radar, all linked to the aircraft's navigational gear in order to record precise locations—and trip the camera shutters at just the



SR-71 RECONNAISSANCE PLANE IN FLIGHT
Lots easier to find of late.

right millisecond. On return to Udorn, automatic machines swiftly process the film in trailers set up beside the runway, and highly skilled (and suspicious) photo interpreters, or PIs, scan it for hours, looking for the smallest telltale detail: a ladder left at a cave entrance, a small dot of light that might be a campfire, vehicle tracks around a supposedly downed bridge. "It's all a battle of wits between us and Ho's people," says an officer.

It is also dangerous business. The pi-

lots of the 432nd wryly refer to themselves as "conscientious objectors who like airplanes and photography," but their war is as risky as any other airman's in Viet Nam. Over the past year, the wing has lost the equivalent of a squadron—20 Phantoms. One crew out of seven can expect to be shot down during its tour of duty, for recon missions, unlike the swift, darting thrusts of fighter-bomber strikes, often require four to five minutes of straight and level cruising at low altitude.

WARD 6

For wounded Americans, the way station between the battlefield and home is one of the superbly staffed U.S. military hospitals that are strategically placed throughout South Viet Nam. TIME Correspondent Don Sider, injured by a mortar shell, spent several days recovering in one of the wards of the 71st Evacuation Hospital in Pleiku and filed this report:

NARROW is the horizon in Ward 6, Surgical. It is a drab room, twice as long as it is wide, divided down the center by a low partition. Two rows of steel beds run like exposed ribs down each side. At one end is the business-like nurses' station, a bookcase with a collection of old magazines and paperbacks, a too-loud TV set. There are no flowers, no pictures, no decorations. There are windows all around, but no one bothers to look out.

Day begins at 5 a.m. when a pretty, auburn-haired night nurse wakes the men with the inevitable hypodermic of penicillin, and leaves. It ends at 11 p.m. when she comes back on duty, switching off the TV and lights. Day is half-read magazines and half-watched television, dressings to be changed, and surprisingly good food to be taken on a tray in bed or, if one is able and ambitious, in the mess hall with the scores of other shuffling men in their faded blue pajamas. It is the colonel making his rounds, passing out Purple Hearts and, oddly, saying "Congratulations" with each presentation. Day is earnest conversation with the guy in the next

bed, and jokes, not good but well shared. Day in Ward 6, Surgical, is a bore.

Night is the sound of people breathing all about, grunting now and then and groaning in drugged pain. The men are all too aware of their bodies at night, and displeased with what they perceive. Their bodies seem suddenly, unaccustomedly weak and unworthy. They ache and protest with each shift on the damp sheets. The stitches pull; one is certain that all the vital sap must be flowing from the wounds the doctors have left open to drain. Each man knows that he has not slept a moment, and he quietly hates the men next to him who seem to be sleeping so soundly.

By day, there is some release, a pushing back, for a time, of the horizons. There is talk with one's neighbor, the compulsion to relive the moment when you were hit, to hear how it was when he was hit. The helicopter pilot tells over and over how the shattered AK-47 slug he is fondling came up through the armored floor of his chopper, ripped through his calf and embedded itself in the dashboard. As do the others, he re-

constructs his adventure with the clarity of total recall—the surprise, the pain, the pleasure of having faced death and stared it down.

The men tell their stories to each other time and again. They talk of home, too, and how worried their wives and their parents must be. They talk of how things will be when they get back. A few hours ago they were strangers, but now they admire each other's wounds and trade confidences and insults with ease and affection. Without anyone saying it, they realize that they are members of a rather elite fraternity, and this pleases them.

Strangely, they hardly ever use harsh language. Back in the jungle or on the fire base where they were hit, each noun carried an adjective, each verb an adverb, and usually they stemmed from the same utilitarian four-letter root. But here, in this place, no one even says "damn." Invariably, one is struck by the kindness, the gentleness of these hard men for each other. The kid with both eyes bandaged is led by the old trooper with the messed-up leg.

There are few grim faces in Ward 6. There is boredom and there is pain, but there are also smiles. Within a few days these men will be evacuated, some to Japan for a long recuperation, some—the lucky ones—all the way home. After they go there will be new men, dozens and dozens of them, filling the faded blue pajamas and the rows of beds—men whose horizons will suddenly shrink to the size of Ward 6, Surgical.

THE NEED FOR CONCILIATION

RARELY in history have mankind's conflicts seemed quite so hard to resolve. Vast social changes are causing almost daily clashes that defy law and logic; from courts to legislatures, the old peace-keeping institutions are too often archaic and unresponsive. Blacks and whites, Arabs and Israelis, students and administrators, Frenchmen and Charles de Gaulle—all seem pitted against one another in postures of unmanageable pride.

Witnessing this worldwide obduracy, writers as disparate as Naturalist Konrad Lorenz and Novelist Arthur Koestler have redefined Homo sapiens as Homo maniacus, arguing that man appears doomed by some inherent quirk to follow the dinosaur into oblivion. Among the apocalyptically minded, the only question is where Armageddon will begin. Harlem or the Hotel Majestic? The Sorbonne or the Sinai Peninsula?

Such pessimists ignore conciliation: an ancient art that has served mankind through centuries of quarrelsome existence. To be sure, attempts at conciliation are often futile until the combatants reach exhaustion. Henry Clay's compromises merely delayed the Civil War that Abraham Lincoln had to win before the Union could be restored. It is not the United Nations that prevents World War III but the balance of nuclear terror. Not surprisingly, history rarely mentions conciliators: man's sense of the dramatic is more aroused by violence than by the "effort to establish harmony and good will." Among U.S. heroes, George Custer outranks William Penn, who pacified Indians with kindness rather than carbines. How many American boys would rather win the Nobel Peace Prize than the Medal of Honor?

Still, from the Biblical Solomon to the ecumenical Pope John XXIII, conciliators have polished a craft that succeeds in a wide variety of negotiable situations. The U.S. once boasted the world's bloodiest labor movement; now it has such effective conciliation machinery that remarkably few slayings have occurred in labor disputes since the 1950s. For all its failings, the U.N. has helped to keep most of the world's angry opponents at arm's length, producing a host of skilled conciliators in the process—Sweden's Count Folke Bernadotte, Canada's Lester Pearson, America's Ellsworth Bunker. Common to such men is a firm belief that conciliatory techniques (negotiation, mediation, arbitration) apply equally well to all disputes, marital as well as martial, between races and generations. It is a faith based not on utopian dreams but on hard-won experience.

Constructive Conflict

The key to conciliation is an understanding that conflict is universal, indeed necessary. All living creatures want things that others do not care to relinquish. Without some conflict, there are no solutions, no yin and yang, the classic Chinese harmony of opposites. The humbling fact is that animals achieve such harmony better than humans. Unlike men, animals retain instinctive devices that end their conflicts short of murder. When one wolf defeats another in a fight for territory, the loser commonly exposes its jugular to the stronger opponent—a form of honorable surrender that the winner peaceably accepts without further aggression. Not only is the loser preserved in the process—so is the species.

Unhappily, man requires what psychologists call "attitudinal consistency": the belief that he is right. He is cursed as well as blessed with the sharp fangs of ideology, to say nothing of lethal weapons. If principle is involved in a human conflict, the loser is likely to run home for his gun. With their passion for principle, human antagonists are prone to paint their opponents in

ever darker lineaments, while gilding their own ideological positions. While it may be relatively easy to solve human conflicts involving mates or money, quarrels about political or religious faith tend to endure with unabated fury, both sides demanding unconditional surrender.

Many students of conciliation apply a game theory to their definition of human conflict. As they see it, the bitterest conflicts are conducted as "zero-sum" games, in which each side tries to win the entire stake. In his 1960 book, *The Strategy of Conflict*, Harvard Economist Thomas C. Schelling spelled out the absurdity of zero-sum in the thermonuclear age: "The precarious strategy of cold war and nuclear stalemate has often been expressed in game-type analogies: two enemies within reach of each other's poison arrows on opposite sides of a canyon, the poison so slow that either could shoot the other before he died; two neighbors, each controlling dynamite in the other's basement, trying to find mutual security through some arrangement of switches and detonators." Today, at least 15 nations from Egypt to Pakistan are treading the backsteps of that cellar—all in the best of ideological causes.

Transmutations

The main task of the conciliator is to break down rigidly consistent attitudes, to transmute hyperbole and hysteria into a reasonable compromise that allows both sides to come out feeling like winners. Psychologists contend that the essence of compromise lies in the introduction of inconsistency to closed minds. If a white racist can be convinced that at least some Negroes are not shiftless, savage and uneducable, his prejudice is bound to be fractured. Ultimately, the inconsistency will become unbearable, and if he does not wholly reject the new idea, he will change his feeling about Negroes. Of course, the introduction of inconsistency is difficult when coping with intensely ideological minds. Maoists are so sure of their scrupulously scripted versions of "objective reality" that not even the most sincere signals of accommodation can easily erode their consistent views of perfidy.

In such situations, conciliation seems possible only through the miraculous imposition of a "superordinate goal"—a common cause, whether threat or desire, which neither side can hope to win on its own, but which both together can readily accomplish. The classic case of a world-uniting superordinate goal would be an extraterrestrial invasion. In fact, such goals have already worked in favor of U.S.-Soviet cooperation—for example, the common fear of nuclear proliferation, unshared by Red China, that led the two superpowers to ban atomic tests in 1963. That treaty was preceded by a stark case of common danger when Nikita Khrushchev and John F. Kennedy notched their zero-sum poisoned arrows over the Cuban missile crisis. At the brink of war, the Russians sent the Americans two letters, the first proposing reasonable terms for negotiation, the second permitting scant compromise. Realizing the grave threat to mankind, Kennedy chose to ignore the tough letter, replied to the sensible one, and the superordinate threat of world cataclysm was dissipated.

Conciliators disclaim any formal rules or principles—if only because of their pressing need for subtlety, privacy and psychological surprise. Even so, conciliators agree on certain standard techniques. The first requisite is a willingness to suspend all judgment, the better to grasp exactly how their contending clients think and feel. Without such empathy, conciliators are likely to hear only false signals. Roger Pfaff, retired judge of the Los Angeles County Conciliation Court, recalls the case

of one lawyer friend who was almost divorced by his wife because she was too embarrassed to admit that what really bothered her was not his "mental cruelty" but the way he clipped his toenails in front of the television. After a conciliator brought out the truth, the couple lived happily ever after.

Tolerance—at least on the surface—is the conciliator's biggest asset. Wrote Britain's late Sir Harold Nicolson: "Not only must the negotiator avoid displaying irritation when confronted by the stupidity, dishonesty, brutality or conceit of those with whom it is his unpleasant duty to negotiate; but he must eschew all personal animosities, all personal predilections, all enthusiasms, prejudices, vanities, exaggerations, dramatizations and moral indignations." At the same time, settings are crucial to the right conciliatory mood. When entertaining antagonists, the late U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld always seated his clients at a neo-Arthurian round table. Economist Kenneth Boulding, who founded the University of Michigan's Center for Research on Conflict Resolution, remarks that labor contestants often punctuate their all-night sessions with not only invective and the pop of hairy knuckles, but also enough alcohol to produce a "nice euphoria."

In dealing with student dissidents, perhaps a more effective coolant might be the joint (marijuana cigarette), which has sealed many a youthful alliance. Indeed there is a precedent for such get-togethers in the American Indian ceremony of the peace pipe, which was often filled with "kinnikinnick"—a mind-bending admixture of hemp and the inner bark of dogwood.

Above all, the "cool" setting must definitely be private. According to New York's Theodore Kheel, who has dealt with everything from subway strikes to student sit-ins, the mediators' first commandment is "Thou shalt not disclose the bargaining positions. Thou shalt not make any public proposals for a solution."

Face & Fractionalization

Whatever the manners or modes employed, all conciliators agree that face-saving is the top consideration in their trade. For one thing, leaders of militant groups or nations find it difficult to sell compromises to their constituents without some semblance of victory. During the recent Memphis sanitation workers' strike, the adversaries had become so entrenched behind their harsh words that it appeared face could not be saved on either side. Called in to mediate the dispute, U.S. Labor Under Secretary James J. Reynolds was stymied not only by the black v. white impasse but more importantly by Memphis Mayor Henry Loeb's adamant refusal to grant a payroll checkoff for union dues. How did Reynolds break the ice? By using the Federal Credit Union, which is employee-owned but federally administered. As he reasoned, the City of Memphis had no right to prevent its employees from designating some portion of their wages for the credit union—then transferred for payment as union dues, saving face all around. Such conciliation would be far easier if adversaries would only heed the aphoristic advice of Danish Scientist-Poet Piet Hein.

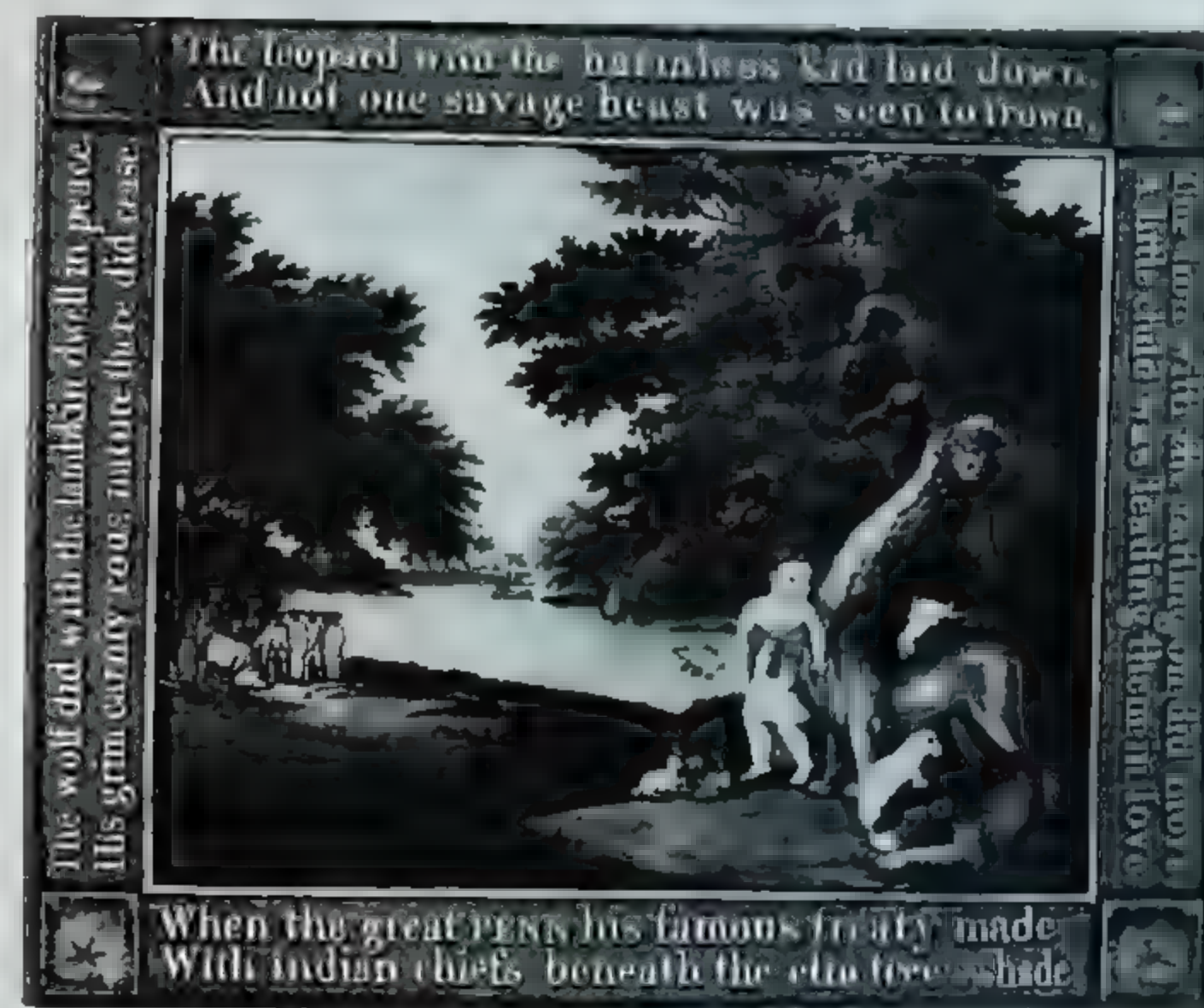
*The noble art of losing face
may one day save the human race
and turn into eternal merit
what weaker minds would call disgrace*

What conciliators often need above all is the ability to break down a conflict into its "fractional," or workable components. Once the combatants agree on small issues, the big ones seem less important. For a century, conciliators have looked to a remarkable model: the Congress of Vienna (1814-15), the last truly successful peace conference. By modern standards of resolute idealism, that parley should have been a failure. In the wake of Napoleon's defeat, the allies—including 215 petty princes—were thirsting for spoils, and a 19th century cold war seemed inevitable. Spies roamed the corridors of the

Habsburg hostilities, paying small fortunes to household servants for the gleanings from wastebaskets. Even cynics winced when France's devious Talleyrand installed himself in the Kaunitz Palace, with his beautiful 21-year-old niece as mistress, hostess and general tension-easer.

What the cynics overlooked was the participants' talent for piecemeal diplomacy. For all its intrigues, the Congress reached sound—if only temporary—settlements on such combustible issues as Polish partition, the denial of German national unification, the continuance of a papal sovereignty in an increasingly nationalistic Italy. The Congress created a stable balance of power that pacified Europe for nearly half a century—until the Crimea raised a bloody ruckus. A major key to success was fragmentation: allied committees insisted on looking at the old feudal map of Europe rather than the emerging new map of impassioned nation states. Hence they dealt with such minuscule problems as the "Duchy of Bouillon" rather than the fate of Europe at large. The participants' very obsession with spoils rather than principles made settlements easier to reach—far easier than in the present age of ideology.

Of course, fractionalization is still at work in all sorts of contemporary disputes. While serving as U.S. Labor



Secretary, for example, Arthur Goldberg once solved a union-contract impasse between automakers and auto workers by reducing it to the level of how many "relievers" could be added to assembly lines while other workers went to the toilet. Once settled, that minor issue produced a major contract. Something similar occurred during a recent seminar at the University of Illinois, where students insisted on tearing down "the system," until an unexcited professor asked what they would put in its place. All at once, the students began discussing specific, limited reforms.

If conciliation is made easier by breaking a big crisis into small problems, the converse is also true. It is the steady pileup of unsolved small problems that is creating today's smoldering anger and the sudden explosions that few ever expect—or worse, too casually accept. Clearly, the arts of conciliation should have been employed far earlier in every conflict. If they had, many of the blowups would never have occurred. Not that conciliation is any panacea, it offers only a marginal hope in an increasingly violent era. Today, the rigidity of hyperconsistent minds may well prove unshatterable by conciliatory techniques. Yet history shows that all those devices do work and are readily available—whenever Homo maniacus chooses to use them and save himself in the process.

PEOPLE

Oriental gongs trembled as the beautiful young dancer swayed into Khmer rhythms. The bell tones of her name signify "Goddess of Flowers," and certainly Princess Bopha Devi, 25, eldest daughter of Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk, looks as serene and elegant as the white frangipani blossoms that she usually scatters through her hair. Now she was wearing the 6th century headdress, valued at \$200,000, that marks her position as prima ballerina in Cambodia's Royal Ballet. It is a 2,000-year-old tradition that the leading dancer be the daughter of the king—and though Sihanouk has renounced his royal title, Princess Devi is prima in the hypnotic dances, which, she says, are "witnesses to the past grandeur, glory and imperishable grace of our original civilization."

The luck o' the Irish must have rubbed off on Raymond Guest, 60, retiring this month after three years as U.S. Ambassador to Ireland. Last September, Guest bet \$2,400 at odds of 100 to 1 with London Bookie William Hill that his then unproven two-year-old colt, Sir Ivor, would win or place in this year's English Derby. Sir Ivor then won three consecutive starts, and last week—by now an odds-on favorite—he ran away from a field of twelve other horses to win the English Derby by 1½ lengths. So in 2 min. 38.73 sec., Guest won \$282,961—a purse of \$140,461 and a bet of \$142,500.

A familiar name in the law courts popped into view once again: Danny Escobedo, 30, subject of a 1964 Supreme Court ruling on a defendant's right to counsel, was sentenced in Chicago to two concurrent 20-year terms for selling marijuana. It was the second narcotics conviction for Danny in three months: last February, he was sentenced to 22 years for selling heroin. And next week he faces a charge of robbery. Escobedo is appealing the February narcotics rap on the ground that tape recordings introduced into evidence constituted unconstitutional eavesdropping.

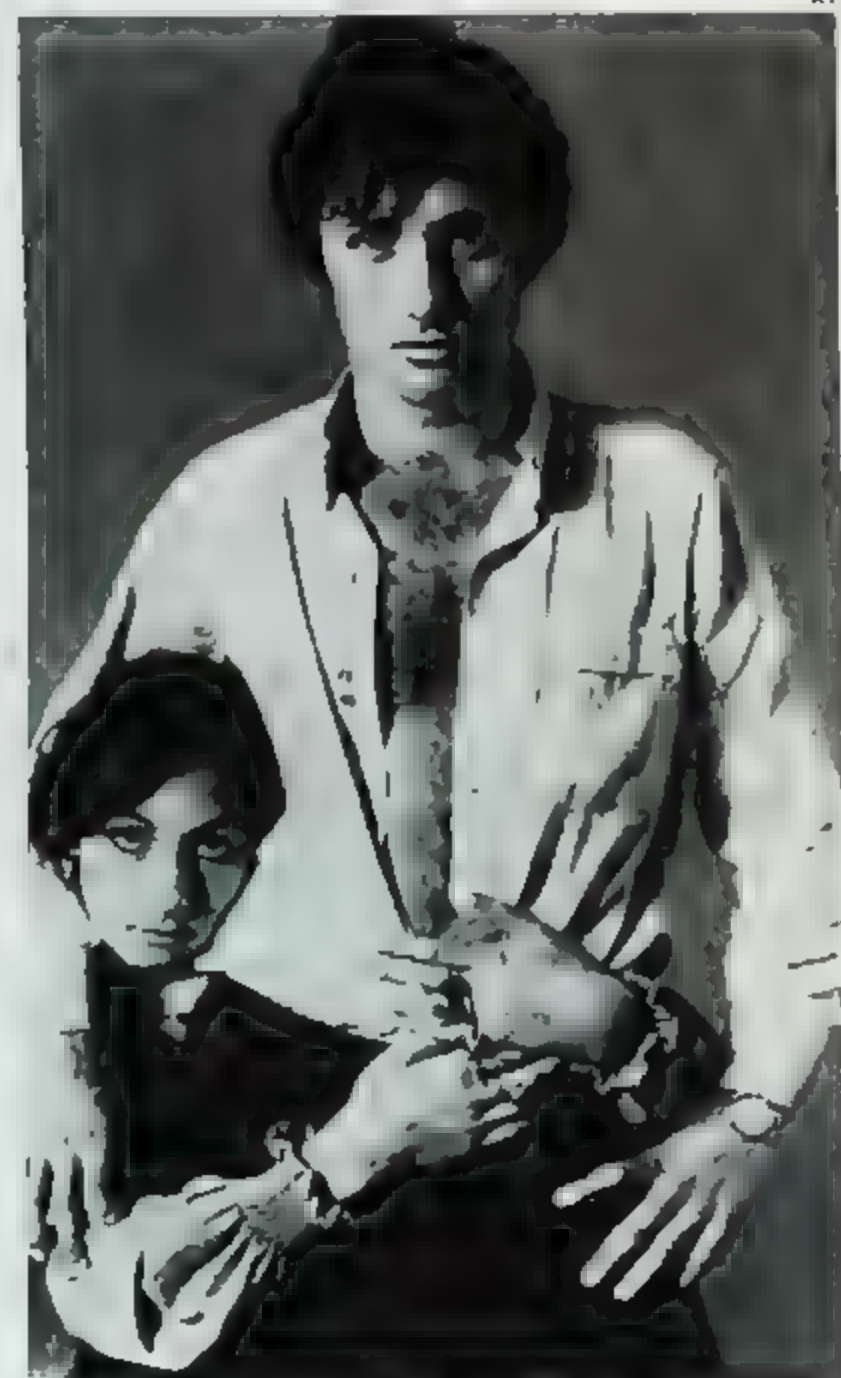
It was a sultry night at Holland's sea-coast spa of Noordwijk, and the guests at Hotel Huis ter Duin were finishing a late supper when in drooped Mia Farrow, 23, fagged out after a day on the set of a gay little flick called *Secret Ceremony*. From then on the facts are hard to come by, but according to witnesses, Co-Star Robert Mitchum, 50, bounded to his feet and smothered Mia with a kiss—so all-consuming that Mia allowed her dangling cigarette to burn a hole in the suit of a somewhat wobbly diner. "I don't like that!" he protested, staggering to his feet and menacing poor Mia. Neither did Mitchum, who plastered a plate of salad on the Dutchman's face. In return, the gentle-



PRINCESS BOPHA DEVI
Tremble the gongs.

man heaved a salad at Mia. Before the waiters broke up the festivities, the air was full of cucumbers and tomato slices. Custard pie, anyone?

Add two to the rolls of celebrated sons and daughters heading for films and fame. That mat-chested fellow with the open shirt happens to be Assaf Dayan, 21, son of Israel's superhero, Moshe; the lass wrapped around his



ASSAF & ANJELICA
Harbor no qualms.

waist is Anjelica Huston, 16, Director John's girl. Though they look like a pair of Carnaby Street mannequins, they are starring as lovers in Huston's latest film, *A Walk with Love and Death*. Assaf has been before the cameras several times in Israel, and it is not likely that Huston will harbor any qualms about working with his daughter in her first start. It was exactly 20 years ago that he directed his father, the late Walter Huston, in the classic *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

Even the pros in golf need a little divine guidance at times, and when Evangelist Billy Graham, no mean golfer himself, was in Atlanta for a pro-amateur round before the Atlanta Classic tournament, he took the occasion to hand out a few tips from "the greatest pro of all time—the Lord Jesus Christ." Proper stance: "We must take a stand on what we believe in." Proper grip: "Get a grip on life." Hitting the ball from inside out: "True also in life, since the Bible says you have a body with a spirit inside it." Keeping your eye on the ball: "Keep looking for Jesus, the author of our faith." Following through: "God's rules can be rough, but we all have to play by them."

Those income-tax sleuths in Washington figured they had found another taxpayer with a mistake on his return. So out went a form letter to one William R. Clark, a 40-year-old Government employee, asking him to report to his local IRS office. Clark showed up punctually and was hunched over his forms when a supervisor passed the cubicle—and did a double take. "Aren't you Ramsey Clark?" asked the flabbergasted IRS agent. "Yes," nodded the Attorney General of the United States, who then quietly turned back to his papers. The error, as it turned out, was in Clark's favor; he had paid too much in 1967 taxes, and collected a \$500 refund from the Government.

"Biased, one-sided, dishonest, shoddy, shallow, over-simplified, misleading and distorted." Pretty strong words for a Cabinet member to use, but Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman was in a foaming rage over CBS's recent "Hunger in America" documentary, which had levelled an equally angry attack on Government food programs. Freeman demanded equal time from the network to refute the "greatest abuse ever seen on the tube" and "to assure the hungry of this nation that the Department of Agriculture is doing what it can for them—and wants to do a great deal more." He charged CBS with "gross errors of fact," but the network disagreed and denied Freeman's request. "We were right," answered CBS News President Richard Salant. Besides, "equal time only applies to candidates for public office, and I don't know what Freeman is running for."



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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Desegregation NOW

It has been 14 years since the Supreme Court ruled Southern school segregation unconstitutional, 13 years since the court ordered desegregation "with all deliberate speed," and four years since it ruled that "the time for mere 'deliberate speed' has run out." Last week, on behalf of an impatient and unanimous court, Justice William Brennan wrote: "The burden on a school board today is to come forward with a plan that promises realistically to work, and promises realistically to work now."

Bluntly, Brennan spelled out the court's dissatisfaction with the so-called "freedom of choice" plans that have been adopted in more than 1,300 of Southern school districts. The trouble with the plans is that they simply do not work. In New Kent County, Va., and Gould, Ark.—the two areas specifically examined by the court—schools remain largely segregated because the responsibility for action has been placed on the Negro students: they must take it upon themselves to request a transfer. And all too few of them make the effort. But they should not have to, said the court. It is the school boards, not the students, who are "clearly charged with the affirmative duty to take whatever steps might be necessary to convert to a unitary system in which racial discrimination would be eliminated root and branch." Unless a freedom-of-choice plan achieves that goal, it is unacceptable.

Some constitutional-law experts saw in the decision a new pragmatism, an emphasis on tangible results that can be read as a warning to many Northern *de facto* segregated schools. In any case, Georgia Governor Lester Maddox understood full well what the court's decision meant for the South. He ordered all flags on state property flown at half-mast, and in an official proclamation announced that it had been "another black and tragic Monday, when the United States Supreme Court again ruled in support of the demands of the Communist Party." The decision, he predicted with desperate hyperbole, would result in "more assaults, rapes, burnings, deaths and violence in our public schools."

Activist Fortas

When newly sworn Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas wrote his first dissent at the end of 1965, the issue involved a minor dispute over a Small Business Administration contract. With characteristic energy, Fortas prepared a meticulously reasoned draft. When it was circulated among his colleagues, two members of the five-man majority found it so persuasive that their view

shifted. Fortas' dissent became the majority opinion.

It was a fitting beginning. In the three years that Fortas has been on the court, his incisive reasoning has propelled him past some of the more senior Justices to a position as one of the court's most brilliant and intriguing members. Last week the public at large got a clearer view of Fortas' mind at work as Signet Books published his 64-page pamphlet *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience*, a compact discussion of the issues that have been raised by what he calls "the most profound and pervasive revolution ever achieved by substantially peaceful means."

Demoralized Side. Fortas, 58, wrote the booklet during and after a series of speaking trips to college campuses last year. Those trips "got me scared," he explained. Sympathetic to the aspirations of rebellious Negroes, Viet Nam war protesters and students, he fully endorses their right to dissent; yet he points out that "the motive of civil disobedience, whatever its type, does not confer immunity for law violation. The dissident may be right in the eyes of history or morality or philosophy. But these are not controlling. Just as we expect the government to be bound by all of the laws under the Constitution. He cannot pick and choose."

Traditionally, Justices do not speak out publicly on issues that may come before them in court, but Fortas' purpose was not deflected by the precedent. He even overcame an ingrained dislike of the press to grant at least two interviews to explain his position further; this week he will appear on NBC-TV's *Today* show. "I had a feeling," he says, "that only one side was being presented, the side of lawlessness. On the other side was a kind of ideological demoralization."

Intellect & Influence. Whether as public servant or private counsel, Fortas has never been an easy, friendly man. In his hugely successful Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter, his younger associates found him machine-like, testy and hard-boiled. Said one when asked for a brief description: "Unpleasant." Then the man reconsidered. "Meticulous," he said. On the court, Fortas' clerks are said to find a similar blend of thoroughness and severity.

His high-powered intellect, combined with a legendary ability as a problem-fixer and a penchant for never repeating a confidence made Lawyer Fortas one of Washington's most influential private citizens long before his court appointment. It also made him a trusted adviser of President Johnson on everything from the Walter Jenkins scandal to the Dominican crisis. When Arthur Goldberg resigned from the court to

move to the U.N., Johnson's first choice to replace him was inevitably Fortas. It was a political convenience that Fortas also happened to be Jewish and it was the court's "Jewish seat" that was open.

Violin Drawback. Fortas' move did not mean any loss of influence with the President. Johnson has continued to consult him almost daily on everything from speeches to major policy decisions. And Fortas' lawyer wife Carolyn (they have no children) is also a Johnson favorite. Though many of his votes presumably would meet with presidential approval, no one would seriously suggest that Fortas is anything but his own man. Before joining the court, he had a long and distinguished record as a civil libertarian and a defender of State Department employees



JUSTICE FORTAS
Instrument for the balance.

during the McCarthy era. He argued an insanity case that widened the old did-he-know-right-from-wrong test, and he was the court-appointed attorney who handled the appeal of Clarence Gideon who won for himself and all other indigents the right to a state-supplied lawyer in serious criminal cases.

With such a background, Fortas has inevitably become a member of the court's so-called activist majority. He has already staked out juvenile law as an area of special expertise and authored the court's important Gault decision, which extended constitutional rights to young offenders. His compelling advocacy seems certain to increase his judicial reputation. Indeed, it would seem that his move to the court has only one serious drawback. The workload is even heavier than it was in private practice. As a result, though he is an avid and expert amateur violinist, he has reluctantly had to cut back his practice schedule.

AUTO RACING

Gathering of Eagles

"Maybe," said Andy Granatelli, "somebody up there doesn't want me to win." That was the way it looked last week as Granatelli, 45, the Don Quixote of auto racing, once again was frustrated in his long and costly quest to win the Indianapolis 500. Last year, only the failure of a \$6 ball bearing with eight miles to go kept Parnelli Jones from winning the 500-mile race in Granatelli's revolutionary, turbine-powered STP Special. Last week, in an uncannily similar disaster, Joe Leonard was whooshing toward apparently certain victory in a new STP turbine when—just 22 miles from the finish—a \$12 fuel-pump shaft sheared off and the engine died. Granatelli could only watch helplessly as New Mexico's Bobby Unser, driving a piston-engined Eagle, swept triumphantly past the checkered flag.

Unser modestly attributed his victory to luck. "Leonard," he said, "could have outrun me any time." But the baby-faced 34-year-old from Albuquerque had skill and daring going for him too. Unser's older brother Jerry was killed during a practice run at Indy in 1959; his younger brother Al narrowly escaped injury when he lost two wheels and slammed into the wall on the 41st lap of last week's race. Worried about Al, plagued by a broken transmission that forced him to stay in high gear and therefore cost him seconds accelerating away from each pit stop, Bobby nonetheless drove the race of his life. "I was out there to root hog or die," he said afterward. "I took chances I'd never take ordinarily." When the times were announced, Unser had set a new Indy

record by averaging 152.8 m.p.h. His \$177,523 winner's purse was the biggest in 500 history, and by scoring his fourth straight victory on the "big car" circuit he sewed up the 1968 U.S. Auto Club championship.

One, Two & Four. Another big winner was the man who finished second: California's Dan Gurney, 37, whose All American Racers, Inc., manufactured the rugged, sweet-handling Eagles driven by Bobby, Dan himself and the fourth-place finisher, New Zealand's Denis Hulme. Long one of the world's most talented racing drivers, Gurney turned to building his own cars in 1964, and the results have been little short of sensational. Last year, in a smaller version of the Eagle, he won the Belgian Grand Prix—the first Grand Prix victory scored by a U.S. car since 1921. But "our great objective from Day One," said Dan, was Indy.

FOOTBALL

The Parting of Papa

It is not quite accurate to say that George Stanley Halas invented pro football. He was, after all, only seven months old in 1895 when the first pro game was played. But after almost five decades as player, coach and owner, "Papa Bear" of the Chicago Bears does have a couple of impressive credits in the football record book. One is the longest run (98 yds.) with a recovered fumble (the fumbler: Jim Thorpe) in the history of the National Football League. Another is the National Football League.

Halas organized the N.F.L. in 1920, after a hip injury and a .091 batting average freed him from playing right-field for the New York Yankees (his



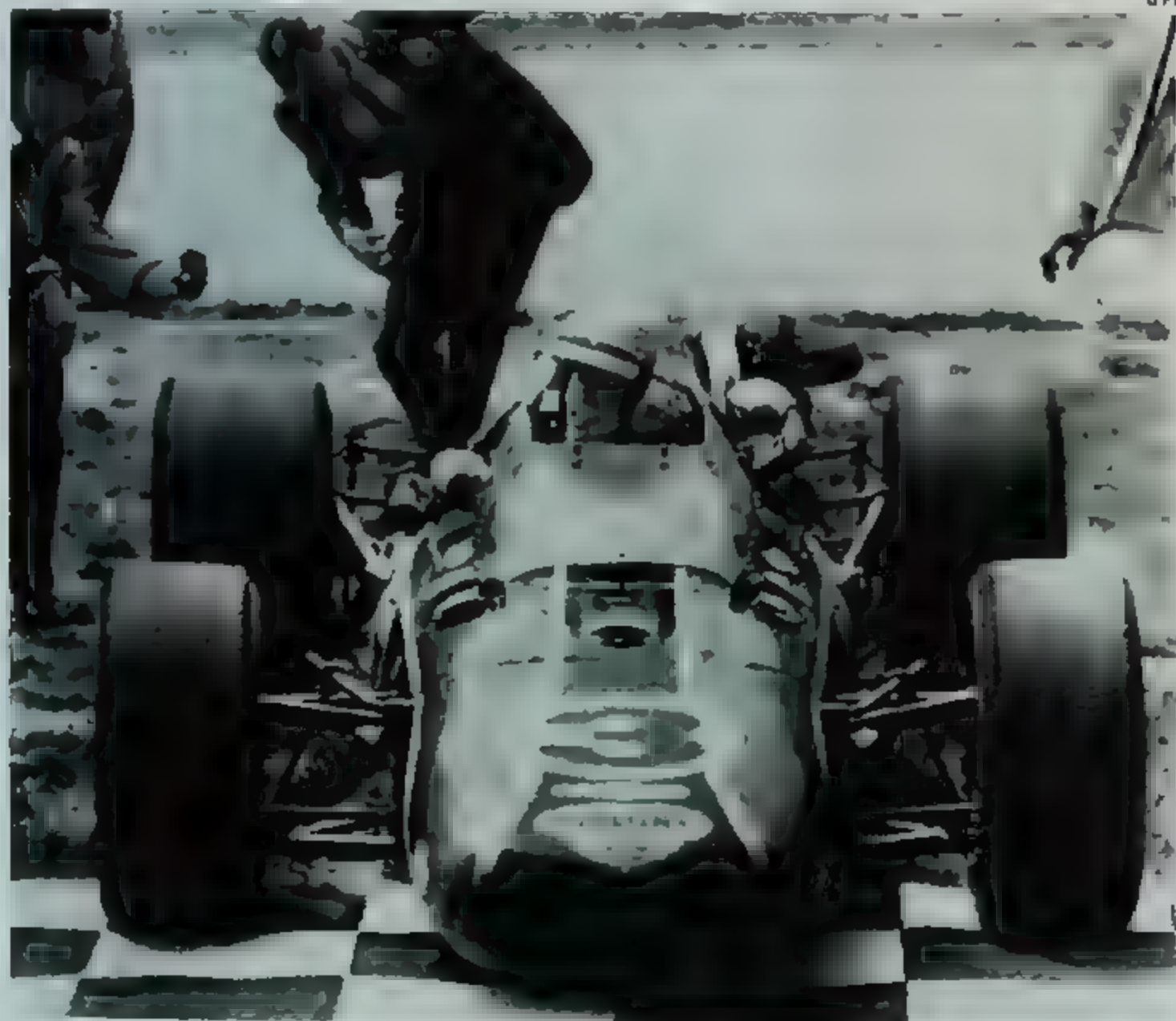
CHICAGO'S HALAS
Flamboyant even with a fumble.

replacement was named Babe Ruth) and allowed him to concentrate on his first love, football. Last week the aftereffects of that same injury finally ended one of the most flamboyant careers in U.S. sport. Complaining that the arthritis in his hip "has progressed to the point where I simply cannot move about quickly enough on the sidelines," the most successful head coach in pro football retired and turned the job over to Jim Dooley, 38, his No. 1 assistant.

Over 39 seasons as Chicago's coach, Halas led the Bears to six N.F.L. championships and eight divisional titles, compiled a record of 321 victories against 142 losses and 31 ties. A master strategist, he perfected the T-formation, initiated the man-in-motion and the use of spread ends, was the first coach to employ movies for spotting mistakes and plotting plays. A superb judge of talent, he gave the game some of its brightest stars: Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Sid Luckman, Gale Sayers. A tightfisted businessman, he was known to wrestle fans for the ball after extra-point kicks, and a player once complained that Halas provided only two bars of shower soap for 36 men. To a Bear player who pleaded for an advance "to buy my kid milk," Halas replied: "What's his address? I'll send him a quart."

Boot Off the Bench. Halas' sideline pyrotechnics will be missed most by Chicago fans. Teeth clenched, hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, he raced up and down the field, bellying at his players, badgering officials, blatantly coaching from the sidelines. Trying to lend moral assistance to a Bear field-goal attempt, he once booted a 240-lb. guard right off the bench. Another time, he curtly ordered a rookie: "Taylor, we've run out of timeouts. Go in and get hurt."

Those days, Halas insists, are over now; he has promised to let Dooley



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have complete charge of the team. But he still owns 91% of the Chicago Bears, and nobody who knows him is convinced that George Halas, 73, can ever be simply an investor.

BASEBALL

Off to Splitsville

Byron once observed that all comedies end in marriage. Last week the 65-year-old marriage of convenience between baseball's two major leagues seemed to be turning into a comedy. The National League decided to go international; it expanded to twelve teams—by adding new franchises in Montreal and San Diego—while retaining its traditional monolithic league structure and 162-game schedule. The American League, on the other hand, decided to go intramural. It split into two six-team divisions, with each team scheduled to play 156 games (90 games against its own division, 66 against the other) and the divisional champions left to battle for the pennant in a best-of-five play-off before the World Series.

The reasoning behind the moves was something less than reassuring. In the National League, Milwaukee lost its bid for a franchise because, as League President Warren Giles explained, "it is only 90 miles away from two major-league clubs in Chicago." San Diego is located little farther from Los Angeles (the Dodgers) and Anaheim (the Angels), but it got a team—because Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley wanted to reward a friend: E. J. ("Buzzie") Bavasi, who will take over as president of the San Diego club after eleven years as the Dodgers' general manager. Dallas and Fort Worth were turned down for a franchise simply because Roy M. Hofheinz, owner of the Houston Astros, did not want to give up his radio and television baseball monopoly in the Southwest. Instead, the team will go to Montreal, which despite its 2,436,000 population failed in the past to support even a minor-league club.

Hardly more logical was the American League's decision to split in two. "Nobody," explained one club owner, "wants to finish twelfth in a twelve-team league." But the way the divisions are set up, two clubs could wind up hurting in first. The Minnesota Twins and Chicago White Sox are assigned to the league's western division, along with two expansion teams—in Kansas City and Seattle—and the lackluster Oakland Athletics and California Angels. They will play 21 fewer home games against the more attractive eastern teams—Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore, New York and Washington—and the loss of those games is likely to be reflected in gate receipts. To be sure, the Twins and White Sox will have only each other to beat for the western-division championship. But, says Minnesota Owner Calvin Griffith: "Teams have won pennants before—and lost money doing it."



Above, the Fleetwood Brougham Interior. Below, the Sedan de Ville. Cadillac Motor Car Division.

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MEDICINE

TRAUMA

Pluck, Luck & Skill

When the roof of a Fort Worth building began to cave in beneath his feet, the first thing Building Wrecker Walter J. Piper did was to throw away his crowbar. The act came within a quarter of an inch of taking his life. Sliding down a beam as the roof fell, Piper, 69, plummeted onto the 5-ft.-long, 1-in.-thick tool, which had lodged point up in a pile of debris. The crowbar rammed through Piper's scrotum, smashed his pelvis, punctured his intestines, stomach, diaphragm and a lung before stopping within a quarter of an inch to the right of his heart.

What followed was a combination of pluck, luck and medical skill. When



PIPER
Just a quarter-inch away

passers-by mistook Piper's pleading moans for the babblings of a wino and ignored him, he pulled the crowbar out himself, made a compress out of his soft worker's hat and summoned the strength to walk 100 ft. to a service station. An hour passed before he reached Fort Worth's St. Joseph's Hospital. There, by luck, a team of abdominal surgeons had just scrubbed up for an operation. Calling in a chest surgeon from nearby All Saints Hospital, they went to work on Piper. For over five hours, they followed the crowbar's path, repairing damaged organs as they discovered them through two incisions in the Building Wrecker's abdomen and chest. Last week Piper was home recuperating from his wounds and planning to go back to work. Said one doctor, reflecting on the slim chances for surviving such a wound: "He's a tough little Irishman, or he wouldn't be here."

CANCER

Emotional Link

As the search for causes of the many diseases called cancer goes on, most money and effort have been spent on exploring biological characteristics. At the same time, however, a small but growing group of medical researchers is seeking a possible connection between cancer and psychology. Recently, at a three-day conference of the New York Academy of Sciences in Manhattan, medical researchers reported on a number of studies suggesting that a link between emotions and cancer may indeed exist.

Apparently most prone to cancer, said Conference Chairman Claus B. Bahnson, professor of psychiatry at Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, are persons who deny and repress their emotions after experiencing personal loss or tragedy. Rather than expressing grief normally through mourning, such people, he said, channel their emotional response internally through the nervous system. This in turn upsets the body's hormonal balance. It may also affect immunological processes. Both of these mechanisms may play a significant role in controlling and combatting the rogue cell growth of cancer.

Parental Problem. But why, Bahnson wondered, would tragedy and loss render only some people cancer-prone when almost every human being experiences them during a lifetime? Checking the psychological backgrounds of some 80 cancer patients, Bahnson found that they all had a "poor, ungratifying, mechanical relationship to their parents." Since the parents were unable or unwilling to respond emotionally, he said, their children developed a tendency to repress rather than express their own emotions. Later in life this self-imposed lack of emotional outlets made them more vulnerable to tragedy and, therefore, more cancer-prone than the average person.

Other studies cited during the conference support the theory. Research by Dr. William A. Greene at the University of Rochester has shown that a high percentage of cancer patients suffered feelings of extreme helplessness and hopelessness rather than cathartic grief prior to the onset of their illness. A comparative study of 200 lung-cancer patients and 200 victims of other chest diseases, made by the late Dr. David M. Kissen of Glasgow's Southern General Hospital, revealed that the cancer patients were less able to release their emotions. What's more, researchers reported last week, emotional inhibition parallels high per-capita cancer incidence among many peoples. Sioux Indians, by contrast, are known to give vent to their emotions with relative ease. Among them, cancer is virtually nonexistent.

The psychologists and psychiatrists took pains to point out that they are

not suggesting repression of emotions as a direct cause of cancer, but rather as a condition that may contribute to the development of the disease. If the theory proves correct, they suggest, some cancers could one day be thwarted by preventive psychotherapy.

TRANSPLANTS

Question of Timing

Ever since the first heart transplant last December, the timing of such operations has been a source of much medical dispute. But few transplants are likely to trigger the controversy that surrounded the 17th, performed in Brazil at São Paulo's Hospital das Clínicas last week by Heart Surgeon Euríclides de Jesus Zerbini.

Zerbini announced that he had a recipient, João Ferreira da Cunha, four weeks ago. Last week providence provided an unidentified victim of a traffic accident. The prospective donor's eyes were dilated and his breathing was la-



bored—but his heart was still beating. Zerbini had the victim wheeled to an operating room; tissue tests determined that he was a suitable donor. After the electroencephalograph showed that all brain waves had stopped, they opened the victim's chest—even though the heart was still beating. One hour and 25 minutes later, the heart stopped, and two surgical teams went to work. Temporarily kept warm by artificially circulated blood, then quickly sutured into place, the new heart began beating immediately without the usual electrical shock "Silence," said Zerbini, as a murmur of astonishment swept the room and he proceeded to sew up his patient's chest.

Following the transplant, the common-law wife of the donor, Janitor Luis Ferreira de Barros, 41, arrived at the hospital. When she found out what had happened, she threatened to sue the doctors for removing the heart without permission. She may yet have her day in court. Presently, a bill to legalize such quick transplants is stalled in the

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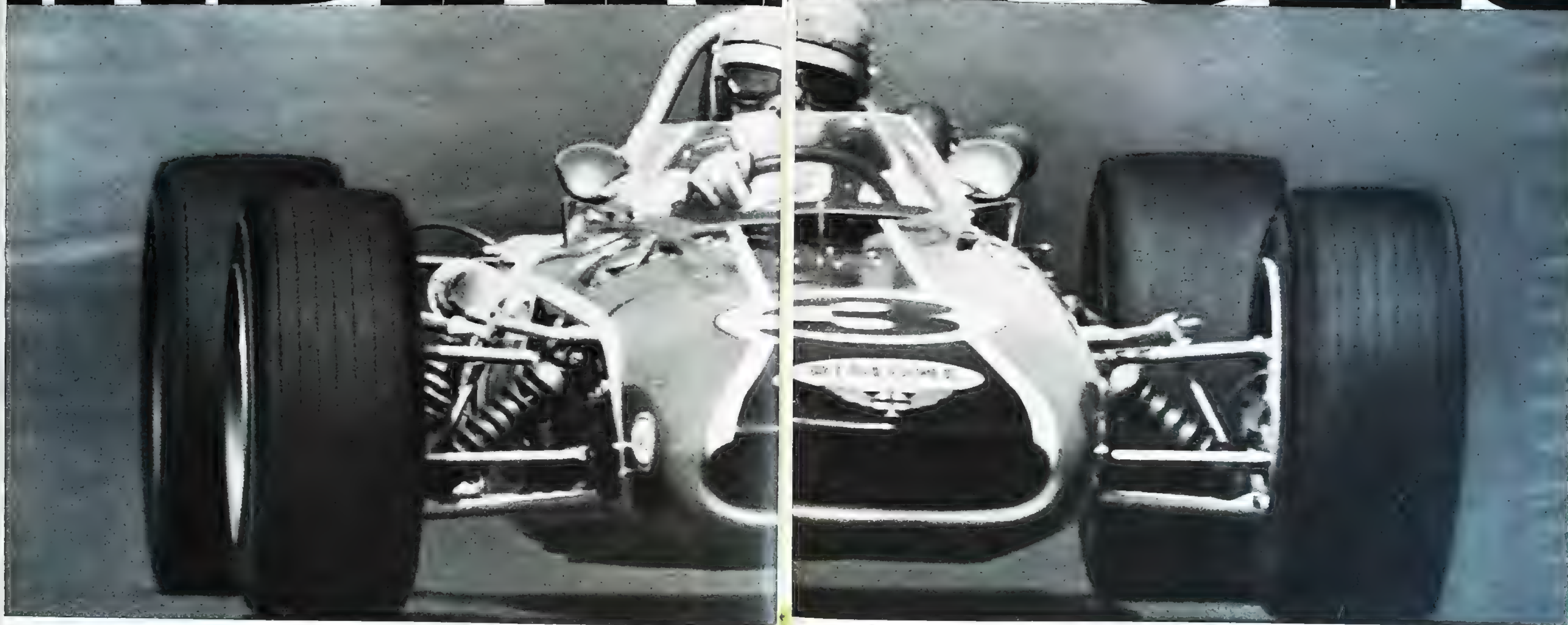
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INDIANAPOLIS



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Brazilian legislature. Cause for the delay: a proposed provision for assigning mistresses priority over parents, brothers and sisters in granting permission for heart removals.

The day before the São Paulo transplant, Rio de Janeiro's Dr. Edson Teixeira implanted a pancreas in diabetic, ex-soccer-star-turned-government-official Arari Charbel Rios, 28. Rather than remove Rios' failing pancreas, Teixeira simply stitched the new organ, donated by a heart-attack victim, to his patient's duodenum—snugly against the old one. At the first sign of rejection, says Teixeira, he will simply snip the implant out and Rios will be back where he started—on insulin.

In Edinburgh, 15-year-old Alex Smith, Europe's first lung-transplant patient, died last week. Doctors at Edinburgh's Royal Infirmary had told the boy's father that the new lung would require at least twelve days to establish itself. Before it could, young Smith's remaining lung, also damaged by swallowed weed killer that prompted the transplant, collapsed.

PARASITES

Maddening Itch

Once the bane of streetwalkers and their patrons, *Phthirus pubis*, or the crab louse, is exhibiting upward mobility. As sexual barriers tumble, the tenacious parasites are infesting more and more middle-class youngsters. One reason, says Boston Dermatologist A. Bernard Ackerman in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is that the bugs are making the scene at hippie love-ins. And it is only a short hop from the crash pad to the college crowd.

Implacably tough and hard to pick off, the lice resemble real crabs. There the similarity ends. No longer or wider than one or two millimeters, they are usually invisible to the naked eye, and nestle most often in the pubic area (though they occasionally stray to the scalp eyelashes and other thickets of body hair). They use their powerful jaws to feed leisurely on the blood of their hosts for hours at a time. For whites they are particularly irksome because their yellowish-grey color is a natural camouflage on Caucasian skin.

Unlike their body-lice cousins, they are not known as carriers of any disease. But they cause such a maddening itch that anyone harboring them is invariably driven to a pharmacist or a doctor, no matter how embarrassing the visit may be. A simple cure, says Dermatologist Ackerman, is to apply a 1% solution of gamma-benzene hexachloride, either as a cream, lotion or shampoo, to the troubled area. Nevertheless, since the presence of *Phthirus pubis* is usually the result of sexual contact, he urges all physicians who come upon such scratching patients to examine them for gonorrhea and syphilis as well.

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MODERN LIVING

NOSTALGIA

Going Old

For the several hundred prospective buyers who strode into a hangar at the Orange County, Calif., Airport last week, the temptation to snap a ghostly salute was nearly irresistible. There, wing to wing, were the great ones of World War I: the DeHavilland D.H. 4, Eberhardt S.E. 5a, Nieuport 28, Pfalz D-XII and Fokker D-VII. And right near by sat a green and cream Sopwith Camel—the type that downed the Red Baron—with a cutout figure of that daredevil, Snoopy, as the Baron's fearless foe, everyone surely knows. The occasion: an auction of 29 veteran and vintage planes, from a tricycle-wheeled 1910 Parker Curtiss Pusher to such recent classics as World War II fighters.

The planes were all part of the famous collection put together by Hollywood Stunt Flyers Frank Tallman and the late Paul Mantz. The auction, conducted by Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries, was the first one of its kind, and it marked the coming of age of the helmet-and-goggles old-plane buffs, who readily admit that their mania for flying old crates amounts to "downright sickness." Explains Seattle Lawyer Richard Martinez: "It's a sort of nostalgia. You build yourself a replica of a triplane Fokker, and there you are, Baron von Richthofen."

"Mystery Ship, Hell!" The bidding would have brought a cheer from the Lafayette Escadrille. Top price was for a Sopwith Camel, believed to be the last original, which went to Manhattan Stockbroker J. W. Middendorf II for \$40,000 (it cost \$8,000 new in 1918). Second highest price was \$20,500 for an immaculate 1927 Curtiss Gulfhawk I A. The buyer: Korean War Pilot Dolph Overton, 40, who already has 40 vintage aircraft in his Santee, S.C., aircraft museum. Overton plans to fly

the Gulfhawk, just as Race-Car Builder-Driver (Chaparral) Jim Hall expects to take to the air with his 1918 Nieuport 28, which he picked for \$14,500.

For the old-plane enthusiasts, whose motto is "Keep the antiques flying," the only disappointment in the auction, which grossed \$282,620, was the number of vintage aircraft headed for museums. New York's Aeroflex Corp. alone accounted for \$120,385 of the auction sales, including \$20,000 paid for a 1914 Maurice Farman Pusher biplane and \$20,000 for the Fokker D-VII, both slated for exhibition in a future air museum in New Jersey. But such, at least, was not the case with one beat-up, propless oldtimer, listed as the "Travelair Mystery Ship." "Mystery ship, hell!" snorted Oldtime Aviatix Florence Lowe ("Pancho") Barnes. "I bought this ship in 1930 and flew it to two women's world speed records." When she made the winning bid of \$4,300 for her old plane, which had been in Mantz's collection, the crowd stood and applauded. Pancho Barnes, for her part, guaranteed to have her old ship back in shape and flying soon. "I've got a lot of friends out at Edwards Air Force Base," she said. "I'm sure they'll give me a hand."

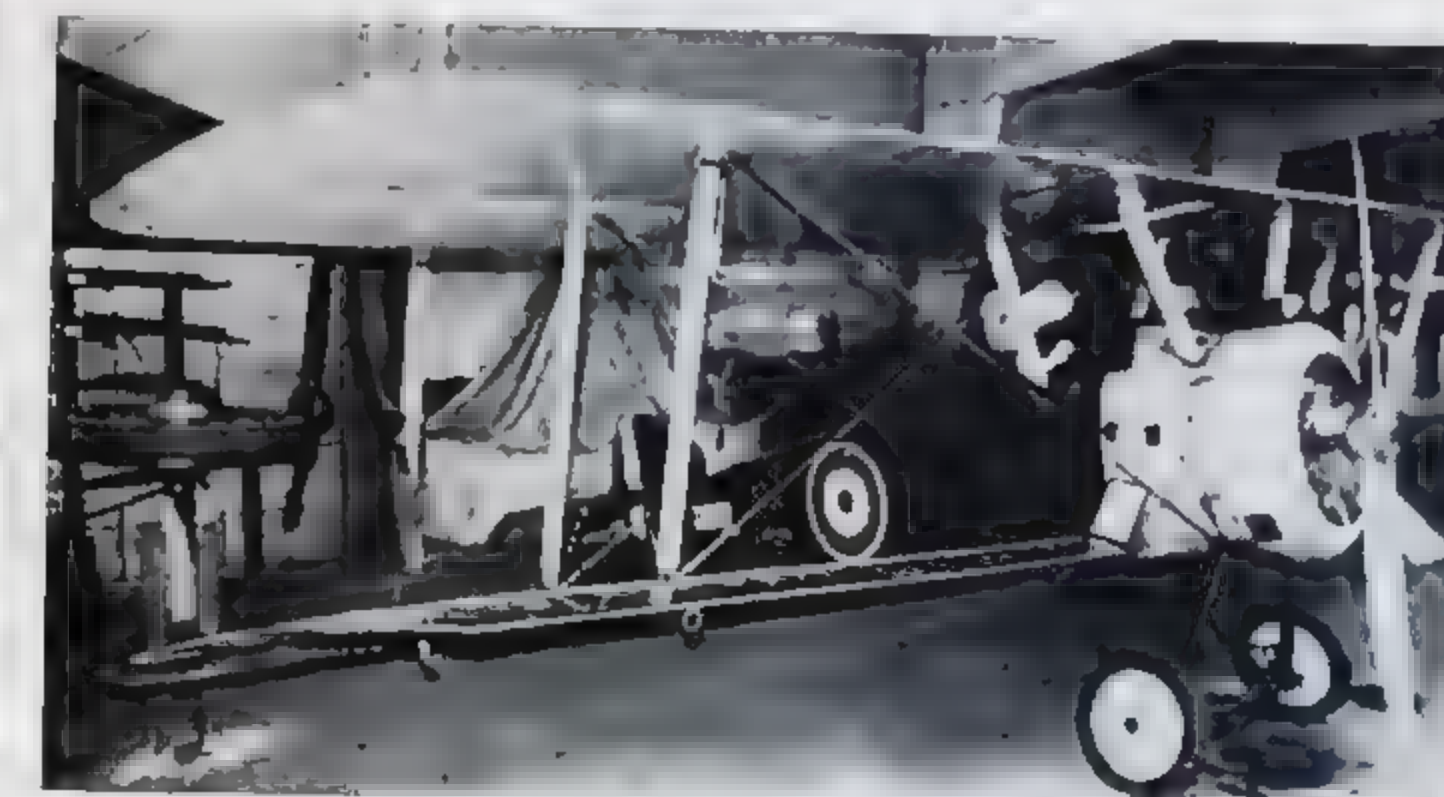
Roar of the Antique. While their risks are lower on the ground, old-car fanciers yield nothing to the airplane addicts in their fervor for the old and authentic. Proof of their enthusiasm was the 20,000 who showed up last Sunday in Brookline, Mass., to preview Parke-Bernet's old-car auction of 65 antique and classic models. For antique collectors, brass is gold, since 1915 is the year when most designers stopped using brass as trim. Thus, when a bright yellow 1913 Mercer Raceabout, model 35-J, with a "monocle" windshield, restored by retired Los Angeles Fireman Harry Johnson, was driven into the auction tent, it rated a round of applause

It also rated a world-record auction price. With the bid at \$35,000 (already past the previous record high of \$31,000), Johnson gunned the engine; with the throaty 56-h.p. roar, the bidding shot to \$40,000, did not stop until it reached \$45,000.

The Mercer 35-J's new owner is Harry Resnick, 49, whose four-year-old collection of old autos in Ellenville, N.Y., is already up to 60 cars. To further fill out his collection, Resnick also laid down \$37,500 for a sleek, maroon 1966 Duesenberg four-door sedan (body by Ghia), \$8,000 for a bright blue 1924 Amilcar three-place sport model CGS 3, and \$15,500 for a 1916 Biddle Victoria touring car. Bidding right along with Resnick was the biggest old-car buff of all, William Harrah, owner of Nevada's Harrah's gambling clubs and the world's largest antique-auto collection (1,300 cars). Harrah kept his bids modest, acquired only four autos. "Exotic, glamorous cars are going for very high prices," Harrah noted, "run-of-the-mill stuff for very low."

Stuck with Goldfinger. Buyers of the less expensive models seemed even more excited than those in the high-priced market. Mrs. William Appleton of Newton, Mass., for instance, was so thrilled about owning a 1933 Rolls-Royce coupé with custom coachwork by Freestone and Webb that right after the sale she couldn't remember how much she had bid (\$5,400). John and Elizabeth Harriet took a chance on a tiller-steered 1907 Sears Runabout, bid in for \$850, only afterward discovered that their antique had been found under a haystack ten miles from their home.

About the only chagrined man at the auction was Boston Real Estate Dealer Mark Gibbons, 41, who had put on the block the massive yellow and black 1937 Rolls-Royce Sedan de Ville used by Goldfinger in the James Bond movie. Gibbons bought it when, after a fenderside chat, he asked the owner to start it up—and found it was already running. But last week bids



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failed to meet Gibbons' reserve price of \$11,000, which leaves him with a problem. "You can't drive it in the daytime," he says. "It attracts too much attention."

FASHION

Chain Reaction

With the world in a turmoil of liberation movements, what woman would want to be in chains? A lot of women, that's who, and so chains are among the hottest fashion accessories of the year. In part, ropes and links of gold simply highlight the return of the waist. For some women, too, there seems to be satisfaction in once again playing the slave girl; for others, the fun is in sounding like a percussion section of

"Clothes these days demand something bigger than a blob," says society's favorite jewelry designer, David Webb. So he turns out 18-carat-gold chain belts, with pieces molded to resemble nuggets, worked into scrolls or encrusted with real emeralds, and made to double as necklaces. To draw attention to the newly bared midriffs, Costume Jeweler Leo Kepler has designed a lacy, see-through belt consisting of four widely spaced strands of gold. "If you want to be nice, you wear it at the waist," advises Kepler. "If you want to be naughty, you rest it on your hips."

Gold-Plated Bikini. Chains are even becoming complete garments, themselves. For French Singer Françoise Hardy, Paris' Paco Rabanne recently created a suit of aluminum chain mail



BB IN AZZARO



SANT' ANGELO BIKINI
Nice at the waist, naughty on the hips.



KEPLER BELT

the band. And never overlook the part played by envy: there had to be some way of one-upping all those dandy men with big medallions around their necks.

In fact, chains have been unobtrusively hanging around for years. Chanel, for instance, has long fashioned rope necklaces out of tiny links, which she also uses stitched to the inside hem of suit jackets to add weight. Today's big chain reaction began in 1966, when Yves St. Laurent designed a belt made out of bold brass circles that quickly became a boutique bestseller. Now St. Laurent's latest belts are twice as wide, and there is hardly a jewelry designer who is not now clanking out chains.

Nuggets & Emeralds. Kenneth Lane, Manhattan's top man for expensive costume jewelry, likes to drape fake-moonstone-studded chains around waists and necks, even rings ankles with rhinestones sewed onto stockings. Lane believes that his belts (\$75 to \$300) are just the thing to dress up the popular harem fashion, the formless caftan

that weighs 34 lbs. Says Françoise: "It forces me to exteriorize my sentiments, using only my voice, my eyes and my face." Translation: she can't move. Less weighty are the glittering chain tunics and boleros of Loris Azzaro, at 35 the fastest rising designer in Paris. True, the chain micro-dress he turned out for Brigitte Bardot's New Year TV special weighed eight pounds, but that did not prevent BB from wearing it several times since for dancing at New Jimmy's.

Even bolder is Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's gold-plated chain bikini, which depends for modesty on two layers of chains; hopefully, even if the outer layer parts, the under layer of smaller baby chains will provide a veil. Rust-proof, the suit can be worn swimming. "Chain on the nude body can be very decent," insists Sant' Angelo, who gives the hippies credit for putting the chain back into fashion. Says the Manhattan designer with approbation: "They took the symbol of bondage and transformed it into a symbol of emancipation."

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CLERGY

The Berrigan Brothers:
They Rob Draft Boards

Led by two grey-haired Roman Catholic priests, a small band of antiwar demonstrators last month burst into the headquarters of local draft board 33 in Catonsville, Md. Telling the terrified women clerks on duty that they had come for the records, the invaders emptied the contents of four filing drawers into wire rubbish baskets. Then they carried them out the door and burned them in a nearby parking lot, starting the blaze with napalm they had whipped up from a recipe in an Army manual. The Berrigan brothers—Daniel, 47, and Philip, 44—had struck again.

The Berrigans are beyond doubt the most revolutionary priests that the Catholic Church in the U.S. has yet produced. And there is nothing very radical about their background. They grew up in Syracuse, the sons of a tough Irish railroad worker; their mother, a gentle devout Catholic, was known as a soft touch for every passing hobo. Daniel, who entered the Jesuit order straight out of high school, is a poet and chaplain at Cornell University; he favors turtleneck sweaters and admits to being a "hippie priest." Philip, an infantryman during World War II, was ordained in 1955 in the Josephite order, which principally serves Negro parishes. Also a writer, he has recently been serving as assistant pastor of a Baltimore ghetto-area parish.

Thorns in the Side. Both brothers have long been thorns in the sides of their religious superiors. In 1965, Daniel was briefly banished to Latin America for helping to organize an antiwar group called Clergy Concerned About

Viet Nam, and earlier this year undertook an unauthorized trip to Hanoi. In 1963, Philip was transferred from the New Orleans area largely because of his militant stand on civil rights, later was dismissed from a teaching post at Epiphany College in Newburgh, N.Y., because of his strong antiwar stand. In opposing the Viet Nam war, the brothers have openly violated the law out of conviction that other means of dissent have been exhausted. "I have tried all the conventional and legal forms of protest to little or no avail," says Philip, who argues that both Christ and Paul allowed the possibility of civil disobedience when man's law counters God's.

The government, of course, could not agree. Priesthood or no, both the Justice Department and the State of Maryland indicted the unruly Berrigans on counts—including sabotage, robbery and assault—that could send them to prison for 54 years. Pending trial, Daniel Berrigan was allowed to go free on bail. But not Philip. At the time of the Catonsville caper, he was already awaiting sentence for raiding Baltimore's central draft board and pouring blood on its files. As a "possible danger to the community," U.S. District Judge Edward Northrop ordered him held without bail in the Baltimore County Jail. He also sentenced him to six years in a federal prison for the earlier raid.

The Berrigans took the judgment in stride. "Maybe one way of getting free these days is going to jail," said Daniel. Added Philip: "Our church is slowly beginning to accept our consciences, if not our acts. The priesthood is demeaned infinitely more by silence and inaction than it is by what we have done."

THE WORD

God's Diaries

Two years ago, Satirist Anthony Towne tried to resolve the theological debate over whether God is dead by publishing an obituary of the Deity. The deadpan story was turned down by a number of journals, but finally appeared in the Christian student magazine *motive* under the New York Times-like headline:

GOD IS DEAD IN GEORGIA

Eminent Deity Succumbs During
Surgery—Succession in Doubt

Now, Towne has produced a logical sequel to the obituary: *Excerpts from the Diaries of the Late God*, published this week by Harper & Row.

God's diaries, explains Towne, 40, an occasional contributor to *The New Yorker*, were divinely disclosed to him "as objects of my imagination," so that all he had to do was edit them. Although badly in need of cutting, they were easy to edit: God had thoughtfully turned out copies of them in every known language and had recorded them by every conceivable means, including invisible ink and skywriting. "I have relied almost entirely upon the typewritten version," Towne reports, "because I find God's penmanship indecipherable."

Stag Dinners. As revealed in the diaries, God was a somewhat mischievous, sometimes petulant, down-to-earth fellow, who bore a surprising resemblance to his editor. He loved good wine and reveled in witty company—and indulged himself in both by throwing Saturday-night stag dinners for a few selected friends. A towering figure who stood well over 6 ft. tall and weighed more than 200 lbs., he prided himself on the fact that "I am in excellent health for a god of my age."

God was virtually bald, "as befits my intellectual proclivities," but sported a "rakish goatee, a vanity I allow myself because I've been told the carrot color enhances my olive complexion." Addicted to loud sports shirts, he despised formalities and shunned pretensions. "Just call me God," he told his subjects in heaven. At the same time, he was rather touchy about Christmas. "Nobody, I notice, ever makes a fuss over my birthday," he once complained in his diary.

Like many chief executives, God was henpecked by his secretary, a busybody of a woman named Myrtle who insisted on removing the centerfold picture of *Playboy* before allowing him to read the magazine. He was bored stiff by the routine of his job, especially Sunday-morning "tune-in duty," when he monitored church services on earth. He sometimes complained of the lonely burden he bore as ruler of the universe. "The buck, as Mr. Truman said, stops here," God wrote. "And I mean it really stops here. I would give my omniscience to be able to pass just one decision on to higher authority."

We anticipate some squawks about our new sodium cable.

But we're glad to lend the utilities a hand in getting their electrical systems underground.

What we've done is invent a new kind of cable.
We call it Nacon cable.

It's made from sodium, the cheapest metal there is.
Sodium's a light, excellent conductor. The only problem:
it's reactive in water.

But we've found a way to enclose it in an extruded polyethylene tube. This plastic protects the sodium from moisture. And provides the insulation.

Result: a flexible, less expensive cable

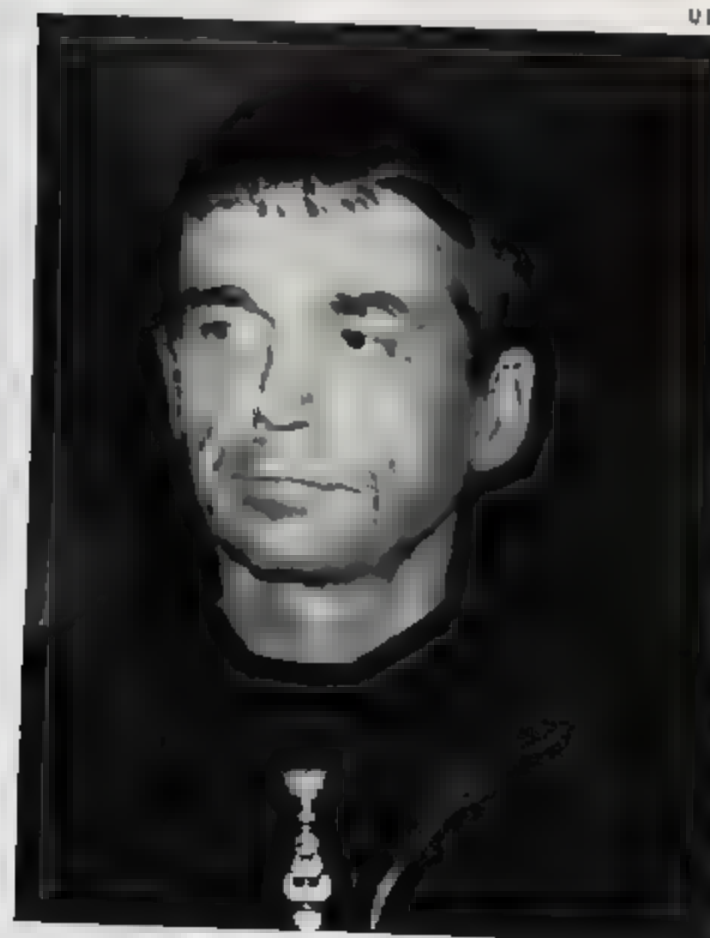
It's something we could do because we're so involved in both metals and plastics. And it's something that's helping make it feasible to put more and more electrical systems underground—so there's less and less clutter on the landscape.

Nacon cable is a discovery that ought to make everyone happy. Except the birds.



PHILIP BEING TAKEN TO JAIL

One of the ways of getting free



DANIEL

It's about time somebody challenged the French to a champagne duel.



They can pick the time. The place.
And their own favorite vintage.
No, the French haven't insulted the quality of our California champagne. Worse than that.
They won't even acknowledge that we make it. (The sale of American champagne is prohibited in France). It's their position that champagne isn't champagne unless it comes from the Champagne province of France. They say they've been making it for centuries. How could ours be any good in such a short time?

The answer is simple. We've got their vines.
A young immigrant, named Paul Masson, imported choice French grape vines nearly 100 years ago. Now there are hillsides full of them up in Northern California known as the Paul Masson Vineyards.
So we say that French champagne is great, but thanks to the French, so is ours.
And if they take exception to that claim, then they should do something about it.
We agree to a neutral Swiss judge.

Paul Masson California Champagne

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

MUSIC

OPERA

Il Destino di Bubbles:

The Libretto of a Success Story
Prologue. Time, the early 1930s; place, Manhattan. A series of vignettes depicts the childhood successes of a little blonde from Brooklyn, Belle ("Bubbles") Silverman. At three, she sings and tap-dances on the Saturday morning children's radio program, *Uncle*



SILLS & DAUGHTER MUFFY
Wasn't it worth all the troubles?

Bob's Rainbow House. At seven, she joins the *Major Bowes' Capital Family Hour*. At eleven, she does 36 weeks as a singing mountain girl on the radio serial *Our Gal Sunday*, and performs one of radio's first singing commercials, "Rinso White, Rinso White, happy little washday song."

Act I. Time, 1953; place, apartment on Manhattan's Riverside Drive, which Bubbles, now 24 and known as Beverly Silks, shares with her mother Shirley. Alone in the living room, Beverly sings the despairing recitative, *Where Has It Got Me?*, and tells how she performed 63 Micaelas in 63 one-night stands of *La Traviata*. A messenger enters, bearing an offer from the Frankfurt Opera to star in *La Traviata*, *Faust* and *Carmen* for \$125 a week. Overwhelmed, Beverly sings the beguiling aria, *To Frankfurt Will I Wander*.

The fates have
said it's right
And if my destiny
should flounder,
Then it's back to
Rinso White

Her mother sounds a note of caution in the impassioned duet, *Bide Thee, Bubbles*, in *Brooklyn*, but Beverly exits, resolutely waving her contract and singing *Addio, West Side Subway*.

Act II. Time, a year later; place, the stage of Manhattan's City Center. Beverly is about to perform her ninth audition for the New York City Opera. While waiting, she regales her colleagues with the bittersweet aria, *I Only Lasted One Day in Frankfurt*, and explains that because she found it a gloomy, unfriendly place, she returned to New York without having stepped foot on the Frankfurt stage. The audition now begins. Beverly walks to the front of the stage and sings *Sempre Libera* from *La Traviata*. Applause is heard from the pit, and it is obvious that she has finally captivated the City Opera.

Act III. Time, fall 1966; place, Lincoln Center. In her dressing room at the new home of the New York City Opera, Beverly is following the operatic custom of recalling events too numerous and complex to fit dramatically into a single scene. In the dazzling aria di bravura, *Wasn't It Operatic?*, she sings of her successful debut in *Die Fledermaus* in 1955, and of her subsequent leading roles in *Faust*, *Don Giovanni* and *The Ballad of Baby Doe*. A quartet of music critics, bearing bouquets of flowery superlatives, utters the rousing paean, *These Tired Ears Lo at Long Last Rejoice*. They praise Beverly's performance in *The Tales of Hoffmann*—in which she portrays all three heroines. They worship her Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar*, a role whose vocal acrobatics are so demanding that the opera is rarely performed.

Act IV. Time, last week; place, Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center. Beverly has at last found her destiny. At 39, she is the New York City Opera's prima donna and clearly ranks as one of the two or three finest coloraturas in the world. At the New York Philharmonic Promenade Concert, she sings a selection of Viennese arias and songs by Kalman, Korngold, Mozart and Richard Strauss, displaying a faultless voice that sweeps with elaborate embellishments to feathery, accurate high notes. The audience goes wild and demands an encore. From Santiago, Buenos Aires, Vienna and London come frantic pleas for concerts. Backstage, greeting her well-wishers, Beverly sings the obligatory arioso, *I Can't Imagine Being Anything But an Opera Singer*, while with contrapuntal verve, the joyous chorus adds the hallelujah-like *Bubbles, Bubbles, Wasn't It All Worth the Troubles?*

CONTESTS

Sex & Bach

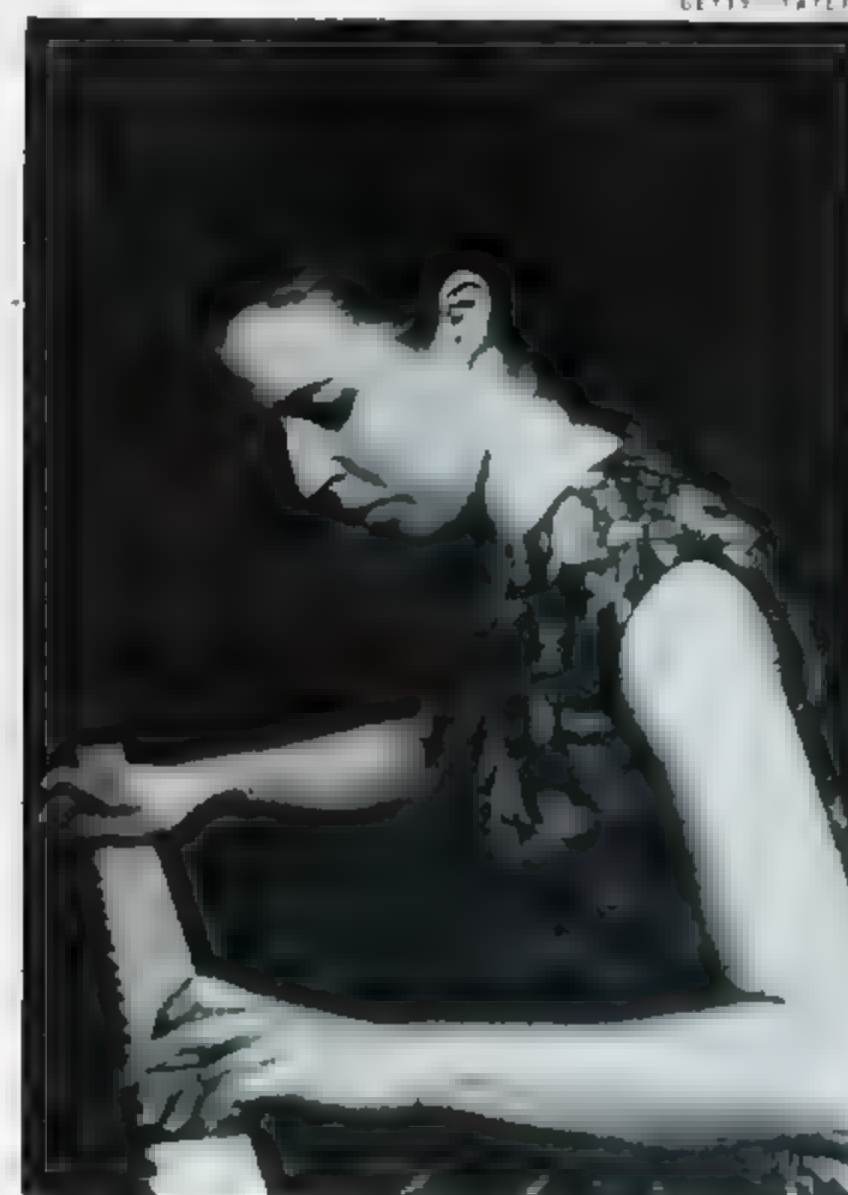
The supreme masters of Bach interpretation today are men like Helmut Walcha, Ralph Kirkpatrick, Glenn Gould and Karl Richter. But curiously enough, it is the women who always seem to win the Johann Sebastian Bach International Competitions, which are held in Washington, D.C., in the last

six Bach contests, women took first prize four times and tied once for first-place honors.

Last week the girls cleared the field again. When the eleven men and twelve women had finished playing their way through the single contest piece—Bach's monumental *Goldberg Variations*—the judges gave the first prize of \$1,000 to Toronto Pianist Mari-Elizabeth Morgen, 23. Mari-Elizabeth was so sure that she would not get past the semifinals that she brought only one dress to Washington. That was her only mistake, at the piano, she was flawless—poised, professional, and in full control of the knuckle-crunching requirements of the *Goldbergs*.^{*} Second and third prizes were given to Austrian-born Claudia Hoca of Kenmore, N.Y. (\$500), and Ki-yoko Takeuti of Tokyo (\$250).

While the results of the competition did nothing to challenge male pre-eminence in Bach, they did indicate that the ladies, whose number has included such superb stylists as Wanda Landowska and Rosalyn Tureck, may know something about Bach's music that men don't. Contest Founder-President Raissa Tselenis does not go so far as to say that Bach, the father of 20 children, was not a manly composer. But she does suggest that "we women tend to be more spiritual. It is the spiritual side of women that responds to Bach."

Whatever the explanation, it was clear that sex played no part in the judges'



WINNER MORGEN
Passing the screen test

considerations. They sat on the stage of Lisner Auditorium behind screen partitions; the performers were identified for them only by number. Clearly, as Washington Post Music Critic Paul Hume said, it took the *Goldbergs* to separate the women from the men.

^{*} Bach composed the aria and 30 variations for his pupil, Johann Gottlieb Theophilus Goldberg, who wanted a little bit of night music to play for his patron, Count Hermann Carl von Kaiserling, a sickly insomniac.



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ROOSEDAAL, THE NETHERLANDS

THE PRESS

PUBLISHERS

King Deposed

No publisher ever seemed more secure in his job than Cecil Harmsworth King, the chairman of Britain's International Publishing Corporation. He took charge of Britain's biggest publishing empire in 1951 and ruled it completely; his personality radiated confidence. At 67, he is a strapping 6 ft. 4 in., weighs over 200 lbs., and combines a corrosive wit with an air of disdain for all the lesser creatures. Few publishers anywhere would have felt sure enough of themselves to say of their leading paper, as King said of the London Daily Mirror: "You can't publish a paper which appeals to people less educated and less intellectual."

Thus it came as a surprise to all but the most in insiders last week when King was suddenly ousted as chairman to be replaced by his longtime protégé and deputy chairman, Hugh Cudlipp, 54. King was fired more for his political views than anything else. For the last few months, he has been conducting a bitter, almost one-man campaign designed to remove Harold Wilson as Prime Minister. This reached a climax in a front-page editorial in the Daily Mirror last month. Written and signed by King, it declared that Wilson's government had lost "all credibility, all authority" and had brought Britain to its "greatest financial crisis."

Mortified Labor. As soon as the Mirror's 5,000,000 readers got a glimpse of this diatribe, the pound plummeted to its lowest post-devaluation level, and King was widely criticized by politicians and press alike. Among the most mortified were some of the members of the Mirror group's board of directors who belong to the Labor Party and still support Wilson. Adding to their distress was the fact that King rarely took the trouble to consult them on important matters. Moreover, profits declined somewhat last year, taking some of the gloss off the years of heady expansion under King. Last week, at a secret meeting presided over by Cudlipp, the board voted unanimously to sack the chairman.

King learned of the decision one morning while he was shaving. A letter arrived asking him to resign. "I said certainly not," he recalled on TV as he discussed the episode. "If I do, it will look as if I was caught with my hand in the till." Expecting his refusal, the board then dismissed him outright. He was not exactly penitent. "I think it is interesting," he remarked, "that the Daily Mirror under Mr. Cudlipp will now presumably switch over support to the Labor Party just in time to nail the flag to the mast of the ship as it goes down. I think it is a mistake. He presumably does not." Replied Cudlipp: "The most endearing aspect of Cecil's

complex character was always his Irish sense of humor."

Lost in the Jungle. The nephew of the Mirror's founder, Lord Northcliffe, King was long thought to be a major stockholder in the newspaper. In fact, he owns only 45,960 shares of a total of 35,750,000 outstanding. In addition, his wife and two of his sons have 13,905 shares. Together, the family's holding is worth some \$130,000 in common stock and less than 1% in preferred stock. King is taking his reversal with his customary insouciance. "I removed my predecessor as chairman, Mr. Bartholomew," he reminded people. "You know what Fleet Street is. It's a bit of a jungle. I mean it's not played like an old-fashioned minuet, is it?"



JOHNSON & ISSUE OF ASPEN
Words as inscrutable as the rest.

MAGAZINES

Hear It, Feel It, Hang It

Aspen is a magazine for people who don't like to read much. It is designed by artists and comes in boxes containing movie film, records, sculpture, puzzles, games, posters, and a few other things that defy definition. The first publication devoted to the "mixed media" popularized by Marshall McLuhan, *Aspen* assaults all the senses, not just the visual. As the magazine proclaims, "You don't simply read *Aspen*, you hear it, hang it, feel it, fly it, project it, even sniff it."

Any reader (participant? player? victim?) who takes the trouble to wade through the latest issue, designed by Brian O'Doherty, should find his senses fully exhausted. There is the script of a "structural play" that diagrams the movements of the performers, who are instructed to costume themselves in

"white bodystockings or leotards, with tight-fitting hoods covering the ears and featureless silver masks." There is a do-it-yourself poem in which the author provides the ingredients (adjectives, adverbs, conjunctions, gerunds, capitalized words, etc.) and leaves the composition to the reader. There is a recording of percussion instruments with the sensible instructions that it be played so low "you almost don't hear it."

For those who seek refuge in conventional words, a few are supplied. They are, however, often as inscrutable as the rest of the contents. In a dissertation on the virtues of silence, Writer Susan Sontag declares: "Notoriously, the sensuous, ecstatic translinguistic apprehension of the plenum can collapse in a terrible, almost instantaneous plunge into the void of negative silence." Actually, the ads that are stuffed into the box are as entertaining as anything else. "Should we also flood the Sistine Chapel," asks the Sierra Club, fighting a dam downstream from the Grand Canyon, "so tourists can get nearer the ceiling?"

Aspen is assembled by Phyllis Johnson, who once taught at a mission school on a Navajo reservation and later was intimate-apparel editor of *Women's Wear Daily*. She got the idea for her project while ski-bumming one winter at Aspen, her fellow vacationers, she felt, were ready to enjoy "culture along with play." So in early 1966, she produced her first issue to meet their desires. Today, some 20,000 subscribers receive *Aspen* at \$4 per box, and Mrs. Johnson just about breaks even.

The publication date of each issue is as much of a surprise as the contents. Billed as a quarterly, *Aspen* comes out when Mrs. Johnson manages to get it out. "All the artists are such shadowy characters," she says, "that it takes months to track them down." To provide designs for issues she has called on the services of Andy Warhol and Quentin Fiore, co-author with Marshall McLuhan of *The Medium is the Massage*. She is collaborating with Buckminster Fuller on a future issue in which each article will be designed to fold into a geodesic dome or other geometric construction. Also in the works is an issue devoted to the Far East, with scrolls and screens scented with incense, and a wilderness issue, complete with a wild-food recipe kit for gourmet survivors.

While *Aspen* promotes his favorite cause, McLuhan himself has been all but silent for half a year. After undergoing a successful operation for a benign brain tumor last winter, he has been teaching at Fordham University but making no outside speeches or public pronouncements. Instead, he has been working on two books to be published next fall. *Through the Vanishing Point: Space in Poetry and Painting*, which he co-authored with Harley Parker, and *War & Peace in the Global Village*.

"I've been kidding myself for 8 months."



"I thought my cigarette was lowest in 'tar.' It turned out not to be true.

I compared it with Carlton's 7 mg. and found Carlton had 45% less 'tar' than the brand I thought was lowest."



Don't kid yourself.
Your cigarette isn't
lowest in "tar"
unless it's lower
than Carlton

The American Tobacco Company

TELEVISION

AWARDS

Talk to the Animals

All the big names were there. Smoky, the drunken horse from *Cat Ballou*. Old Foole, star of *The Rounders*, and currently seen under Burt Lancaster in *The Scalphunters*. Mr. Ed and Fury, once title horses in TV series bearing their names. Syn Cat, the cat who was *That Darn Cat*. Cousin Bessie, the chimp from *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Bruce, who was the ocelot in *Honey West*. Rhubarb, who gave that never-to-be-forgotten performance as the cat in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. And all the young stars of tomorrow: Willie the bear, soon

sets. The judges are newspaper columnists, but neither Price Waterhouse nor a saliva tester authenticates the ballots. The master of ceremonies was a human TV personality, Woody Woodbury, who may go far if the past is any portent. The first M.C., back in 1951, was Ronald Reagan, whom fans will remember for his smooth presentation of the top Patsy Award to Francis the talking mule.

Chicken Agents. The justification for the Patsy Awards is clear enough. Every year animals appear in about 20,000 roles in the movies and on TV. They act their hearts out, but they go largely unsung. There were 12,000 horse ap-

tures, went the special Craven Award. This does not mean that Punkin was a craven raven; the prize, which goes to supporting players, honors the late Richard C. Craven, who was the American Humane Association's first Hollywood director. First prizewinner in films was Ben, the bear actor in the movie *Gentle Giant*.

Commercial Lions. On the TV side, Arnold the pig waddled away with first prize for his acting in *Green Acres*. Ben the bear got the second TV prize as additional recognition for his new series *Gentle Ben*. Clarence, the cross-eyed lion, co-star of *Daktari*, took the third prize. A new award for commercials was given Zamba Jr., the lion who walks up out of a subway station for the Dreyfus investment-fund people. The two top awardees received three-foot-high trophies topped by a winged victory.

As luck would have it, Ben the bear had a film commitment that prevented him from being there to receive his trophy. In the true tradition of show business, he sent a warm telegram of gratitude. One of the other bears accepted the award in Ben's behalf.

PROGRAMMING

Cackleklatsch

From her dressing room, Virginia Graham, the hostess of an all-girl TV cackleklatsch, slyly eyed her guests of the day as they paced the studio. "They're smelling each other," she smirked to her producer, "like three bitches at the Westminster dog show." Then Virginia patted her Clairoléd pouf, pinned on a diamond as big as a blintz, and walked out to plant her guests around the living-room-style set. As soon as the four of them had adjusted their on-screen smiles, the TV tape machines began to roll. "Hi everyone," chirped Virginia, "and welcome to *Girl Talk*."

In her six years on the air, Virginia Graham has brought on girls of such luster and bluster as Ilka Chase, Pearl Buck, Betsy Palmer, Marya Mannes, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Hermione Gingold—all of whom have variously contributed to *Girl Talk's* success as the brightest female panel discussion in television. Last week, at the urging of her ABC packagers ("They thought the show needed a little goosing-up"), Virginia introduced her first male panelist, David Merrick. The show bombed (Merrick was positively fatuous), and at its close, Virginia asked for a mail-in referendum on further gentlemen callers.

Cocktail Tapings. Now syndicated five half-hours a week in 83 cities, *Girl Talk* draws an average audience of 2,000,000, ranging from a Hollywood scriptwriter who listens for the flavor of women's dialogue, to, on at least one occasion, Lyndon Johnson. Most of the viewers, though, are women and of an age that leads Virginia to pri-

pearances in 1967 alone, most of them "N.D.s" (nondescripts, or extras), some of them cast horses (*Bonanza's* Lorne Greene rides a cast horse), the rest stunt horses who can rear up, buck, play dead and, for all anybody knows, kiss and dance the boogaloo. In the remaining animal roles last year were 21 bears, six crayfish, one anteater and 1,186 chickens. All the animals earned pretty good money, although naturally the most talented ones commanded the biggest fees (highest paid: Lassie, at \$60,000 a year).

So the awards ceremonies understandably were filled with emotion, as the horse agents, ocelot agents, bear agents, a macaw agent and the chicken agents assembled with their clients and trainers to receive the big news. To Punkin, the glamorous raven who has been seen in TV's *Lassie* as well as many pic-

* At extreme left and right: Non-Winners Judy (*Daktari*), and Higgins (*Petticoat Junction*)



BEN (SECOND FROM LEFT), LASSIE, CLARENCE (IN CAGE), ARNOLD & FRIENDS* Proud Patsies one and all.

to make his debut in a new TV series, *The Land of Giants*; Squirt, the handsome young cheetah, now co-starring in *Sweet Charity* with Shirley MacLaine; Tullia, a brand-new cat star at Universal; Rott, the dog who made a name for himself in *The Flying Nun*; Scruffy, another dog certainly destined for stardom next fall on NBC's *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*.

The list goes on—60, all told. And all of them gathered last week on the grass at Universal City Studios for the 18th annual Patsy Awards. The name Patsy in no way refers to long-suffering audiences who have learned to take Oscars, Obies, Tonys, Emmys, Grammys and Clios in their stride. Actually, Patsy stands for Picture Animal Top Star of the Year (movie-wise) and Performing Animal Television Star of the Year (television-wise). Sponsor of the event is the American Humane Association, watchdog body that protects animals from cruel treatment on TV and movie



Chasemen Jon Tobey and Bob Yates on their way to counsel with an agribusiness customer in Missouri

There's a banker/technical director team to bring you an added dimension in corporate banking from Chase Manhattan the bank with the wide world reach

Your needs motivated us to offer you Chase team service. Here's how it works:

Your Chase banker is thoroughly knowledgeable in your industry. But in this day of increasingly complex business the need for expert technical counsel frequently arises.

When he sees the need, he can instantly call upon the skills of the Chase technical director experienced in your particular business.

At this point, you have a perfectly balanced team at work for you. One a banker who knows your financial needs. One a technical man who knows your operational needs. Technical Director Jonathan Tobey is typical.

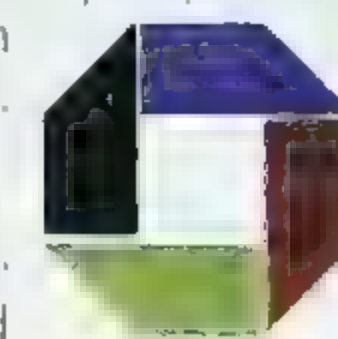
With a Doctorate in Agricultural Economics from Cornell, and years of practical experience in marketing and farm management, he knows his business thoroughly.

And our other technical directors are equally knowledgeable, whether they specialize in mining, metals, energy, electronics, chemicals, transportation, aerospace, textiles, or forest products.

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THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

NATURAL CITY, NEW YORK





THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

The dry martini wasn't always dry.

In fact, the earliest martinis were a concoction of many and diverse ingredients besides gin and vermouth.

But no matter how you made them, there was a very special reason why they couldn't be dry.

No such thing as a dry gin existed.

So when Fleischmann created America's first dry gin, it proved a highly significant development.

This was the gin that changed the course of the martini. That led to its becoming the king of cocktails today.

Next time you mix one or order one, remember this:

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

By kind permission Trustees, British Museum.



The way some people think about mental retardation, you'd think we are still back in the dark ages.

Many people still think that mental retardation is a shameful condition caused by "bad blood" or something else equally outlandish.

Many people still think that all retarded children and adults should be put out of sight. Out of touch with normal people.

It's time to get rid of these old notions. Once and for all.

Although some of the retarded require care in institutions, the vast majority need to be helped and challenged by the world. Not hidden from it.

In fact, at least 85 percent of the retarded can learn enough to become fully or partially self-supporting. But only if you give them proper schooling, job training, job opportunities—a chance to live like the rest of us.

How can you help? Urge your civic, church, social or fraternal organizations to sponsor activities for them. Like week-end athletic programs. Or take them on outings, hikes, fishing trips. Nothing frustrates the retarded more than being left out of activities other people enjoy.

Write for a free booklet to The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C. 20201.



vately retitle her program "The Menopausal Romper Room."

Girl Talk is telecast in most areas during the day but is taped at the cocktail hour "because," says Virginia, "women talk better then. The later the show, the more the barriers are down." And the dudgeons up. Once Actress Natalie Schafer greeted Columnist Sheila Graham (no kin to Virginia) with: "Oh, I'm so glad to meet you. You were the cause of my divorce." Sheila was also clawed by Zsa Zsa Gabor, who suggested that the columnist was too old to write about love. Gabor got hers on a subsequent show when Society Chronicler Suzy explained that "Zsa Zsa has an age complex, and she has a right to one." After

MARTHA HOLMES



VIRGINIA GRAHAM
Barriers down, dudgeons up.

all, continued Suzy, wasn't she "Miss Chicken Paprika of 1910?"

Stage Tizz. Hostess Graham credits the zest of her show to Producer Monty Morgan's "infallible casting of the wrong people who will be right together." They turn out right only because she is there as catalyst and referee. A onetime Chicago Tribune reporter and soap-opera scriptwriter, Virginia, 55, describes herself as the one "who looks like two June Allysons," the one with "the perfect face for radio." She is also the one who gushes too much, as in her introduction of Guest Muriel Humphrey. "You're so beautiful it's ridiculous! It looks like you were hired by central casting!" She can be alternately flip and flibbertigibbet but generally plays angel's advocate.

When Rex Harrison's daughter-in-law (the wife of Actor Noel) spoke glowingly of her premarital pregnancy, Virginia went into a stage tizz. She is always gasping. "I'm going to have a stroke!" On one show, she publicly chastised Starlet Diahn Williams for her "little affairsy-pie" with a Frenchman. "This is the most revolting thing," scolded Virginia, though, of course, she was the one who brought up the subject in the first place. As Showbiz Pro Graham has long since discovered, the lower the girl talk, the higher the ratings.

We're giving the smaller cars a run for your money.

But it isn't really a fair contest

Not when a Chrysler Newport is priced just a few dollars more a month than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

Not when that slight price difference buys you all this.

A 383 cu. in. V-8 that runs on regular gas. The longest wheelbase in Newport's class.

The best average resale value in our history. And all the luxury you expect from Chrysler.

We're talking about a Newport equipped the same way as those smaller cars.

Power steering. Power brakes. White sidewalls. Automatic transmission. Radio.

And that 383 V-8. (To get an engine that big in the low-price cars, you'd have to pay extra.)

One final thought. There are 25 of those high-line smaller cars out after your money. If you like the price of any one of them, you can afford a Chrysler.

CHRYSLER



Test Price a Chrysler



ANTONAKOS ON "MAGIC THEATER" PLATFORM
Ants across the Coke sign.

EXHIBITIONS

Transistorized Tunnel of Light

How about a trip that will dissolve the floors of memory and identity, becloud the boundaries separating reality and illusion, return the traveler momentarily to his primal, psychic self—all without benefit of hallucinogens? Such was the offer being made last week by Kansas City's Nelson-Atkins Gallery. To bring off the most spectacular environmental light show ever staged, the gallery had assembled \$400,000 worth of materials and labor in its "Magic Theater," a kind of transistorized tunnel of light designed by eight leading U.S. light, kinetics and environmental artists.

Strobes & Sadism. In what rapidly became an ambulatory return to uninhibited childhood, spectators first passed a wall of ten shimmering, plastic prisms designed by Charles Ross, next tripped up and over a glass-decked platform conceived by Stephen Antonakos, with giant candy-colored neon tubes flicking on and off in programmed patterns, lighting them from beneath and above. The experience told them exactly how an ant feels walking across a Coca-Cola sign. Then it was on to James Seawright's electronic cathedral, where their movements were recorded by an electronic brain that transmitted signals to each of twelve surrounding black Formica columns, causing them to emit soft, strange organlike notes, eerie wind effects and gentle light patterns.

Harder to take was Robert Whitman's black-draped funeral fun house, hung with violently vibrating Mylar mirrors. A screaming oscillator sadistically

shivered the viewers' eardrums as it shattered their reflections on the mirrors. Equally diabolical was Boyd Melford's minidiscothèque, where strobe lights flashed up through colored plastic panels in the floor with such seeming moderation that many of the younger spectators felt an irresistible urge to sit or lie down in order to get closer to the beams.

Time Lag to Infinity. The sonic boom-boom room by Howard Jones was lined with aluminum panels that responded with chimes, thuds and snatches of live radio programs as viewers moved in front of light-sensitive holes in the panels. Spectators first wiggled their fingers in front of the holes, ere long were prancing about frenetically in an attempt to activate as many different ones as possible at the same time. When they realized how silly they looked, they progressed to Terry Riley's Time-Lag Accumulator. There each

viewer individually recorded laughs, hoots and remarks on a tape in one of twelve anterooms. The tape was then played back simultaneously with tapes made by his companions in a central room, creating "a collage of noise."

Last stop, but a favorite of many, was Stanley Landsman's Infinity Chamber, in which 6,000 tiny lights on the black, mirrored walls were reflected to create what seemed like an infinity of mirrors. The illusion of airy weightlessness thus engendered permitted viewers, in the words of the show's organizer, Ralph T. Coe, to "leap straight into the fourth dimension, experiencing what the astronauts have described when they walk in space." Still better, as far as the frazzled gallerygoers were concerned, everyone could leap straight out of the fourth dimension without having to worry about a re-entry problem.

GRAPHICS

Commercial Graffiti

When Pop Artist Andy Warhol copied the Campbell soup can and made commercial art respectable, he set off an explosion in the poster world. Among the first to get the message were the commercial artists who had developed their basic skills in the wars of advertising. Their four-color graffiti are now being enshrined in the museums and tacked up on student and high-brow walls (see color opposite).

The man making the biggest mark is a moonfaced, bespectacled six-footer named Milton Glaser, 38, head of Manhattan's influential Push Pin Studios, which drafts advertisements and designs such things as book jackets and record

ART

covers. Glaser initially developed a pseudo-rococo style, inspired by the 18th century etchings that he had studied on a Fulbright scholarship in Italy. When that was widely imitated, he shifted to what might be called silhouette, with shadows reverberating outward and often colored with brilliantly acidic hues. Of late, with silhouette being copied in scores of advertisements, Glaser has been bearing down in the clean linear style seen in his ebullient *Big Nudes*, designed for an exhibit at Manhattan's School of Visual Arts. "The fundamental problem," he says prosaically, "is like the clothing business. You have to know what's happening to respond, to understand what forms mean at a given point in time." On a more elevated level, he adds: "You have to find new ways of saying what you want to say. All art is a wrenching apart of previous visual experience."

Rising Sun & Beattie Blood. The most celebrated Push Pin alumnus is Peter Max, 28, a walrus-mustached native of Berlin. Max likes to explain that his flair for star-crossed psychedelic patterns was instilled during his boyhood days in Shanghai, where he watched Buddhist monks painting at a nearby pagoda. Max's designs, exploited through corporate tie-ups with half a dozen companies including General Electric, and emblazoned on posters, cups, plates, decals, and medallions, make him the grooviest thing going. He zaps about Manhattan with his blonde, beret-crowned wife in a decal-covered 1952 Rolls-Royce with a liveried chauffeur. What will he do for his U-25 (under 25) audience, when the psychedelic fad fades? "Something like what I'm doing now, but more cosmological, a blending with outer space," explains Max. "But I don't want to bring out my ideas for the 1970s before the public is ready for them."

Despite all this, when Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art this winter staged "Word and Image," a poster survey, the artist selected to design the show's theme poster was neither Glaser nor Max. Instead, the museum commissioned a fragile, mop-topped Japanese named Tadanori Yokoo (pronounced Yoko-o), 31. Yokoo's scathing, intricate posters evoke gusty sighs of adulation from Japanese teeny-boppers and relentless demand from ad agencies and art galleries. Yet their themes, while gay, are also brutally nihilistic; they juxtapose Nippon's rising sun and foamy waves with grinning faces, mechanistically bloated nudes and portraits of the Beatles drooling blood. "There has to be a touch of madness and a shadow of death in whatever I find beautiful these days," says Yokoo. "In my mind, the question of what God is and what its relations are with science keeps right on growing."

YOKOO'S BLATANT BANNER BILLS MUSEUM

THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER

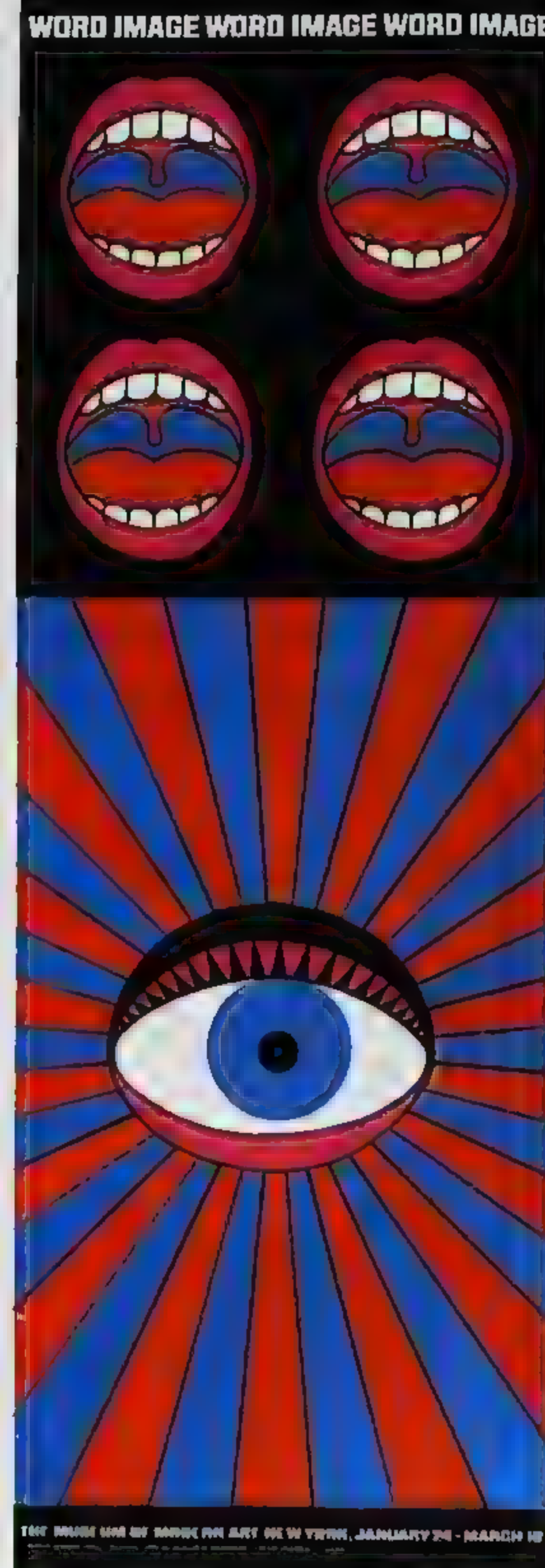
CLOTHING, 792 LEXINGTON AVENUE BETWEEN 61 & 62 STREETS, N.Y.C. 17 9-4447



PETER MAX'S BUBBLY BROADSIDE PLUGS BOUTIQUE

RAZZLE-DAZZLE POSTER POPS

MILTON GLASER BOOSTS "BIG NUDES" EXHIBIT WITH OVERFLOW PROFILE



Really.
If your father isn't worth
an extra few dollars, who is?

CHIVAS
REGAL
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
FOUNDED 1801
DISTILLERS

THE THEATER

THE DANCE

A Month of Now

New York is the dance capital of the world, and May was the month that proved it. During that time, the city played host to four of the world's major dance companies, plus half a dozen lesser ones. In one remarkable evening this week, all three of Lincoln Center's auditoriums were given over to ballet.

The New York City Ballet offered some of the most spectacular dancing—and it was strictly home-grown. During its spring season at the New York State Theater of Lincoln Center, it displayed a repertory of 41 dances, a chiaroscuro of choreographic talent unmatched by any company in the world. A good three-quarters of the works were created by George Balanchine, 64, who uncharacteristically looked into his past by re-creating his first big Broadway hit, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, from the 1936 production *On Your Toes*.

Bumps & Grinds. Although dated for today's audience—which Balanchine helped educate—*Slaughter* was a pioneer work that put ballet on Broadway permanently. With high-fidelity hauteur, Suzanne Farrell stormed tantalizingly through the bumps and grinds of the striptease girl, ably partnered by Arthur Mitchell as her jealous hoofer boy friend. The dance was all show-biz flash, far removed from the cool twelve-tone Balanchine ballets in which Farrell has frequently starred.

Another novelty of the City Ballet season was the premiere of *Stravinsky Symphony in C* by John Clifford, 20, one of the company's most promising male dancers. While Clifford still has much to learn about the techniques of polishing choreography, the hot wire of raw talent ran through the ballet. His infectious and sportive movements reflected the febrile delirium of young dancers in love with being young, in love with being dancers.

Across the Lincoln Center Plaza at the Metropolitan Opera House, the Royal Ballet presented a striking contrast in style and temperament. The City troupe evokes the high-rising glitter of curtain-wall skyscrapers; the Royal reflects the spacious, gracious luster of Britain's princely mansions. Choreographically, the City Ballet shines best in one-act works. The Royal prefers full evening ballets in the classic tradition, like Kenneth MacMillan's fustian *Romeo and Juliet*, Sir Robert Helpmann's production of *Swan Lake*, and Rudolph Nureyev's *Nutcracker*.

Freudian Mud. In a special way, it was Nureyev's season. He performed at least three nights a week—most often

in tandem with Margot Fonteyn, still a ballerina of faultless style at the age of 49. Nureyev also had a hand in the choreography of three productions that the Royal brought with it. The best were derivative—works restaged from the repertory of his former company, Russia's Kirov Ballet. By far the worst was his muddled Freudian version of *The Nutcracker*, in which Drosselmeyer, with a Humbert-Humbert lurch, is transformed into the prince who pays court to the Lolita-like moppet Clara. Although a bit heavier than when he first jetéed his way to the West, Rudi proved that he is still the most spectacular male dancer in the world.



MITCHELL & FARRELL IN "SLAUGHTER"
High-rise and home-grown.

The Bolshoi Ballet detailed a 39-star detachment from its massive, 250-strong company to occupy the Metropolitan Opera as soon as the Royal Ballet left. Leading the company was Maya Plisetskaya, a ballerina assoluta of the broad, open Moscow style, which makes the sheer physical act of moving beautifully through space look like a natural way of life. The Russians offered virtuoso, bravo-catching nights of pinpoint turns, rock-steady balances and astronautic high leaps. But there was little to praise in the undernourished bits, snippets and shards of 19th century choreography that provided the vehicles for the Bolshoi's spectacular stars.

Memory & Myth. Modern-Dance Pioneer Martha Graham is as far removed from Bolshoi technique as the cloister is from the athletic field. Probing ever deeper into the recesses of the psyche, she is an explorer of the mental interior, reflecting on the roles of memory, meditation, myth and the male-female relationship. She successfully blended them all at the beginning of her 24-week Manhattan season in a new work called *A Time of Snow*, a somber retelling of the love and trag-

edy of Héloïse and Abélard. The Graham dancers embraced the angular and knotty choreography with the familiar and loving assurance of craftsmen bred for their task.

The dancers from abroad were a pleasure to watch. But it would be hard to deny that American choreographers and the limber American bodies they employ, better reflect the concerns of the 20th century. Elsewhere, dance is all too often a carefully presented museum; in the U.S., it is one of the swinging arts of now.

AUDIENCES

Greying Hair

Just when the hippies begin to look like a tribe of vanishing Americans, the New York stage has gotten hip to them. Peopled with anarchic flower children, a musical called *Hair* spills out a pornocopia of copulative verbs and scatological nouns, plus a now-celebrated nude scene in which several men and women face the dimmest of footlights *au naturel*.

At the moment, *Hair* is doing hit business. Who attends? Not the young. They think the theater is for the dodo birds, and besides, they prefer to do their nude watching elsewhere. Moreover, the \$11 orchestra tab virtually ensures an audience limited to middle-class middle-agers. Indeed, this seems to be the group that the show is sickly aimed at: it seeks to provoke, titillate, and arouse the curiosity and/or envy of elders as to what their young are doing.

Surprisingly, the shock effect is low, although about two couples stalk out of *Hair* at every performance. Said one playgoing father: "How could I be shocked at the language? My three-year-old uses those words all the time." But voyeurs abound, and the bald-headed row is often coiffured. "Last week," said Jonathan Kramer, one of the boys in the cast, "I spotted a nice-looking middle-aged woman in a black coat with a mink collar sitting in the second row. At the nude scene, she pulled out her Polaroid Swinger and snapped away." On the average, the theater management confiscates a camera a week.

What appears to jar the playgoers more than nudity or bawdy Anglo-Saxonisms is near-desecrations of the U.S. flag and racial slurs. In the Off-Broadway comedy *Scuba Duba*, which features a woman in topless undress, the hero continually refers to Negroes as spades. One white playgoer became so irate that he ran down the aisle waving his program and yelling, "It's Negro, Negro, Negro!" Then he threw the program on the stage and bolted from the theater. As for the nudity, the theater in seven months has received only a dozen or so letters of complaint.

Groucho Marx put the question of theatrical nudity in relaxed perspective as well as offering a succinct critique. Asked if he intended to attend *Hair*, he replied, "I just took off my clothes, looked at the mirror and saved \$11."

EDUCATION

THE CYNICAL IDEALISTS OF '68

THE troubled and troublesome college Class of 1968 tends to have a sober, even tragic view of life. They were high school seniors in the year that John Kennedy, a politician who gained their trust and inspired their ambitions, was shot to death in Dallas. They were college seniors in the year that Martin Luther King, the Negro leader who tapped their idealism and drew them into social protest, was murdered in Memphis. Throughout all of their college careers, the war in Viet Nam has tormented their conscience, forced them to come to personal decisions relating self and society, country and humanity, life and death. With the lifting of most of the graduate-school deferments, the men of '68 face the war and those existential issues as an immediate, wrenching reality.

Such pressures, direct and indirect, have had a profound impact on the 630,000 seniors who will pick up diplomas this spring. While many—perhaps a majority—are the familiar breed who spent their years at college in pursuit of an education or a profession without fretting too much over the meaning of either, even the quiet ones have been affected more than they show. Those who are in the really new mold sometimes show it by a defiance in dress: beards beneath the mortarboards, microskirts or faded Levis under the academic gowns. More often, and far more significantly, it emerges in a growing skepticism and concern about the

accepted values and traditions of American society. Some of these graduates will become draft dodgers. Many smoke pot. Fewer than ever remain virginal. Yet it is also true that the cutting edge of this class includes the most conscience-stricken, moralistic and, perhaps, the most promising graduates in U.S. academic history.

Children's Crusade. Worldwide, this has been the year of student power. Taking to the streets to engage in bloody combat with police, students triggered a crisis for the Fifth Republic in France, contributed to the liberalization of Czechoslovakia, challenged the authoritarianism of Spain, and assailed the sluggish social institutions of West Germany. At home, the spontaneous "children's crusade" of college kids was largely responsible for making Senator Eugene McCarthy into a serious candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

The Class of '68 has also harassed military recruiters and Dow Chemical interviewers, picketed induction centers, held massive—and sometimes unruly—rallies to protest the war. It has eyed its own campuses critically and loudly cried out for a more relevant education. It has demonstrated in support of fired professors and striking janitors, thrown itself in front of campus bulldozers, demanded everything from black-culture courses to total freedom from parietal rules.

These disruptive power tactics have been led by a relatively small group of radicals who hate all authority. Yet many campus-wide protests have involved moderate and even conservative students with little or no use for the doctrinaire polemics of Students for a Democratic Society. Many students reluctant to march or picket have nevertheless been stirred to face the issues raised. The jolting, dramatic atmosphere created by defiant demonstrators, television cameras and, frequently, charging police have left only the most aloof students untouched.

Bridging the Gap. For all its deep commitment to protest and activism, the Class of '68 nevertheless seems to be more restrained than the Class of '69, '70 or '71 is likely to be. At many campuses, the instigators of the most violent demonstrations were sophomores or juniors. The seniors still see more in U.S. life worth saving, and have a far greater willingness to accept its traditions. English Major Thomas McKenna of Notre Dame rather pretentiously defines the Class of '68 as "the in-between class. We are the last of the old radicals, those who are willing to revolt in the systematic American way. We could be the salvation of everyone if



"... AND FURTHERMORE, WE DEMAND FULL ACADEMIC CREDIT FOR THE TIME WE SPENT STRIKING!"

we can just bridge the gap, for we have a foot in each view of American life."

The American way of life, though, has to prove itself. Introspective and analytical, this year's graduate may buy it after all—but not without a good deal of criticism and suspicion. "People have always accepted our system without question," says Penn Senior Dennis Wilen in one of those crashing oversimplifications that ignore history. "My class will not stand for that." The questioning extends well beyond the Johnson Administration's rationale for the Viet Nam war to the inevitability of capitalism and the viability of present political systems. The graduates insist that there is a need to fight injustices at home, not to "shoot peasants in Viet Nam"—an argument, of course, that is not the exclusive insight of youth. Some students have thus concluded that going to prison as a protest against the draft is a sacrificial act by which one "votes" his own concept of duty to country. Last week more than 100 Woodrow Wilson Fellows from across the nation said that they would not fight. As Stanford Senior Hugh West sees it: "Jail is where patriotism and morality intersect."

Compassion v. Coercion. Beyond the war, the prevailing ethics of the Class of '68 place justice above the need for order, social welfare above creature comforts, compassion above coercion, people above institutions. In talking about these values, students sometimes act as if they had discovered justice and love. They also ignore the reality that undergraduates throughout history have always had ideals—some of which have been fulfilled by adult society. Condemnation of their elders occasionally comes too easily for the young today—witness the Berkeley coed who glibly condemns men who "sell their soul for higher salaries, then sink into

suburbia, where the deepest thing they read is *TV Guide*."

One book that the Class of '68 does not read very much is the Bible; by and large, graduates dismiss institutional churches as irrelevant or unimportant. Nonetheless, Roman Catholic Philosopher Michael Novak of Stanford thinks that there may be "more religion among students who now act on their conscience than among those who sit in church every Sunday seeking to be blessed." The Protestant dean of chapel at Stanford, the Rev. B. Davie Napier, enthusiastically endorses this year's seniors, who, he says, "embrace an authentic, courageous morality that sees obscenity where it really is—in all schemes that thwart the realization of full humanity anywhere, from the campus to Saigon, or to hell and back."

Pinned & Engaged. The new morality of the college senior holds no brief for society's sexual taboos. Linda LeClair, Barnard's celebrated light housekeeper, is no rarity in her generation. Yet nearly all students argue that promiscuity is not on the rise. What they take for granted is sex among couples who consider themselves "pinned," engaged, or just plain in love. Honest relationships now, they contend, will lead to better marriages later on. And while students are increasingly aware that LSD and Methedrine are dangerous, marijuana has become an accepted part of college culture. For many, it simply provides a more illuminating kind of high than alcohol does.

Penn Coed Lucy Conger refers to her class as "the silver-platter generation." No economic depression clouds their horizon, and most students seem to accept the inevitability of luxuries with patrician assurance. In fact, the degree of affluence is astonishingly high: at the University of Texas, for example, nearly a third of this year's seniors come from families earning \$20,000 a year. Indifferent to monetary success, a surprisingly large number of graduates are planning to enter such service vocations as teaching, social work, urban planning or small businesses, where they hope to define their own destiny. Many resent bureaucracy and bigness, and are turned off by corporate recruiters who speak of high salaries rather than the chance for creativity. Yet even within large institutions, concedes Sarah Lawrence's Sarah Loenberg, it is possible for a person to build "a smaller world by touching a few people."

Self-Conscious & Serious. The Class of '68 combines an idealism with a cynicism about society's willingness to embrace their ideals. The graduates do not speak with a common voice but with common candor, sometimes naively and too glibly, often with a deep faith in the perfectibility of man. In their self-conscious seriousness, they seem to be trying to live up to French Poet Paul Claudel's contention that "youth is not made for pleasure but

for heroism." Some of the demanding and perceptive students who best express the special things that their class wants to say:

U.C.L.A.: Bruin with a Bite

The Class of '68 has no one symbol. But Brian Weiss of U.C.L.A., who appears on this week's TIME cover, pointedly conveys many of its new mold characteristics, opinions and attitudes. His voice is amplified more loudly than most since it is reflected in the Daily Bruin (circ. 18,000); Weiss has made such an impact as editor of the paper that many call it the Daily Brian.

Weiss allows that he has "always been a wise-ass—only my vocabulary has improved." He has called California Governor Ronald Reagan "a liar"

He took for granted the middle-class values of his father, a proud, patient jeweler who is "the best watchmaker in the San Fernando Valley." At school, Brian was "the kind of kid who would run and tell the teacher if I saw another kid starting a fire with a magnifying glass."

Only two things really excited Weiss in his early years. One was reading *Tom Swift* at the age of seven ("It drove me crazy—I wanted to go to the moon myself, I was Tom"). The other was meeting a biology teacher who had "a whole garage full of tropical fish," and who "was the first person who got inside my brain and picked." Otherwise, Weiss was mainly untouched by social concerns or intellectual interests.

Brian arrived at U.C.L.A. uncertain of what he wanted to become. He majored in zoology, barely got passing grades for two years. "They were fact-piling courses, just rote." He turned to the campus paper because "I didn't know anybody." As a freshman, he dashed off a column for the Bruin, patly suggested that although U.S. involvement in Viet Nam was regrettable, the military at least ought to run the war right. So many older students grilled him about his beliefs that "I realized I'd accepted Viet Nam without acknowledging it was killing people. I emptied out my mind and started over."

After he began working on the Bruin, Weiss found a double inspiration in a U.C.L.A. husband-wife anthropology team, Lewis and Sally Binford. "They're heretics," he says. "Sharp, biting, absolutely brilliant." He switched to anthropology, wants to teach it because it blends his desire to be scientifically precise and his interest in people. He has pushed his grades up to a 3.8 average in his major, has a four-year graduate fellowship at the University of New Mexico. He hopes to avoid military service as a conscientious objector.

The rebelliousness of Brian Weiss extends to many topics besides the war. He does not flinch, for example, at the thought of race riots. "I don't know what took black people so long," he says. "The black man is tired of asking for it. Now he's taking it—and I don't blame him." As for university education, he claims, much of it "is insulting—they pile irrelevant facts on top of you and make you regurgitate them."

Yet to Weiss, as to many of his classmates, college was "a tremendous eye-opening introduction to life." With his usual cockiness, he says that "I can see



WEISS & GIRL FRIEND JUDY COLLINS
The way of life will have to prove itself.

for manipulating university financial figures to justify budget cuts, and tells matrons of Westwood who complain about obscenity in Bruin reviews. "If you don't like it, don't read it, lady." Despite such brashness, one of his frequent targets, U.C.L.A. Chancellor Franklin Murphy, praises Weiss as a conscientious editor who has made the paper "a provocative and enzymatic force on the campus."

A tightly packed bundle (he is only 5 ft. 7 in., 128 lbs.) of confidence, he is full of irrepressible assertions as to what is good and evil in life. As with many of his classmates, his sense of independence developed only recently. For 17 years he moved almost unthinkingly through a lulling sea of trim tract houses in the hot suburbs of Los Angeles.



"AND NOW YOU'LL LEAVE THE CLOISTERED HALLS OF COLUMBIA AND STEP FORTH INTO THE WORLD'S HARSH CHALLENGES."

myself as an excellent U.S. President," but he will settle more modestly for just trying to arouse college students in the same way that he was turned on by the Binfords. "I hope I can spend the rest of my life making people socially aware, making them think, making them alive."

HARVARD: Unfettered Eagle

Harvard's Vance Hyndman, 21, was an Eagle Scout in his home town of Mission, Kans., and president of the youth group at Countryside Christian Church. A major in Far Eastern languages, he once considered a career with the State Department or the CIA; if drafted, he now says, he will flee to Canada. He lives alone in a two-room suite at Lowell House, where his Oriental-styled living room is furnished with cushions rather than chairs. Night-

of fellow Harvard students who kept a Dow recruiter captive in a room for seven hours last October "almost as tyrannous as the Army's policy in Viet Nam." And he does not regard his decision not to serve an act of disloyalty: "What I am patriotic to is a just nation and a just policy—when the nation changes from this, I find myself standing in opposition to it."

As a sophomore, Hyndman developed a profound concern about racial prejudice on a hitchhiking trip to the annual spring beach-and-beer busts in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. When he and a Negro friend tried to check into a cheap hotel in Durham, N.C., a desk clerk barked: "Niggers can't live here." "I've never seen as much hate as that guy showed toward me," recalls Hyndman. His personal philosophy about what matters most can be summed up sim-

—for me in the sophomore year—we started to think about goals, where it was all leading." Everyone seemed trapped by sameness, he thought, and too many colleges offer monotonously similar educations. "What a drag. Not only have we all seen the same television programs, but we have all taken the same science and economics courses. We are going to have a nation of people who all think the same way."

In his own effort to "open up alternatives for making it," Reich started one of the nation's first "free universities," offering anyone in the Dartmouth area no-tuition, no-credit courses otherwise unavailable at the university. Some 600 students are now enrolled. Although he served last summer as an intern in Robert Kennedy's Senate office, Reich this year plunged into the cross-country McCarthy cam-

ing, but worries about getting sidetracked by comforts and conformity. "I certainly hope that all of my class doesn't end up with Mustangs at Shaker Heights or Scarsdale. But it's really tough, when you have a mass culture, to carve out new life styles."

BERKELEY: Machine with Feelings

Brian Patrick McGuire, a slim, intense history major at Berkeley, lived through the clamor of the Free Speech Movement, noted the "joy and excitement in the air," but remained confused and aloof. "It was like seeing it through a glass window." No activist then or now, he nevertheless registered his own personal protest against impersonal education in poignant terms last month. "I have been informed that I have the highest grade-point average of any graduating senior in the College of Letters and Science," he said in a speech to Berkeley's chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. "The first thing I would like to say to you is that it was not worth it."

McGuire, son of a former San Francisco newspaperman, explained that in the pursuit of grades, he had become "subject to a paralyzing mental machinery: if I did not study twelve hours a day, compose at the speed of 1,000 words an hour while writing a paper, go through required reading at 33 pages an hour, I was a failure. I pushed myself until I was more enchained than a Russian factory worker in the 1930s."

His longing for human contact, he said, "would come at night as I walked home from the library. I would look at the lights in the windows and think to myself: behind those windows are people—real, live, human, fleshy, thinking, feeling, loving, despairing people. I am out here and they are in there. They will never come out here to me, and they would never allow me to come inside to them."

McGuire punched through his "academic bag" last December. "I suddenly realized," he explains, "that I had not made a single friend in four years." He broke through by taking "sensitivity training" courses at Berkeley's Newman Club Center and California's Esalen Institute. The way to change society, he now feels, is "to subvert it from the inside with the power of love and caring." He thus considers the hippies ineffective for dropping out, the activists wrong for "alienating the older generation from the younger." The campus revolutionaries "are so lost in their own idealism that they forget that those with other ideals are people too. Students must wake up and realize that what they want is not to tear down the universities—but to embrace each other."

NORTHWESTERN: Black + Basketball

Northwestern Senior Vernon Ford is under no illusions about why a highly selective private university wanted him: he is bright, black and a fine basketball player. Ford has found living that dual role—"as an athlete and as a

black, but still an individual"—painfully difficult. Yet, as one of the key members of the militant Black Power movement on campus, he has helped make Northwestern aware of the Negro students' determination to carve out their own niche on white campuses. Last month, Ford was among 60 Negro students who camped in the university's business office for 36 hours and won promises to admit more Negro graduates of ghetto high schools and conduct courses in black literature and art.

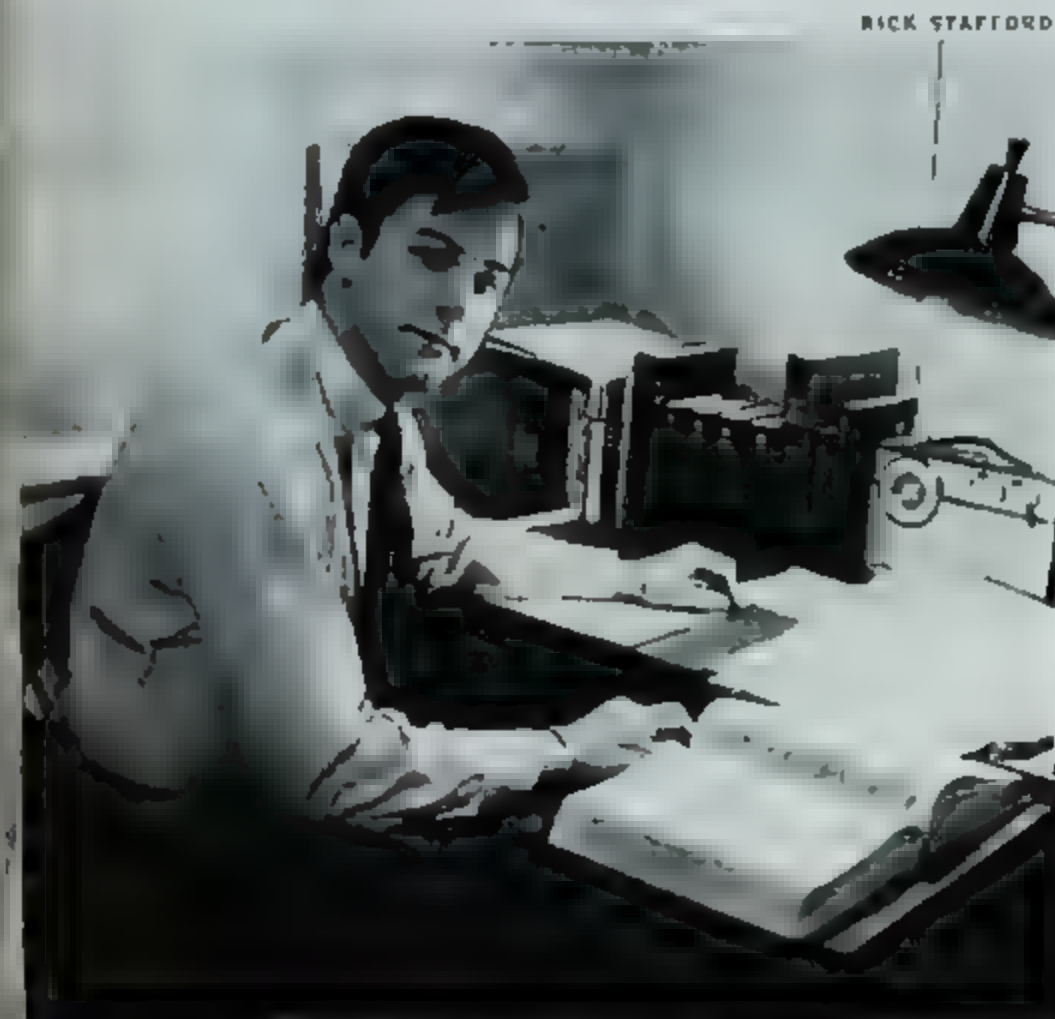
Originally from Chicago's West Side ghetto, where his father is a machinist, Ford decided that the black college student "adjusts, conforms, compromises, and goes through a song-and-dance to get a degree that only qualifies him for nonexistent opportunities. He acts like the fraternity boy who barely makes it through hell week—he gets obsessed with the values of the system that has worked against him."

College has long been used by Negroes to escape the ghetto, but Ford feels that the real need is for them to return, join the struggle to expand the economic and political control of blacks within their own community. He worries about his own ability to make the transition from the campus back to the ghetto, where he intends to teach while working for his master's degree in sociology. Looking back, he wonders whether Northwestern treated Negroes much differently than the world outside. "You come into the university expecting to find an ideal situation," he says. "But an upper-middle-class conservative school isn't immune to bigotry. For the black man, there's no utopia."

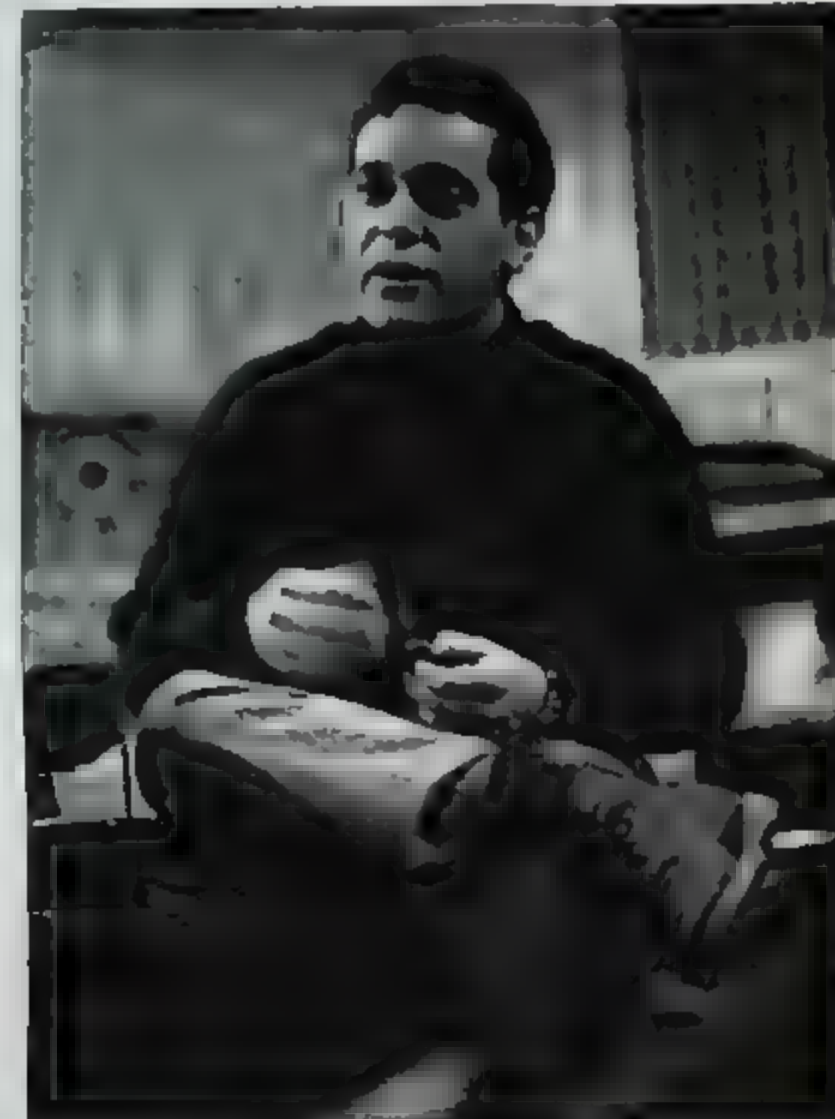
WHEATON: Lady Bridgebuilder

Liz Stevens, 20, an impulsive senior at fashionable all-girl Wheaton College in Norton, Mass., had a comfortable upbringing in affluent Greenwich, Conn. She attended Rosemary Hall, an expensive private girls' school, enjoyed the social life at The Belle Haven Club, to which her father, the president of a local radio station, belongs. But, she says, "I never realized how prejudiced I was. In Greenwich the blacks are all maids or something similar, and you don't have to think about them because you've put them in a category." Like many in the Class of '68, she has since discovered that prejudice can be checked only by shunning labels, committing oneself to personal involvement with others.

That awareness came through a spontaneous "guilty feeling" when three civil rights workers were murdered in Mississippi in the summer of 1964. Liz "wanted to do something," so she gathered five Wheaton classmates, made weekly trips to Boston's Roxbury neighborhood to tutor Negro children. Liz recruited more student-teachers, created a program that now includes 60 Wheaton girls. She found the work so sat-



HARVARD'S HYNDMAN
Humanity v. machinery.



DARTMOUTH'S REICH
Alternatives for making it.



BERKELEY'S MCGUIRE
Subversion with love.

ly he browses through a red plastic-bound copy of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*—in Chinese.

Hyndman's interest in the meeting of East and West began in junior high school, when he wrote a paper on the Gandhara art of India. Last summer he studied Chinese at Vermont's Middlebury College; there he met some South Vietnamese who opened his eyes to the cultural differences between the U.S. and Asia. By the time the U.S. began the heavy bombing of North Viet Nam, Hyndman was thoroughly disenchanted with the nation's war policy. He is now firmly convinced that U.S. military power offers the South Vietnamese "a worse alternative than Viet Cong control." From his study of Asian history, he believes that the Vietnamese and Chinese are natural enemies—which to him means that the U.S. could safely abandon the war without fear of a Maoist takeover.

Nonetheless, Hyndman is no hot-blooded activist. He considered the act

ply as: "It's humanity v. machinery—and human life v. death." In campus terms, Hyndman considers himself a rebel rather than a revolutionary. "Revolution," he says, "involves the same crimes as your tormentor's."

DARTMOUTH: The Tiniest B.M.O.C.

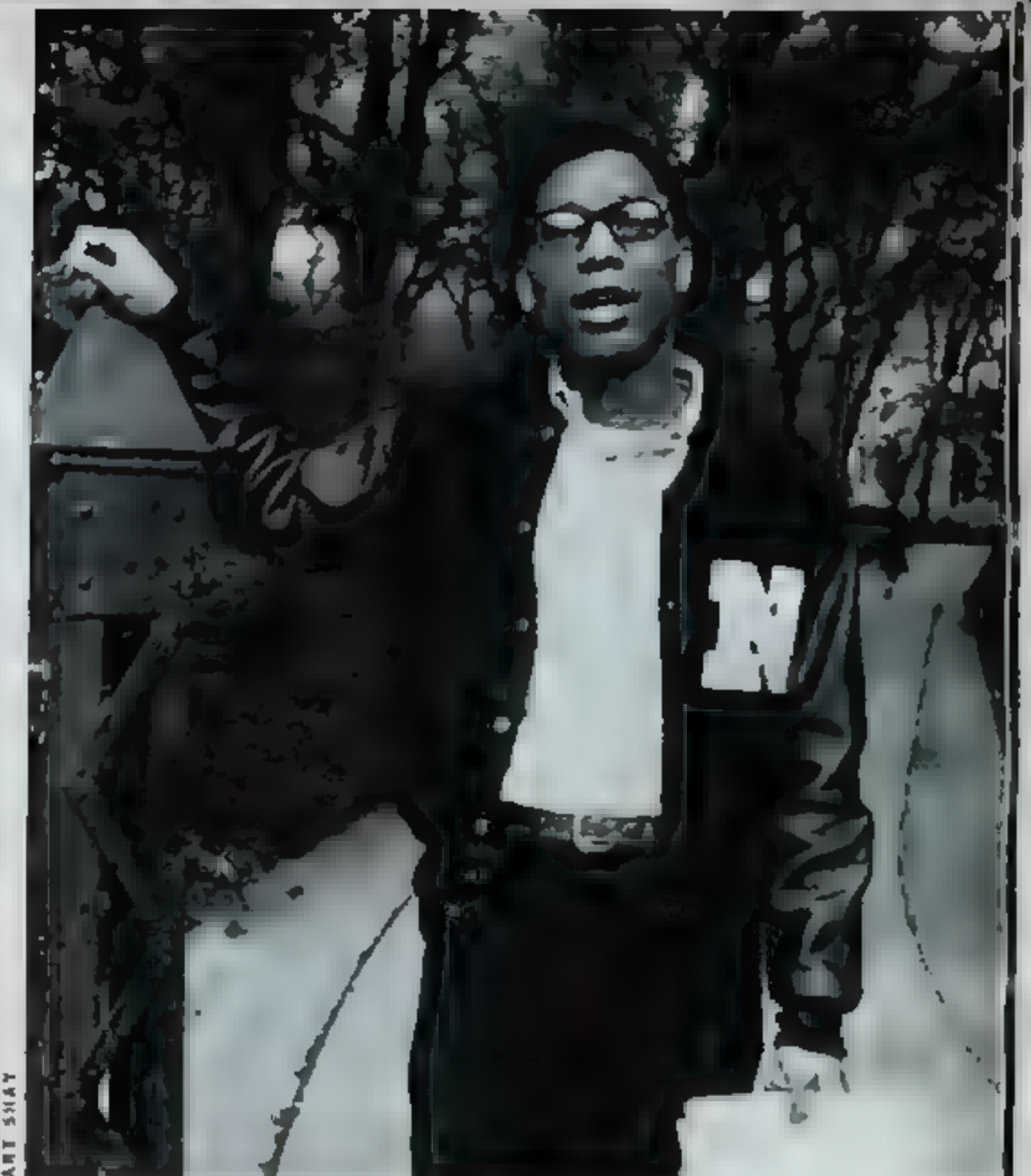
Except for his height (a tiny 4 ft. 9 in.), Dartmouth's Robert Reich could easily be taken for the classic Big Man On Campus. From a Republican family in New York's affluent Westchester County, he racked up a succession of A's in college, won a Rhodes scholarship, wrote and starred in campus plays, headed the student government. Yet he is in total rebellion against what he calls "status quo-ism: the feeling that order and status quo are the most important things—in the ghetto, in South-east Asia and everywhere."

Reich feels that his age group has been under tremendous pressure to excel in scholarship ever since Sputnik. But "all of a sudden, somewhere in there

paign, recruiting students in five states for the cause.

The key to his class, Reich says, is its accent on "a new kind of humanism—not a selfish kind of humanism, but a kind of privatism—and a new ethic of simply being extremely sensitive to other people rather than loyal to an abstract group." And, as applied to world politics, such an ethic means that "old-fashioned patriotism or chauvinism—my country right or wrong—is extremely dangerous. We have to get over our fear of Communism or any other isms." Domestically, it means "putting the political decisions back down where people are—making more room for self-initiative and creativity."

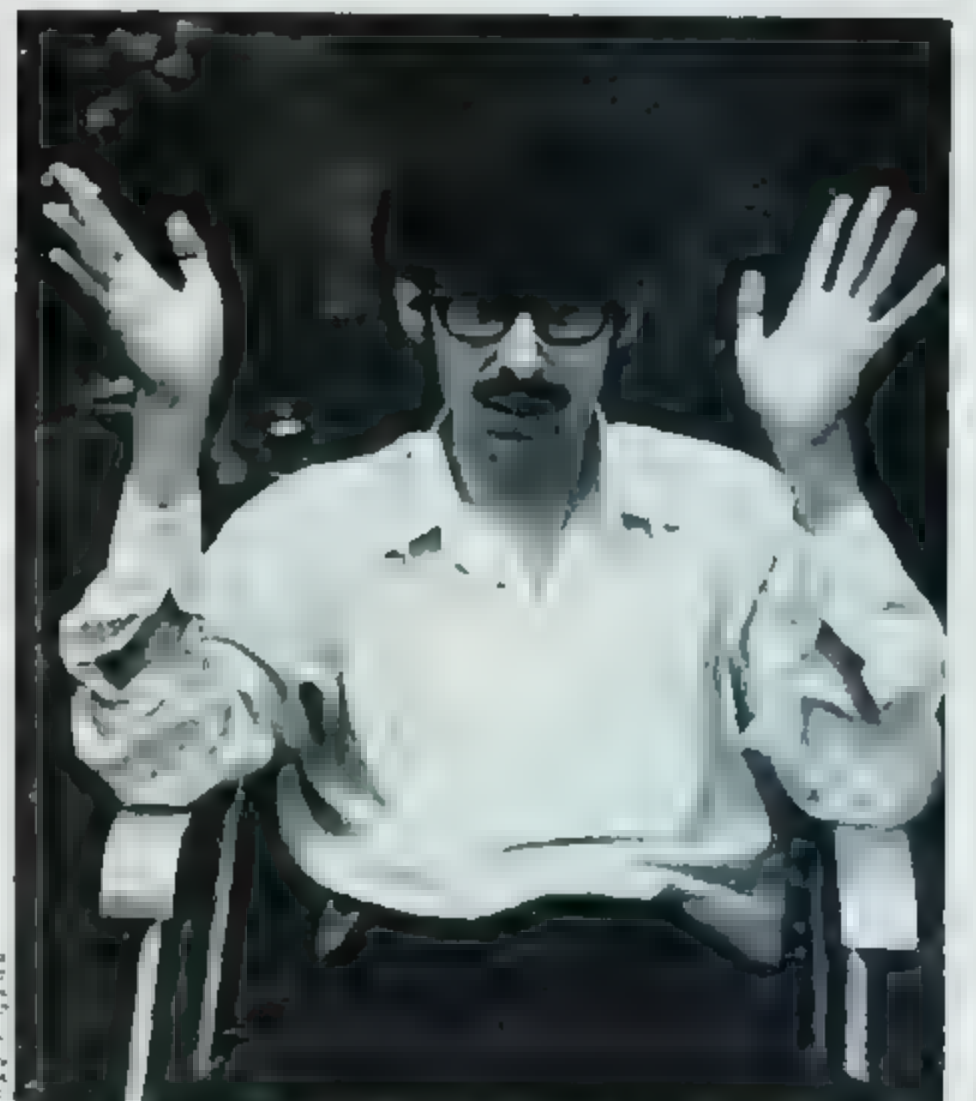
Reich contends that there are two reactions to a "society geared to inhumanity—creation or destruction. Destruction is the choice when creation is impossible. That's what I see the Class of '68 choosing in Paris and at Columbia." He hopes to work for change creatively through either law or teach-



NORTHWESTERN'S FORD



WHEATON'S STEVENS



COLUMBIA'S SHAPIRO
A foot in each view



A VISIT TO OUR BOTTLING house by Mr. Tom Motlow brings to mind how he helped win a gold medal for Jack Daniel's whiskey.

Before he became Lynchburg's banker, Mr. Tom worked some at his Uncle Jack's distillery. And it was Mr. Tom who persuaded his uncle to put his whiskey in competition at the 1904 World's Fair. He even helped bottle the case that was entered. As it turned out, Mr. Jack left St. Louis with the gold medal in his pocket. So, even before he went to the bank, Mr. Tom had a way of picking the good risks over the bad.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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isfying that she spent two of her college summers living and working full time in the slums of Hartford.

"Maybe what we're doing in Roxbury smacks a little too much of white paternalism," she says now. "And if the blacks don't want me, I guess that's O.K. But seeing so many white people who just don't care is also frustrating—and it's inexcusable." She recalls helping break up a knife fight between two Negro girls in Hartford one day, partying at Belle Haven the next. "When two worlds are as far apart as the slums of Hartford and the Connecticut suburbs," she says, "something is wrong."

Liz would like to help bridge those two worlds as a social worker, has been accepted for graduate study at the Columbia School of Social Work. She admires those of her generation—including both of her two older sisters—who have joined the Peace Corps. But she expresses the consensus of her class in insisting that there is a more urgent need for service in U.S. cities. Even the suburbs need help, she adds wryly: "A lot of white suburban society is sick."

COLUMBIA: Poetic Revolutionary

Shortly after the second massive police raid at Morningside Heights, David Shapiro, 21, walked into the office of the Columbia College dean, ripped up his new Phi Beta Kappa certificate, and said: "I'm ashamed of this university." A self-styled "fellow traveler" of the S.D.S., Shapiro is also a poet who writes of the need for tenderness and love in life and insists that "wonderful things can still happen in this country." The son of a Newark physician, he played violin under Leopold Stokowski at 16, had his first book of poems (*January*) published as a college freshman; he has written a play, a short novel and an opera, this spring won the university's prestigious Kellett fellowship for graduate study. Shapiro's Jewish grandfather emigrated from Russia to avoid both the draft and the pogroms; David says that if his draft board calls him, he might leave the country rather than serve.

Shapiro believes that U.S. society tries to put people into one-dimensional motivational grooves. "We've all been brought up on *Tootle*, the children's tale in which baby locomotives are told to stay on the tracks no matter what; don't go off to look at the buttercups, don't take short cuts to race with the stallions. The struggle is for each man to live up to his own conscience, even if it is under continual pressure to go to sleep. The whole world is being divided into those that are participating in the waking up and those that would massage and tranquilize."

To adults who criticize the tactics students employed at Columbia, Shapiro asks: "What are the techniques that the liberals are suggesting? I don't hear them in a time of crisis. I think one



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA COMMENCEMENT
And, ultimately, perhaps the most promising.

thing that youth has on its side is a feeling of crisis. Most of the intellectuals in this country have abdicated their critical role or are being sentimentalists. Robert Lowell may march on the Pentagon, but then he goes off to tea parties. This is sentimentalism. How can you use your ends to justify your means? Well, as my philosophy teacher used to say, what else can you possibly use to justify your means? There's nothing else."

The trouble with Columbia, Shapiro claims, is that "instead of [being] a place where creativity was admired, it was a place where clarity and discursiveness were admired. It was a place that stilled your voice. I felt I was in a prison in which the bars only receded, never dissolved. I could almost physically feel it, here in this university with its iron gates keeping the community out." But since the demonstrations, he says, "I have a new kind of faith in myself. It's like going from death to life. I'm becoming more alive. I'm able to be more tender toward people I love."

Instant Democracy. The tone of these youthful voices—strident and self-confident, proud and often contemptuous—naturally grates on the ears of their elders. And the questions students raise create in turn a further question: Can you trust anyone under 30? Some of the men who have taught the Class of '68 have their doubts; they wonder whether so much youthful passion might lead to nothing more than an expense of spirit in a waste of shame. Cornell Economics Professor Alfred E. Kahn applauds the new social concern of this class but sees "impatience and intellectual arrogance" in much of the demand for "instant democracy." Williams' Dean John Hyde questions some of this generation's motives and asserts that many use a moral position as a façade for self-interest.

A more common complaint is that while the graduates may be guided by lofty ideals, they offer no pragmatic pro-

grams. They are basically indecisive. "They can't command and they won't obey," says Wallace Markfield, novelist and English professor at San Francisco State. As for their demands for student power, Notre Dame Sociology Professor Robert Hassenger whimsically suggests that universities ought to draw straws and let students run the school that loses. "It would be a shambles," he says. Others wonder whether some of today's moralistic, activist students are really willing to work at either an education or a productive job. Many students freely admit that they are tormented by the fear of losing their compassion—and their passion—a few years after graduation.

But whom can the nation trust, if not its young? Moreover, there are better reasons than sheer necessity for faith in the Class of '68. It is far ahead of the graduates of a decade ago in command of the skills that can make a society work. It is self-propelled and world-wise beyond its years. So rapidly has youth matured, says Northwestern Dean of Students Roland J. Hinz, that if Booth Tarkington were writing *Seventeen* today, he would have to call it *Eleven*.

Above all, perhaps, this generation of students has an instinct for humanity that may help redress what many of their elders concede is an imbalance in American life. Sociologist Edgar Friedenberg, one of the nation's most perceptive analysts of campus culture and a fond admirer of student activists, nevertheless warns that "a society in which intensity of feelings becomes a major driving force can be a frightening prospect." But so, of course, can a society in which feeling is frustrated and human hopes nullified by outmoded tradition or law, a situation that students cannot and will not accept. The spirit of '68 is at times uncomfortable and uncouth. It may also turn out to be the most creative ferment ever to disturb the college campuses.

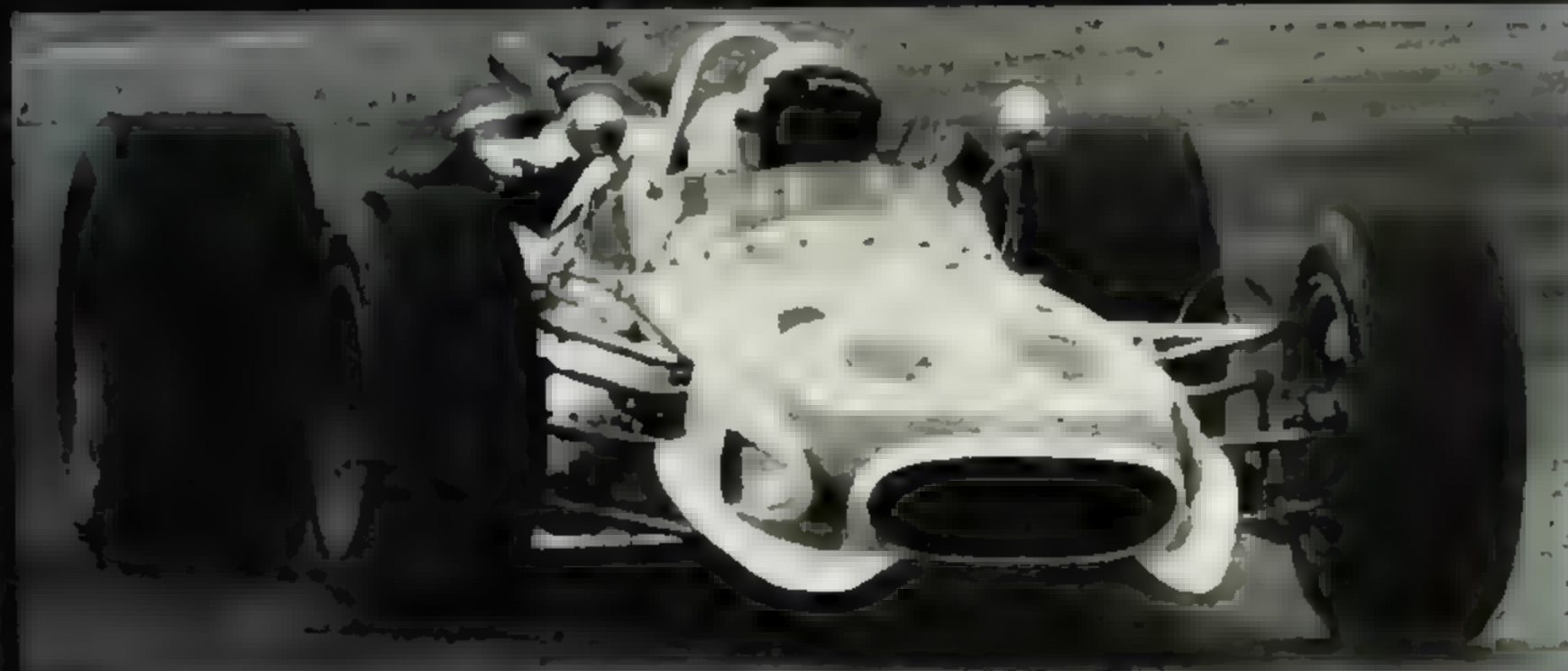
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| Atlanta Motor Speedway | Firestone 11—Others 6 |
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BUSINESS

FRANCE

Ordeal at Home,

Uncertainty Abroad

Both internally and internationally, the economic impact of France's upheaval might be of more lasting importance than the political. The Fifth Republic—and, indeed, even De Gaulle—may survive, but no matter what course events take it seems certain that France's economy is in for a long ordeal. The general workers' strike sapped French industry of more than \$100 million a day in output—and this at a time when it was already showing signs of stagnation. France's growth rate, which climbed above 7% in the early 1960s, last year ebbed to 3.75%. The De Gaulle government had high hopes of increasing the figure to at least 5% in 1968. Now France will be lucky to achieve real growth of 4% in the entire year.

Still more cause for concern is the likely inflationary impact of any settlement. The package negotiated by Premier Georges Pompidou—and rejected by most of the nation's striking workers—included an increase in the minimum wage from 44¢ to 60¢ an hour, a 10% general pay increase for all workers in private industry, a 40-hour week (v. an average 46.3 hours now), and improved social security medical benefits. That settlement would cost at least a total of \$3 billion, but the strikers wanted more.

Special Taxes. Whatever they finally get, the cost will certainly aggravate French industry's already tight profit squeeze. The workers were largely justified in their demands, since their wages lag behind those in every other Common Market country except Italy. But despite its relatively low payrolls, French industry, plagued by inefficiencies in production and distribution, has yielded slender profit margins. State-owned Renault, for example, earns less than a 1% return on sales, compared with 5% for West Germany's Volkswagen. Compagnie Française des Pétroles works on a 4.5% profit margin v. 8.6% for Royal Dutch/Shell.

To keep profits from vanishing altogether, any wage hike of the magnitude demanded by France's workers must be followed by a round of price increases. Higher price tags on French goods, together with a big increase in consumer income, would swell imports and cut exports at a time when the country has already run into balance of payments difficulties. The French payments surplus, which amounted to \$286 million in 1966, dwindled to nothing last year; even before the crisis, France was expecting to run a slight deficit this year.

France's payments position stands to

get an additional jolt on July 1, when the Common Market is due to abolish all remaining tariffs on trade between member nations. At the same time, the Market is scheduled to introduce uniform external tariffs, which will promptly be reduced in accordance with Kennedy Round agreements. This figures to hurt France, since it presently enjoys some of the highest tariff levels of any of the six Common Market members. Elimination of all tariffs within

and consider giving industry new tax relief.

A Good Thing. The crisis eroded confidence in the franc. In Europe, tourists who wanted to exchange French currency had trouble finding buyers, wound up paying far more than the official rate. On the London market, the price of the franc dipped as low as 19.80 U.S. cents, well beneath the exchange rate of 20.225 cents. Intervening in order to prop up the price, the Banque de France instructed the Swiss-based Bank for International Settlements and the New York Federal Reserve System to buy up francs in its behalf.

The initial flight from the French franc, mostly into West German marks and Swiss francs, was not as widespread as it might have been. One reason was that relatively few French francs were in foreign hands. The real danger came from Frenchmen, some of whom were already carrying suitcases filled with francs across the border to sell in Switzerland. Because of the shutdown of French banks, such activity was fairly limited. But once the banks reopen, there could be a rush to withdraw savings. Historically distrustful of their own currency, many Frenchmen began keeping their money in francs only after De Gaulle came to power in 1958. The current crisis could very well scare much of it back into foreign currencies.

Faced with that prospect, the De Gaulle government slapped tight restrictions on the movement



RENAULT WORKERS HEAR TERMS OF SETTLEMENT OFFER
So many specters in the house.

the Market, meanwhile, will completely open French borders to the goods of such powerful trading partners as West Germany and Italy—which, in view of the current situation, leads to fears that France may try to maintain its tariffs past next month's deadline.

Even if it goes along with the upcoming tariff cuts, France could still adopt a protectionist course by imposing a special tax on imports. A more conventional cure for inflationary troubles, of course, would be a tax increase to sop up demand. But France's taxes are already high, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to raise them without making Frenchmen even more restive. Indeed, the De Gaulle government has promised to cut income taxes

of private capital—both francs and gold—out of the country. With traffic in francs thus curbed, France called off its efforts to support the currency in Europe. But the Federal Reserve Board at week's end was still buying francs at Paris' behest, and France obviously was going to be forced to dip deeper into its substantial reserves—including \$5 billion in gold, \$1 billion in dollars—if the run on its currency worsened. That not only ruled out the likelihood of any further French-government raids on Washington's gold stock, but also meant that some French-held gold might even find its way back to the U.S. Any inflationary upsurge in the French economy, meanwhile, would help spruce up trade figures of West Germany—

which already accounts for 19.2% of France's total imports—as well as those of Britain and the U.S. Thus, said David Rockefeller, president of New York's Chase Manhattan Bank, on a visit to Brussels, a French trade deficit might even be "a good thing for the dollar in the long run."

Devaluation? Clouded by uncertainty, world gold markets were nonetheless calm, with prices for the metal closing out the week below their record levels. Yet the danger to monetary stability was far from over. There remained a good chance, for example, that individual Frenchmen would start exchanging their francs for gold rather than foreign currency, thereby jeopardizing the two-tier price gold system by driving the free-market price farther above the \$35-per-oz. official price. More ominous still was the possibility that inflation and a persistent trade deficit could eventually force France to devalue the franc. Increasing French exports and slowing down imports could play havoc within the Common Market, force other countries to devalue their own currencies and put added pressure on the competitive positions of both the U.S. and Britain.

France's large reserves, which conceivably could be used to finance balance of payments deficits for several years, mean that devaluation, while a possibility at any time, may yet be avoided. It all depends on how effectively France manages to put its economic house in order, and that will require, in particular, a sorely needed modernization of an industrial system that has long been overprotected and underproductive. Thus, even when France is well away from the brink of political chaos, its government will have another, equally delicate task ahead.



DAVID ROCKEFELLER

Some U.S. gold might even come home.

WALL STREET

Peace with New York, War with Washington

Wall Street fairly shuddered two years ago when Mayor John Lindsay urged a 50% increase in New York's stock-transfer tax. Brokers protested that the tax was already unfair to out-of-state investors, who account for 70% of the New York Stock Exchange's \$130 billion annual business. Warning that any increase would be "misguided, shortsighted and self-defeating," the Big Board dropped plans to build a new \$80 million headquarters in Manhattan, threatened to move lock, stock and trading booths out of the state.

Though Lindsay's proposed increase was later trimmed to 25% in the state legislature, the Big Board was ready to make up with the Big Town only last week. Following legislation of a tax compromise, Exchange President Robert Haack announced that a search for a new site in Manhattan was being "expedited." Under the new measure, New Yorkers will continue to pay the current tax—1½¢ to 5¢ a share, depending on share prices—but out-of-state stock sellers can look forward to a 50% cut in the tax over a five-year period beginning in mid-1969. The new law also scraps a rising tax rate on big sales in favor of a flat \$350 tax on those of 7,000 shares or more.

Cost of the Contretemps. If the recent surge in market trading continues, the city will lose little if any stock-transfer tax revenue, which has grown from \$166 million in fiscal 1967 to \$242 million this year. For the Big Board, the cost of the contretemps may be considerable but bearable. Estimates are that the \$80 million complex that it scrapped two years ago would cost at least \$20 million more today.

Peace was hardly concluded with the city when another round opened in the exchange's bout with Washington over brokerage commissions. The Securities and Exchange Commission issued a strong "recommendation" that the Big Board modify its commission structure to provide "volume discounts" for large transactions by mid-September. Currently, the broker's fee in a 1,000-share transaction is ten times that of a 100-share deal, even though the cost of executing the orders is the same.

Itself under pressure from the Justice Department, which questions the exchange's right to set commissions in the first place, the SEC wants the Big Board to come up with "interim" reforms. Specifically, the Big Board can either trim its rates on transactions of more than 400 shares or do away with minimum commissions on deals involving \$50,000 or more, leaving it to brokers and high-volume customers to work out fees on their own. Whatever the exchange does, it faces its next battle next month, when the SEC opens long-awaited hearings on permanent changes in commission practices.



CORA WALKER IN CO-OP

No soul without savvy.

ENTERPRISE

Helping Themselves

When she started scouting for loans to finance a community-owned supermarket early last year, Harlem's Cora T. Walker could hardly complain about discrimination. White banks, local anti-poverty agencies and well-to-do Negroes were equally uninterested. "We had no assets and no balance sheets," she explains, "and my board of directors couldn't give any personal guarantees." But before long, Miss Walker and the 16-member board of the Harlem River Consumers Cooperative found a hidden asset—in the fact that the people they were trying to help were willing to help themselves.

This week, with the backing of some 2,500 Negroes who have invested \$152,000 in the project, Walker & Co. will open Harlem's first cooperative supermarket. Located in Esplanade Gardens Cooperative, a middle-income apartment complex, the moderate-sized (10,000 sq. ft.) store will be the chief market not only for the 1,870-apartment development but also for surrounding tenement blocks. Its key asset, however, will be its owner-customers, some of whom were enlisted by teen-agers selling \$5 shares. The co-op, says Miss Walker, 42, a practicing Harlem attorney, is the first Harlem store in which "the community has a vested interest."

Cash Rebate. That interest is green as well as black. The supermarket aims to reward its customers with an annual cash rebate on their purchases (perhaps \$50 for every \$1,000 worth of goods bought) and, eventually, dividends on their stock. There will be other returns as well. The store promises to create 50 new jobs, outdo local chain stores in offering such "ethnic appeal" items as chitlins and hog maws. Far more important in an area whose residents insist that they are being gouged by white

WHY U.S. HOUSING COSTS TOO MUCH

THE U.S. has long prided itself on being the best-housed nation in human history. Now, that standing is jeopardized by the soaring cost of homes and apartments. Only last year, according to one recent survey, the cost of housing jumped 10% in most areas of the U.S. "Housing prices are going up faster than people's ability to pay," warns Walter Hoadley, senior vice president and economist of the Bank of America. "The demand for housing is on a collision course with rising costs."

Recognizing that trend, President Johnson in February created a Cabinet Committee on Price Stability to delve into industries "which are a persistent source of inflationary pressure." Foremost among these was construction. The President acted after his Council of Economic Advisers warned that building costs were getting out of step with the economy "by a substantial margin." Construction wages have risen faster than those of other industrial workers, complained the CEA, "while improvement in practices and techniques has lagged seriously."

Boston pipe fitters recently signed a three-year contract calling for annual pay increases of 18%, to \$7.54 an hour. Last week in Detroit, carpenters were on strike for a 35% increase in pay and fringes, to \$8.07 an hour, while striking bricklayers demanded a 42% raise, to \$9.02. Despite a decade-old pledge by the AFL-CIO to end make-work practices in construction, union locals are still getting away with restrictions on such labor-saving devices as paint sprayers and power saws and nailers. In Los Angeles, builders who use air compressors pay an operating engineer \$5.59 an hour to do nothing but turn the machine on and off.

While pay scales are a major factor, housing's cost problem reaches far beyond wages. The \$24 billion industry has been fettered for decades by myriad little, mostly local ties that bind it to old-fashioned methods and an archaic organization. Each strand of that web reinforces the others—enormously inflating the price of the final product.

A notorious source of housing-cost inflation is local building codes, which often outlaw new materials and methods. Factory-assembled plumbing can save builders \$200 per house, but hundreds of localities forbid it. Around Chicago, builders generally must string electric wiring inside half-inch metal pipes instead of nonmetallic sheathed cable. The extra cost: \$150 per house. Pittsburgh's Ryan Homes sells a three-bedroom house for \$19,300 in one suburb, but is forced to charge \$3,000 more for an almost identical model a few miles away.

"We have created such an unholy mess of regulations that our building efficiency has been seriously impaired," says Manhattan Architect William B. Tabler, a code authority. The chaotic diversity among 5,000 local codes has become more costly than their wasteful specifications. There are 85 different codes in the Chicago area, 40 around Cleveland, 30 in Greater Minneapolis-St. Paul. They prevent builders from reaping economies of scale, force dealers to tie up capital while stocking too many sizes of lumber and other materials, inhibit innovations by architects and engineers. "Can you imagine mass-producing autos to conform with standards varying from one city to another?" asks U.S. Under Secretary of Commerce Howard J. Samuels. "The U.S. used mass production to make autos at prices people can afford, but has failed to do the same for one of man's most basic needs, decent shelter."

Zoning and planning contribute to higher costs in a particularly controversial fashion. Countless localities use these two tools to upgrade lot sizes, demand large and costly roads, debatable underground improvements and sometimes even rigid siting of houses on lots. Suburbanites generally contend that such requirements help preserve the amenity of their neighborhoods. Critics charge that the restrictions are concocted to exclude unwanted families and prevent an influx of children from swamping public schools and fore-

ing higher realty taxes. Almost everybody agrees that such "fiscal zoning" keeps house prices high.

The largest contributor to housing's skyrocketing cost is the price of land. In 1945, land accounted for only 12% of the price of an average house and lot; today land constitutes 22% of the total. The National Association of Home Builders figures that the price of land has risen by 15% a year for the past six years. Says Miami Realty Broker Jo Nell Nilsson: "Land we couldn't sell for \$2,500 an acre three years ago is now going for \$4,450." A dominant cause of inflated land prices is the U.S. system of local realty taxes. Vacant land is generally subject to light levies, compared with developed property. Financially strong speculators can therefore afford to hold out for top prices, meantime writing off the realty tax bill on their income tax returns. In search of cheaper sites, builders naturally leapfrog farther away from cities; in turn, this creates a need for new schools, roads, sewer and water lines. Ultimately, housing consumers pay for the suburban sprawl through higher rents or taxes.

For decades, the Federal Government has largely ignored all these fundamental causes of rising housing costs. Instead, it has concentrated on making overpricing more palatable through easier FHA and VA terms for home buyers and direct subsidies for the growing portion of the population unable to afford decent shelter without them. Now the emphasis is beginning to change. Says former Illinois Senator Paul Douglas, chairman of President Johnson's National Commission on Urban Problems: "I don't think the system is right. Almost one-half of American society is priced out of new housing." Douglas has become a champion of building-code reform. The obvious need is for uniform national standards, and Douglas recently warned that "the Federal Government will have to step in and do the job" if private enterprise fails.

Both the Defense Department and the Department of Housing and Urban Development are planning to let substantial contracts to test new technology that may cut building costs by as much as 15%. In Detroit, Contractor H. Fred Campbell persuaded both building inspectors and labor unions to ease some of their rules to help him start a \$400,000 project in the largely Negro inner city. Partly by using new techniques, Campbell expects to offer a one-bedroom apartment for \$80-a-month rent, well below that of competitive units. In South Bend, Ind., Home Builder Andrew Place has just sold a three-bedroom FHA house for \$10,900, nearly \$3,000 less than the price of any other new home in the area.

As an experiment, FHA recently backed inexpensive houses built by half a dozen manufacturers of mobile homes. Guerdon Industries came up with a two-bedroom, one-bath model, 12 ft. wide and 46 ft. long, that sells for a mere \$4,210 in Ashburn, Ga. To keep the price that low, the city relaxed its requirements for street paving and foundations and FHA waived a few of its ordinary minimum standards.

In another approach, the Senate last week passed and sent to the House a \$5 billion bill aimed at, among other things, improving conditions in riot-torn cities by tripling output of subsidized housing for the poor. Soaring costs, to which subsidies themselves would contribute, can make that goal harder to reach; they can also dim the Johnson Administration's hope of almost doubling housing production to 2.6 million units a year within a decade.

For the overwhelming majority of U.S. citizens who pay the full cost of their housing, it should be welcome news that the reasons for high prices are beginning to be recognized. For states and localities, whose shortcomings have helped create the problem, as well as for all segments of the private building industry, Washington's move toward an assault on costs presents a challenge as well as an opportunity to do all that can be done to make the price right.



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storeowners, the supermarket's prices will reflect the scant buying power of its customers.

The Harlem River group is following a concept long familiar elsewhere, particularly in white rural America, where cooperatives have long supplied services ranging from credit to electric power. Lately, the idea has won enthusiasm in the ghettos. Following last summer's riot, some 50 rudimentary "buying clubs" appeared in Detroit, at first merely to provide food in short supply after existing stores were burned or looted clean. One such venture, called Community Consumer Co-op, Inc., has now made plans to open a neighborhood dairy store.

Whimsical Inventory. Many such ventures soon expire from a sad lack of managerial experience. Begun with much enthusiasm three years ago, San Francisco's Hunter's Point Co-op was underfinanced and ill-managed, soon encountered gaps in its shelves as well as in its clientele. Last month Safeway Stores rescued it from near bankruptcy, moved in to revamp its whimsical inventory, which included a \$3,000 supply of imported wines. In Los Angeles a similar post-Watts effort called the "Unity Market" is now just a memory. Says Watts's Rev. James Hargett: "It's a bad thing for black people to think they can run a supermarket just on soul."

When soul is combined with business savvy, however, the results can be most rewarding. Manhattan's Morning-side Heights Consumers Cooperative, not far from Harlem, has been going strong for nearly a decade. Last year it returned its members, 50% of them Negroes and Puerto Ricans, a 4.8% cash rebate and an astonishing 12% dividend on their \$25-a-share stock.

NATURAL RESOURCES

The \$100 Million Run

Houston's Gulf Sulphur Corp. until a year ago was a \$10.7 million-a-year operation that depended entirely on sulphur production in Mexico. Then President Robert H. Allen, 40, a lanky (6 ft. 4 in.) onetime Texas A. & M. distance runner, long-strided his way into the merger derby. Today, renamed Gulf Resources & Chemical Corp., Allen's company is a broadly based natural-resources producer with an annual sales rate of over \$100 million. Explains Allen: "We did not want to be a company with a single mineral."

Gulf Resources' unusual growth is the result of two mergers. First, Allen paid out \$18.5 million in stock to acquire Lithium Corp. of America, a New York-based mineral and chemical concern. He next made a tender offer for shares in far bigger Bunker Hill Co., an \$83.2 million-a-year Idaho mining and smelting company. Bunker Hill spurned Allen's overtures, began dickering with two other prospective partners. Undeterred, Allen coolly bought

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up its stock on the open market, by last February had a commanding 36% interest. The battle of Bunker Hill over, shareholders of the two companies last week approved a \$60 million stock swap that made the Idaho company a subsidiary of Gulf Resources.

Its acquisition of Lithium Corp. of America made Gulf Resources, in a single stroke, one of the world's largest producers of lithium, a superlight metal that, in various forms, is used in such disparate products as laundry bleach, synthetic rubber and swimming-pool disinfectant. Lithium Corp. also has a stake in a venture to extract potash and other minerals from Utah's Great Salt Lake. Bunker Hill, meanwhile, is one of the U.S.'s biggest producers of zinc, lead and silver. By acquiring it, Gulf Resources also strength-

erals, Gulf Resources has also been minimizing its dependence on foreign-based facilities. As a result of its mergers, 80% of the company's assets are now located in the U.S.

AIRLINES

Out of the Wastelands And Around the World

Winter-grown green peppers, grapes and watermelons from Lebanon now reach dinner tables in London almost as rapidly as in Beirut. They get to Covent Garden, where the melons fetch 50¢, v. 8¢ in a Lebanese bazaar, by means of cargo planes and because of the sagacity of a 40-year-old Lebanese with some slick trading talents.

Fourteen years ago, Munir Abu-Haidar founded Trans-Mediterranean Air-



SULPHUR FACILITY IN VERACRUZ

Victory in the battle of Bunker Hill.

ened its profit position, since Bunker Hill had earnings last year of \$4.19 million compared with \$3.81 million for its new parent company.

Price of Popularity. For Gulf Resources, profits of any amount are a relatively recent phenomenon. Founded in 1956 and armed with a concession for mining sulphur in the Mexican state of Veracruz, the company produced too little and borrowed too much, found itself deep in debt. When Allen, a former certified public accountant who had joined the company soon after its founding, became its president in 1960, he paid off the debts with company stock, brought in a new production man to raise sulphur output above the break-even point. Within a year, the company showed its first profit.

Allen's impatience with a single product does not mean that sulphur is unprofitable. On the contrary, a phenomenal growth in demand—with nearly half of total U.S. production going into fertilizers—has sent sulphur prices soaring. But sulphur's very popularity threatens to deplete low-cost minable deposits. By diversifying into other min-

ways as a creaky charter service linking Beirut with neighboring wastelands where oil was being scouted. Today the line flies not only to England and the European Continent, but also to Bombay, Karachi, Tokyo and Taipei. Last year its planes logged 34 million ton-miles, 41% more than the previous year. Last week Abu-Haidar was negotiating for the lease of two 707 jets, with which he hopes to increase his ton-mileage to 50 million.

Friendly Firing. Like much of the modern business in the Middle East, Trans-Med was born because of the oil industry. Abu-Haidar, graduating from the American University of Beirut, decided against a career in medicine, went to work as a junior clerk for the Arabian American Oil Co. He was eventually named head of the transportation department, given the job of providing food and equipment for Aramco crews prospecting along the Persian Gulf. Trucks carrying the supplies either bogged down in the desert or were stopped by tribesmen; ships sometimes went aground. Abu-Haidar decided to switch to airplanes but Aramco, while



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ALLEN



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(THE SMOOTH SCOTCH)



ABU-HAIDAR RIDING IN BEIRUT
Everything from dynamite to chickens.

interested, was unwilling to get too deeply into aviation.

Abu-Haidar solved that by arranging to be fired in friendly fashion. With \$600 in severance pay, he flew to London with a letter of intent from Aramco to use his nonexistent air-charter service. With that credential, he arranged the lease of an aging four-engine York, the transport version of England's Lancaster bomber of World War II. Operating out of a one-room office in Beirut, Abu-Haidar was soon getting charter business not only from Aramco but from other oil companies as well. He leased three additional Yorks, manned them with former R.A.F. flyers who knew the region from wartime service. Trans-Med hauled heavy machinery and baby chickens, dynamite and guns. "Weapons to me," says Abu-Haidar today, "are the same as pieces of lumber. A European government charts one of my planes and asks me to haul rifles to Algeria. What do I do, let someone else have the business?"

Sentimental Values. The airline really came into its own when the 1956 war between Israel and the Arabs shut the Suez Canal. With Trans-Med planes available to bridge the gap, revenues quadrupled in one year to \$1,200,000. Abu-Haidar used the money to buy more planes. The Lebanese government cooperated by establishing a free-trade zone at the city's international airport, where goods could be warehoused or even partially processed. Business has consistently increased ever since, and the one-room office has given way to magnificent quarters downtown, where Abu-Haidar arrives at 8 each

TIME, JUNE 7, 1968

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New Issue May 29, 1968

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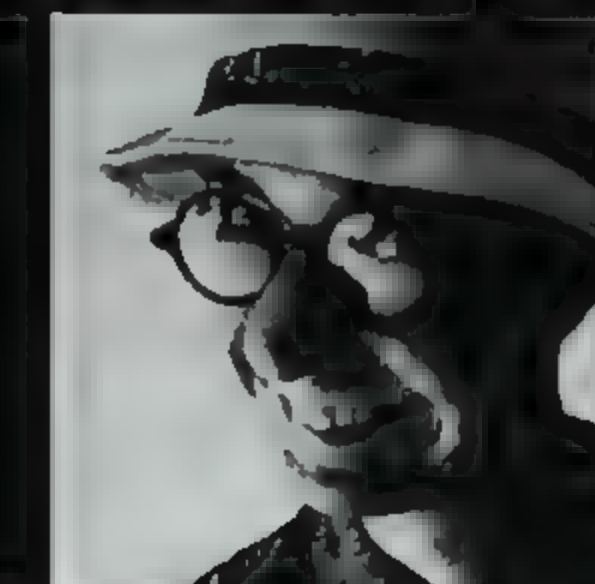
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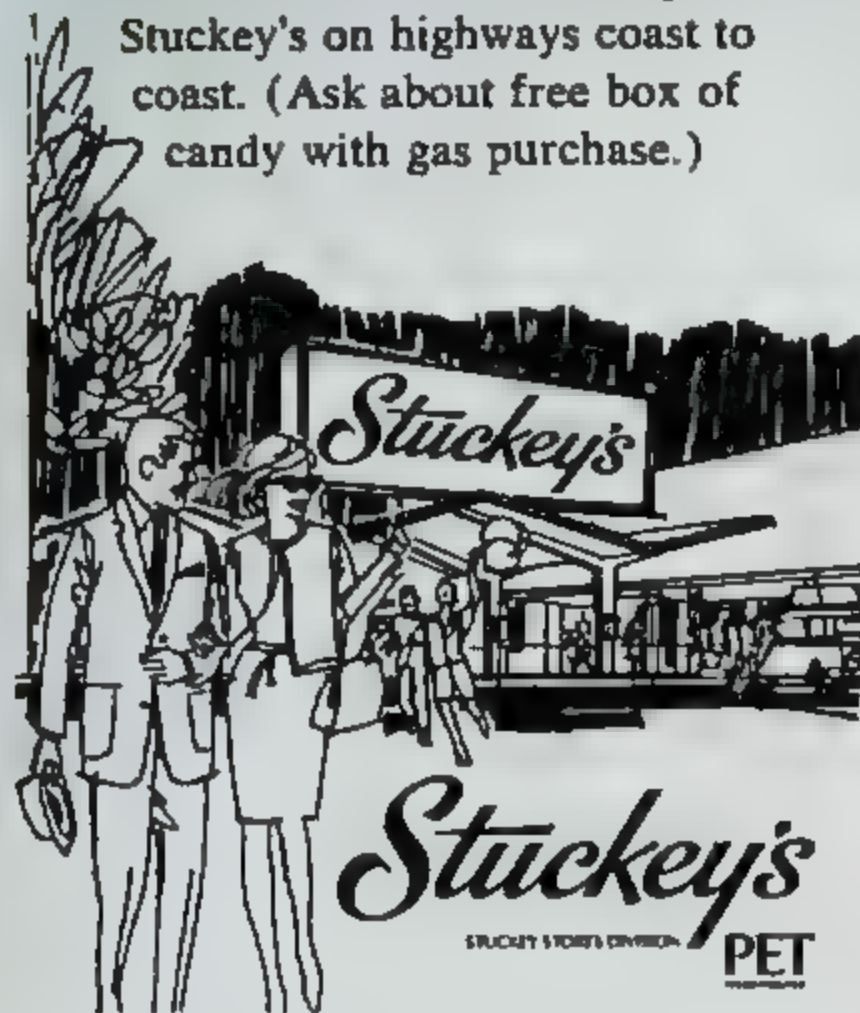
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Tender golden brown with all the fixin's, ready to go. Boxed to take or eat with us. Stop at Stuckey's on highways coast to coast. (Ask about free box of candy with gas purchase.)



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Doctors Find Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching,
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morning after a two-hour gallop on horseback outside the city.

Revenues last year reached \$15 million, but Abu-Haidar needs even more money if he is to fulfill his dream of a round-the-world cargo route. The run would include Los Angeles and New York; to get landing rights in those cities, Abu-Haidar would make a trade that would let Pan American bring its all-cargo service into Beirut. "If they don't agree," smiles Abu-Haidar, "there might be a certain delay in Pan Am's plans as far as Beirut is concerned."

MILESTONES

Born. To Princess Margrethe, 28, heiress to the Danish throne, and Prince Henrik, 33, the French-born former Count Henri de Monpezat: their first child, a son; in Copenhagen.

Died. William R. McAndrew, 53, director of NBC News since 1951, who devised the hugely successful concept of team news coverage (Huntley-Brinkley) and organized a 1,000-man army of network newsmen; of injuries received in a fall; in Bronxville, N.Y.

Died. C. Douglass Welch, 61, portly good-humor man, whose nationally syndicated column, "The Squirrel Cage," appeared in 32 newspapers around the country; of a heart attack; in Seattle. With a combination of humor and an acid pen, Welch attacked the wrongs of the world, created "Happy" Digby, whose bouts with small-town authority were followed by *Saturday Evening Post* readers for more than 14 years.

Died. Altaf Husain, 68, editor from 1945 to 1965 of Dawn, Pakistan's biggest English-language daily; of a heart attack; in Karachi. A longtime friend of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, founder of Pakistan, Husain was a neutralist in foreign affairs, in recent years had much to do with Pakistan's shift from the West towards stronger ties with Communist China and the Soviet Union.

Died. Jack Harding, 71, aviation pioneer whose single-engined Douglas biplane in 1924 was one of two to complete history's first round-the-world flight, of cancer; in La Jolla, Calif. "Magellans of the air" was what they called Harding and seven other Army aviators who took off from Seattle on April 6, 1924. Only Harding's plane and one other finished the trip after buzzing 26,345 miles in 363 flight hours.

Died. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian, 73, British naval hero, whose rescue of 300 seamen from the German prison ship *Altmark* in February 1940 was one of the few things Britons could cheer about that year; of a heart attack; in Newbury, England. After taking the destroyer *Cossack* into a Norwe-

gian fiord at night, Vian put her alongside the *Altmark*, then led his men aboard, crying "The navy is here!"

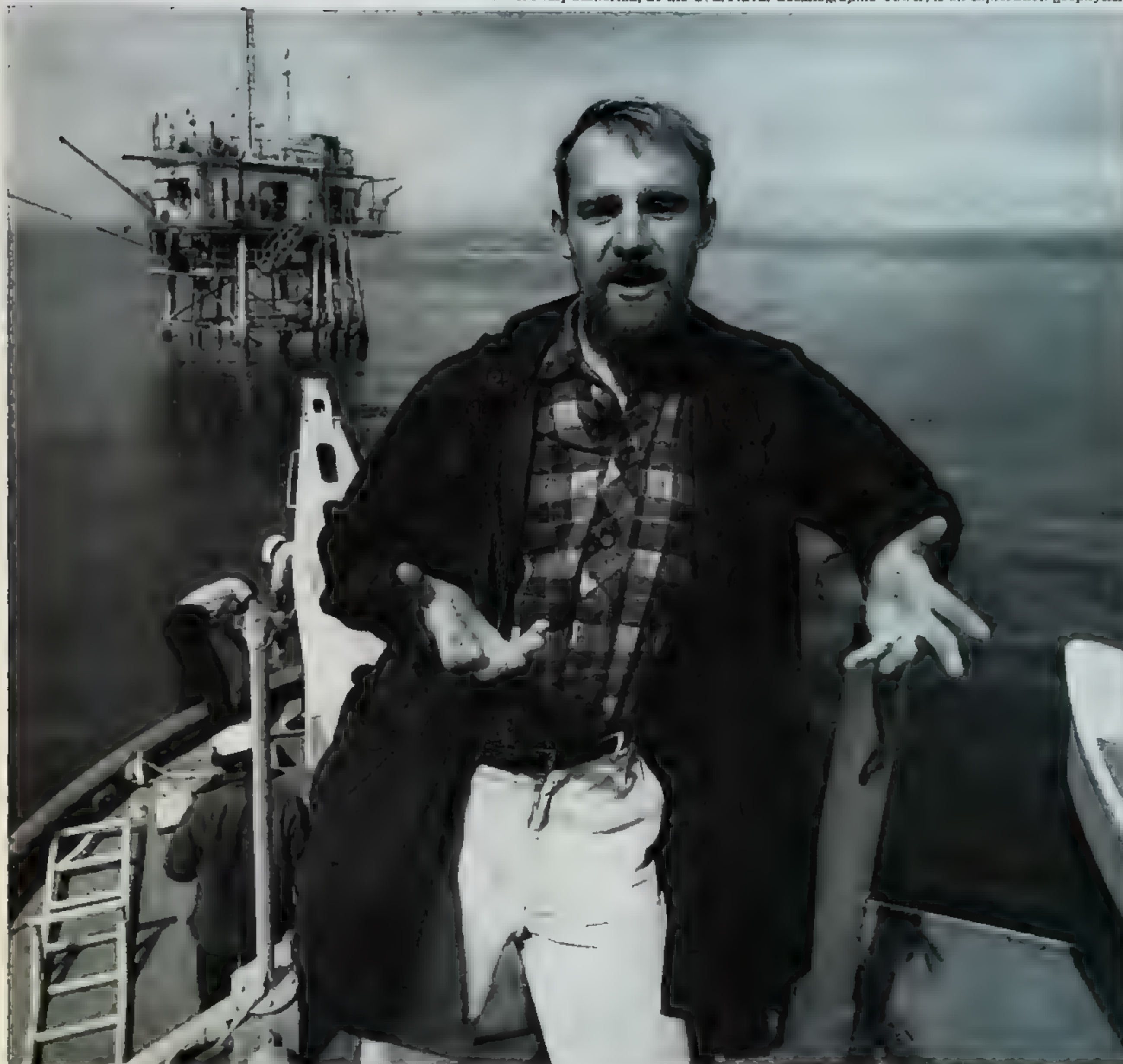
Died. Lenox R. Lohr, 76, president of NBC from 1936 to 1940, who then took over the faltering Chicago Museum of Science and Industry in 1940, and made it one of the world's most popular halls of science; of a heart attack; in Chicago. "A tragedy has occurred in our city," lamented a Chicago physicist on learning that the free-wheeling radioman was to head the museum. Yet Lohr gave the public everything from a working German U-boat to a pulsing 16-ft. model of the human heart—all of which drew a record 3,300,000 visitors to the museum last year.

Died. Major General Sir Stewart Menzies, 78, who ran Britain's Secret Intelligence Service (M.I.6) from 1939 to 1951; in London. Said to be a model for "M," the spy chief of James Bond novels, Menzies is conceded to have outwitted his Nazi counterparts—but not the Russians, who planted Turncoat Kim Philby in M.I.6's counter-intelligence section and compromised Britain's secrets until 1963, when Philby escaped to the Soviet Union.

Died. Helen Keller, 87, whose courageous struggle against blindness and deafness gave new hope to the handicapped (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Kees van Dongen, 91, Dutch-born painter, one of the earliest and wildest of Paris' turn-of-the-century Fauves (wild beasts); of pneumonia; in Monte Carlo. Along with his friends Georges Braque and Henri Matisse, Van Dongen rebelled against 19th century impressionism, filling his canvases with slashing brush strokes and raucous colors that enraged critics but fascinated gallerygoers; and while some of the other Fauves went on to cubism, Van Dongen settled for becoming court painter ("I paint the women slimmer and their jewels fatter") for the international set, turning out glittering portraits of such luminaries as the Aga Khan and King Leopold of Belgium.

John P. Greenhouse of Del Mar, California, at the U. S. Naval Oceanographic Tower, is an exploration geophysicist.



"Look, I'm just starting a career in oceanography.
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John P. Greenhouse talks it over with MONY man Walt Plegel

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ELECTRON GUN SLICING GRANITE

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SCIENCE

ELECTRONICS

Shooting Through Stone

The "bullets" it fires are so small and so light that they can be deflected by a single molecule of air. Even so, the new electron gun devised by Westinghouse Physicist Berthold Schumacher packs so much power that it can shoot its way through the world's hardest rock. It points the way for cheap and relatively simple tools for quarrying stone, mining minerals or even carving tunnels through mountains.

Schumacher obtains his electron projectiles by boiling them off a heated metal cathode. High-power electrical fields focus them into a narrow beam and boost them up to tremendous speeds—in much the same manner as electron beams are generated inside a TV picture tube. But Schumacher's gun has a special capability: its electron beam maintains its focus and power for a short distance after it squirts out of the gun barrel and into the atmosphere. In earlier experimental cutters the beam lost its power almost immediately in collisions with air molecules; the target material had to be placed inside a vacuum chamber along with the rest of the gun's components. And since the chamber's size was always limited, so was the size of the job it could handle.

Schumacher aims his electrons through a series of chambers from which pumps are continuously evacuating the air. By simply blowing a steady stream of inert gas past the final hole—the muzzle of the gun—he stops dirt and debris from being sucked back into the vacuum. No wider than a sixteenth of an inch, the electron beam, says Schumacher, can cut iron bars, granite blocks or slabs of concrete. Only requirement is that the gun be kept virtually on top of its target. From a half inch out, it can burrow up to four inches into the toughest stone in less than

a minute. It also works underwater, has no recoil, and does its job in uncanny quiet. With his 9-kw. laboratory model for a prototype, says Schumacher, he could easily build a 100-kw. version capable of cutting a wide electronic swath for a variety of industries.

GENETICS

Choosing the Sex of Rabbits

In the Middle Ages, women who wanted a boy baby were advised to avoid copulation during the dark of the moon and (while an abbot prayed) to drink wine, mixed by an alchemist, with lion's blood. As often as not, they gave birth to girls. And despite scientists' growing understanding of genetics, modern parents are unable to do any better in choosing the sex of their offspring. But help may be on the way. Two English scientists have devised a technique for controlling the sex of rabbits. Their method, the first to achieve 100% accuracy with any mammal, may some day be applied to humans.

Cambridge University Physiologists Richard Gardner and Robert Edwards reported in *Nature* that they mated rabbits, then from the females took fertilized egg cells that had already grown into tiny embryos but had not yet become implanted in the uterine wall. They placed each embryo under a microscope, cut a tiny slit in its surrounding membrane and drew out several hundred cells with a suction pipette. The cells were then examined for the presence of sex chromatin, a substance found only in female cells. Separated into male and female groups, the embryos were next placed in a culture medium, a laboratory equivalent of a hospital recovery room.

After several hours, the fully recovered and sex-identified embryos were dropped into slits made in the uterus

of mature female rabbits that had been treated with hormones to make the uterine walls receptive to implantation of the embryos. In each of 18 completed pregnancies, the female rabbits gave birth to young of the sex predetermined by the scientists.

The next application of the new technique, Physiologist Edwards believes, will be with such animals as sheep and cows. Most mammals can be induced to produce extra eggs, he says, by hormone treatments. Thus an impregnated cow could produce as many as four embryos that could be flushed out, sex-identified and selectively reimplanted. Since milk-producing cows are far more valuable than a plethora of bulls, the practice promises economic advantages. Human sex determination will be far more difficult, the scientists caution. Obtaining human eggs, fertilizing them on the laboratory bench and culturing the early embryos to the point where sex identification is possible are techniques still far beyond today's laboratory skills. "We may get to human embryos," says Edwards, "but that will be in the long, long future."

ARCHAEOLOGY

Drama for Diggers

Nothing about the exhibit seems to fit among the musty antiquities of Assyrian Hall in the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute. Eye-popping red, blue and yellow paints are splashed inside the glass showcases; a lettered wheel whirls out breezy explanations in art nouveau type. Topping off the extravaganza is a large wall map, lit up by flickering red neon tubing. It is the kind of show that conservative diggers dismiss with a scornful epithet: "Pop Archaeology."

The description delights the man who



BRAIDWOOD AT CHICAGO SHOW
Delight in the description.

"We investigated IN-SIDE Out... then graduated to flameless electric heat."

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What will you get out of it? Two years of being completely on your own in a completely strange environment. Hard work and challenge and frustration. But maybe for a lot of people you'll have changed a diet of ignorance into one of knowledge. Sickness into health. Despair into hope. And can you think of a better diet?

Write: The Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525



directed the display. Robert J. Braidwood, 60, is an old hand at upsetting his fellow archaeologists. By using modern aerial photographs to give an astronaut's eye view of the ancient world, and placing ancient artifacts in a contemporary setting, the field director of the University of Chicago's "Prehistoric Project" contrives to add unexpected drama to the simple relics he has found in two decades of digging in the hills of Iraq, Iran and Turkey. Scorning what he calls the grave-digger school of archaeology, Braidwood says: "I've never had much patience with people who go into the field to mine royal tombs and grab off attention-getting treasures." Such forays, he contends, usually turn up little more than archaeological "junk," which provides few new insights into the past.

As his current exhibit demonstrates, Braidwood's own quest has been to document that momentous episode in history when man changed from nomadic hunter to settled farmer. According to an old archaeological axiom, the transition took place thousands of years ago in the Fertile Crescent, the lush Middle Eastern flatlands between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Largely as a result of Braidwood's spadework, the Fertile Crescent theory has been buried. Most of his colleagues now agree with him that man actually abandoned his vagrant ways as early as 7000 B.C. and set up his first farm villages on the Fertile Crescent's hilly flanks, at elevations of 1,000 ft. to 4,000 ft., before descending to the alluvial river valley.

Fermented Porridge. While roaming those uplands, Braidwood found considerable supporting evidence: long-buried mud-hut villages, fossilized remains of cultivated wheat and barley, bones of such domesticated animals as goats and sheep, and clay figurines of fertility goddesses, some voluptuous, others Twiggy-shaped. Of the 50 artifacts in the display, many of the most interesting come from his initial find at Jarmo, a cluster of some 20 simple dwellings in Iraqi Kurdistan that may well be one of the world's original farming communities. The Jarmoites did not leave a recorded history, but there is no doubt about their sophistication. They put hinged doors on their houses, built chimneys in their walls and, by letting their porridge ferment, possibly brewed the world's first beer. Braidwood's other major digs were at Cayonu in Turkey and Sarab in Iran, both of which are also prehistoric farming villages.

Braidwood is not only a pioneer in the study of the so-called "archaeological gap" between man's shift from hunter to farmer: he is one of the first archaeologists to go forth with whole teams of scholars—geologists, zoologists, botanists—applying a wide range of on-the-spot know-how to each dig. Since his psychedelic show has already become one of the institute's most popular displays, the public obviously digs Braidwood's brand of archaeology.



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Detective

The great detective leans over the body on the floor of the overdecorated flat. "I think I'm going to be sick," says his young assistant. "No, you're not," the detective tells him. "Tense your muscles and take notes; nude Caucasian male, penis cut off and lying on floor, head crushed, multiple stab wounds, index finger and thumb of right hand missing . . ."

It's a great beginning—especially since Detective Joe Leland is Frank Sinatra, playing it cool and tough, with hardly ever a smile on his sad, slightly sagging face. The corpse on the floor is none other than Theodore Leikman Jr., homosexual scion of a big-city big shot, and the first problem is to find his roommate, identity unknown. Joe, who has just solved two homicides in one week and is in line for promotion to lieutenant despite his contemptuous treatment of political brass, is soon cruising the gay bars, thrusting a police drawing in the fags' faces and asking, "Do you know this man?"

Things get a little ridiculous with a raid on a trailer truck, in which a score of pretty boys and a silver-haired gent in a Homburg seem to be having a pitch-dark love-in. But the movie picks up again with a moving, gut-tightening scene in which Joe extracts a confession from the roommate, beautifully played by Tony Musante. By cracking the case, Joe makes lieutenant at last.

Meanwhile, back in private life, all is not so well. Joe and his wife Karen (Lee Remick) split up. That is bad enough, but then it turns out that she is a nymphomaniac who likes to pick up guys in bars. His world is coming apart, and so is the movie—with a rush of irrelevancies about slum conditions and precinct-house rivalries. Sud-

denly, a complex new subplot is folded into the proceedings, about a financial wheeler-dealer who commits suicide.

The financier's wife is played by a sleek, sweet dream from England named Jacqueline Bisset. Her screen debut in the part originally scheduled for Mia Farrow—before she walked out on the movie and on Sinatra—is one of *The Detective's* redeeming features. Otherwise, this police epic peters out in aimless diffusion and in some of the most absurd juxtapositions of Manhattan and California location shots ever seen.

The Long Day's Dying

This day in the life and death of three British paratroopers and their German prisoner is full of grime, gore, suspense and pretension. John (David Hemmings), Tom (Tom Bell) and Cliff (Tony Beckley) are holed up in a war-scarred country house in a European battle zone, waiting for their sergeant. They kid and bicker, establishing basic character traits (educated John, taciturn Tom, sadistic Cliff). They set out some booby traps, kill some Germans and capture one called Helmut (Alan Dobie). With Helmut in tow, they try to make their way back to their own lines, killing and being killed along the way.

Death in this movie has a definite Grand Guignol quality. People don't just fall down and lie there with a stain on the uniform and maybe a twitch or two. They writhe and roll, gurgling and spouting the red stuff in enough quantities to make even a paratrooper throw up—which John does with emetic realism. There is also a double helping of portentous stream of consciousness on the sound track, plus some heavy-handed message mongering that is both otiose and silly. "Just you and me," observes one of the characters, lying near death in an inferno of exploding mortars and chattering machine guns. "Skill to live," the other says. "Skill to exist," the first corrects him.

But the soldiers are convincingly unactorish, and the camera watches them well, making dramatic use of focus shifts (the credits list a focus technician as well as a cameraman and a photography director). At 28, British Director Peter Collinson (*The Penthouse* and *Up the Junction*), who doubled as co-producer of *The Long Day's Dying*, has the technical skills of moviemaking well in hand. Time now to concentrate on the intangibles. Like taste.

Trans-Europ Express

France's Alain Robbe-Grillet believes in the cult of impersonality. The "new novel," with which he made large literary waves during the '50s, said goodbye to psychology and presented people and their actions as reflected in surface appearances and objective happenings. In 1961 he wrote the haunting, memorable *Last Year at Marien-*



TRINTIGNANT & PISIER
Plots without plot.

bad, a movie in which it was marvelously impossible to tell who (if anyone) was doing what (if anything) to whom, let alone why.

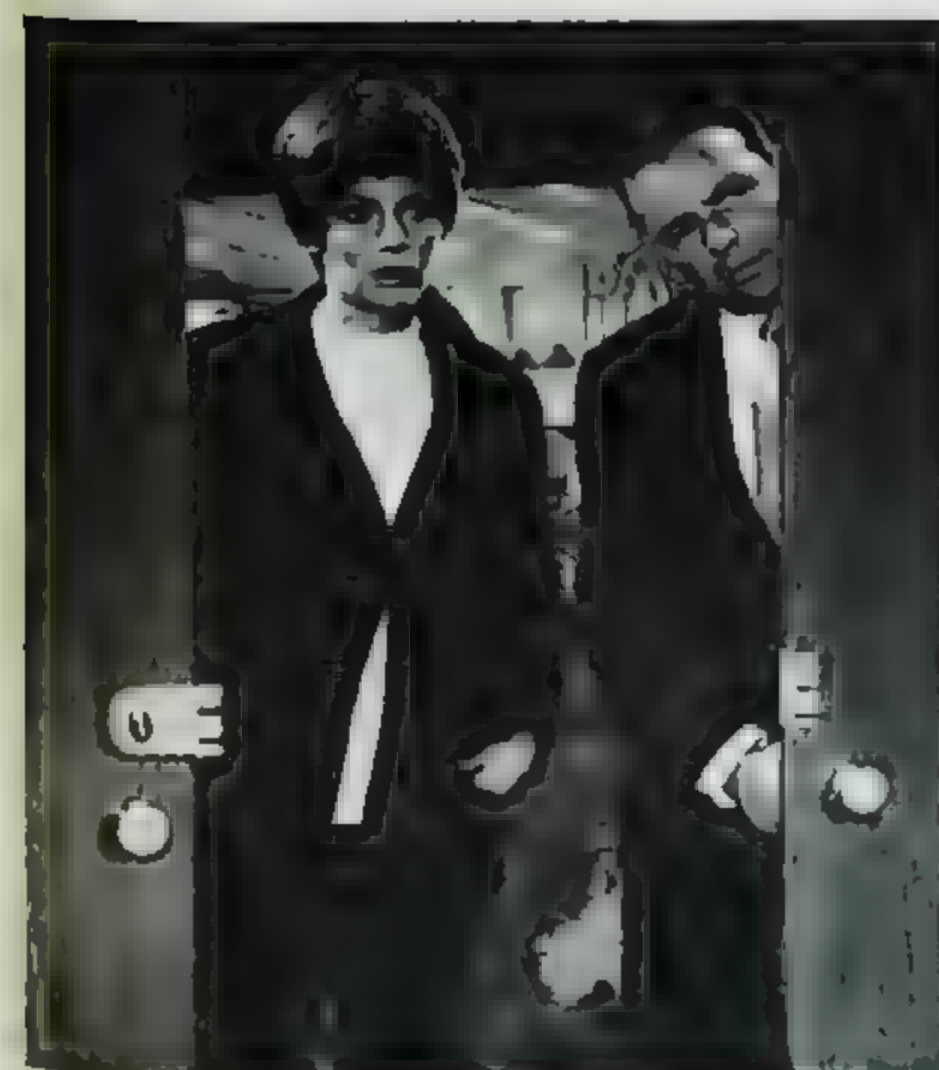
Trans-Europ Express is a spoof of the spoof-suspense films presented in the Robbe-Grillet manner—which is to say that plot, character and motivation are kept at considerably more than arm's length. Strictly speaking, there are no characters at all, except Author-Director Robbe-Grillet, Producer Samy Helfon and a female assistant, played by Robbe-Grillet's wife Catherine. These three gather in a compartment of the Trans-Europ Express en route from Paris to Antwerp.

"This train is terrific," says Robbe-Grillet. "Maybe we ought to do a film about it." They proceed to rough out the beginnings of a plot into the girl's handy tape recorder while the express rattles along. Actor Jean-Louis Trintignant (*A Man and a Woman*) happens to be on board, and they decide that he is Elias, a dope runner on his first job for a big syndicate. Whereupon the camera picks up Trintignant sneaking furtively around the station, exchanging recognition signals and suitcases with sinister strangers and extracting a pistol from a hollowed-out book.

As the stock shenanigans pile up, the film shifts back to Robbe-Grillet and Helfon, who discuss whether to have Elias smuggling diamonds instead of dope. Eventually, they decide to forget about an agent who has just gone through Elias' luggage, and generally continue to improvise scene after scene.

So the story develops by fits and false starts—filled with cutbacks, recapitulations, inconsistencies, and broad parodies of such moviemakers as Hitchcock and Godard. Spoofy sex is provided by toothsome Marie-France Pisier as a double-agent prostitute, plus the deadpan hero's fatal fetish for naked girls locked up in chains. There is some excellent photography and a surprise-on-surprise ending that confuses even Robbe-Grillet.

There is fun, in fact, for everyone, except those who like real thrills in their thrillers



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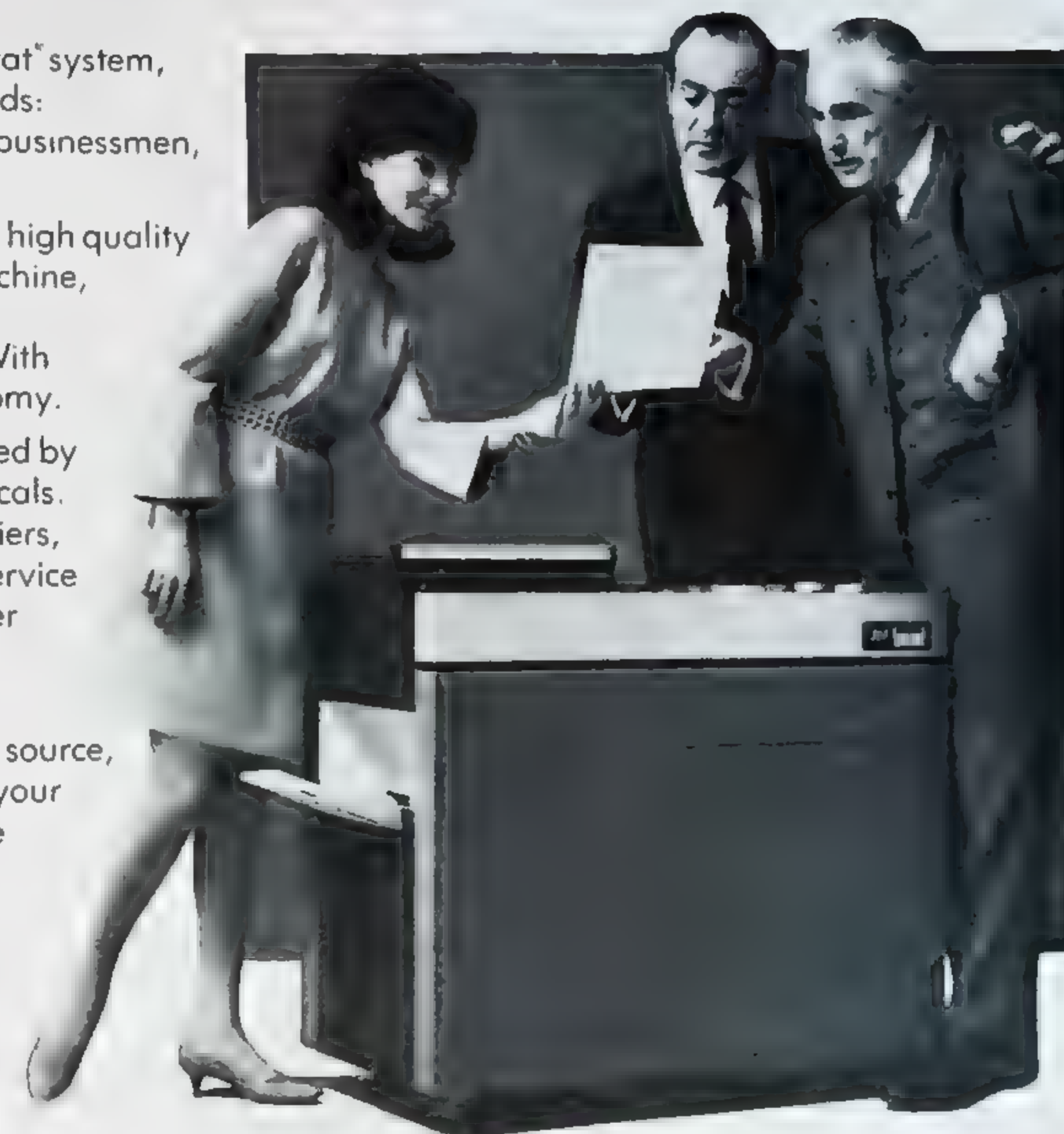
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BOOKS

Stop the Presses!

Nonfiction publishing is rising at a bewildering rate; an average of 351 new nonfiction titles stream off the presses every week, but most of them never get reviewed. Here is a random sampling of titles, issued in the past year or so by reputable publishers, that may have escaped public attention:

Honeybees from Close Up by A. M. Dines.

Water Use Inspector by the Arco Editorial Board.

New Trends in Table Settings by Lucy Staley.

Lithuanians in Canada by Pr. Gaida, S. Kairys, J. Kardelis, J. Puzinas, A. Rinkunas and J. Sungaila.

Politics in the Tokugawa Bakufu, 1600-1843 by Conrad D. Totman.

The Grimké Sisters from South Carolina by Gerda Lerner.

Observations and Reflections (of Hester Lynch Piozzi) Made in the Course of a Journey Through France, Italy and Germany, Herbert Barrows, ed.

Prince of Librarians by Edward Miller.

Memoirs of an Interpreter by A. H. Birse.

A History of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation by Bryan Haislip.

Health-Seekers in the Southwest 1817-1900 by Billy M. Jones.

Recipes for Allergies by Billie Little.

The Foreman: Forgotten Man of Management by Thomas H. Patten Jr.

American Activities in the Central Pacific, 1790-1870, Ernest S. Dodge & R. Gerard Ward, ed.

A Trip to the Yellowstone National Park in July, August and September, 1875 by General W. E. Strong.

The Complete Horseshoeing Guide by Robert F. Wiseman.

Milk Run

TELL ME HOW LONG THE TRAIN'S BEEN GONE by James Baldwin. 484 pages. Dial. \$5.95.

There are two James Baldwins, equally passionate, at times equally gifted. One is the racial rhetorician, the polished pamphleteer, the literate prophet who warned about *The Fire Next Time* long before the words, "Burn, baby, burn" raged in the land. His preachments remain intensely articulate, painfully—and plainly—relevant.

The other James Baldwin is the questing novelist, the private man loaded down with personal problems that he must defeat—or be defeated by. This is the Baldwin who with his first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, marvelously evoked a Harlem boyhood nurtured in a storefront church. It is the Baldwin who, with post-Gide candor, courageously rendered the homosexual experience in his second novel, *Giovanni's Room*. But this is also the writer who six years ago turned out the deeply disappointing novel, *Another Country*, a lengthy excursion into the world of bisexuality.

White Sister, Black Cat. This new book is further evidence that as a fictioneer Baldwin is in great danger of becoming dreadfully irrelevant. *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* rambles like a milk train over the same run that Baldwin covered in *Another Country*, creaks over the same hard ground, sounds the same blast about the Negro's condition, rattles the same rationale for homosexuality: "My terrible need to lie down, to breathe deep, to weep long and loud, to be held in human arms, almost any human arms, to hide my face in any human breast, to tell it all, to let it out, to be brought into the world, and, out of human affection, to be born again."

As in *Another Country*, the hero is a black artist, this time a handsome, slightly built 39-year-old actor, Leo Proudhammer. The dramatic high point occurs on the very first page, when



BALDWIN
Danger of irrelevancy.

Leo suffers a heart attack onstage. From then on, the reader must bear with him through a convalescence plagued by interminable flashbacks. There is a Harlem boyhood that includes an incestuous homosexual interlude with his older brother. This is followed by a pre-hippie East Village adolescence during which Leo begins to forge a lasting black-brother, white-sister relationship with Barbara King, a Kentucky-born actress. And finally comes the highly satisfactory love affair with Christopher, a natty young militant black cat. The most important thematic progression to be noted in this work is that for the first time in a Baldwin novel, black man gets black boy.

Out of Step, Out of Date. Baldwin manages his set pieces well: a Harlem church service, the white world's Hollywood movies as seen through black eyes, a ghetto tenement flat on Saturday night. But the heterosexual love scenes are dry, joyless and dread-inducing, while some of the writing plays with trite truisms ("If you are depending on a guy for your life, you don't really much care what color he is"). The penultimate scene, in which the Negro star plays host to Barbara's white old-Kentucky-home family, seems to have been lifted out of an old Lillian Hellman play; and the final speeches have a tacked-on and tatty Odets-like quality.

Indeed, '30s protest realism seems to be Baldwin's out-of-step, out-of-date fictional method. But the highly specialized theme of a contemporary black bisexual requires far more savage honesty and a far more ruthless sense of the absurd if it is to achieve any literary validity. When he was 14, Baldwin was a boy preacher, a black Cotton Mather, raging against sin, obsessed with guilt. He still is. But whereas in his essays and speeches the public Baldwin eloquently indicted white America for its sins, the private Baldwin has not yet been able to find the right fictional way to bear his own personal sense of guilt.

Two Tragic Presidencies

JFK AND LBJ THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY UPON POLITICS by Tom Wicker. 297 pages Morrow \$5

John Kennedy promised to "get this country moving again"; yet he did not remotely reach his legislative goals in Congress. Lyndon Johnson salvaged much of Kennedy's program; yet he sacrificed his grand consensus in the unpopular Viet Nam war. What defeats great presidential expectations?

Tom Wicker, chief of the New York Times's Washington bureau, suggests that the answer is a fatal euphoria. What Kennedy overlooked was the fact that Congress had no intention of carrying out his campaign promises unless forced to by public pressure. To be sure, Kennedy soon won a crucial fight



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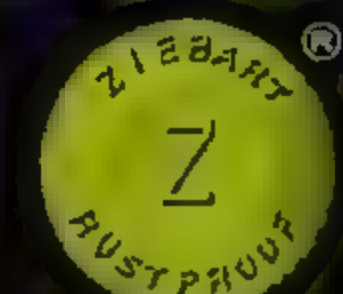
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for what realists call "the third house"—the Southern-dominated House Rules Committee, which can stop almost any bill from reaching a floor vote. But as Author Wicker tells it, Kennedy thus learned too well that Government is a matter of "men, not measures." Seeking more support, he wooed Southern segregationists, and lost Northern-liberal respect in the process—most notably after he had succumbed to Roman Catholic pressure groups by offering federal aid to parochial schools in his education legislation. When the bills died in 1961, amid the Bay of Pigs disaster, says Wicker, Kennedy lost Congress—and at his death in 1963, was widely regarded as close to presidential failure.

Red Green Light. Wicker argues that Lyndon Johnson was even more victimized by the "ebullience of power." As a firm believer in "the domino theory" of Communist aggression, Johnson privately vowed two days after Kennedy's death: "I am not going to lose Viet Nam." But as a Southerner who was averse to rise above sectionalism, Johnson had a passion for reflecting the broadest possible national consensus, which lured him into running as a peace candidate and stating publicly in 1964. "We don't want our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys." According to Wicker, this "green light" so encouraged the Communists that by early 1965, South Viet Nam was virtually defeated.

Newly armed with history's biggest plurality, writes Wicker, Johnson at that moment was politically free to liquidate a war he had not started. By the 1968 election, Viet Nam might have become a dead issue, long overshadowed by Great Society triumphs. (Of course it might also have become a very live issue, had it been followed by other conflicts in Asia.) Instead, banking on his mandate, Johnson chose escalation, convinced that he could avoid a big land

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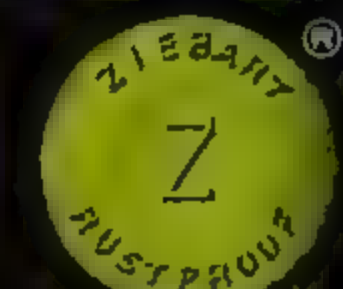
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Selected Facts. What flaws this analysis of the Viet Nam tragedy is the fact that it was written before Johnson's recent abdication—an event that might have balanced some of Wicker's more emotional judgments. That is not the only omission in what Wicker candidly calls an "imaginative reconstruction" of two tragic presidencies. Author of six published novels, Wicker is too prone to select the facts that intensify his drama. He scarcely mentions Kennedy's exciting effect on the national mood and his great coup in the Cuban missile crisis. Wicker almost totally overlooks at

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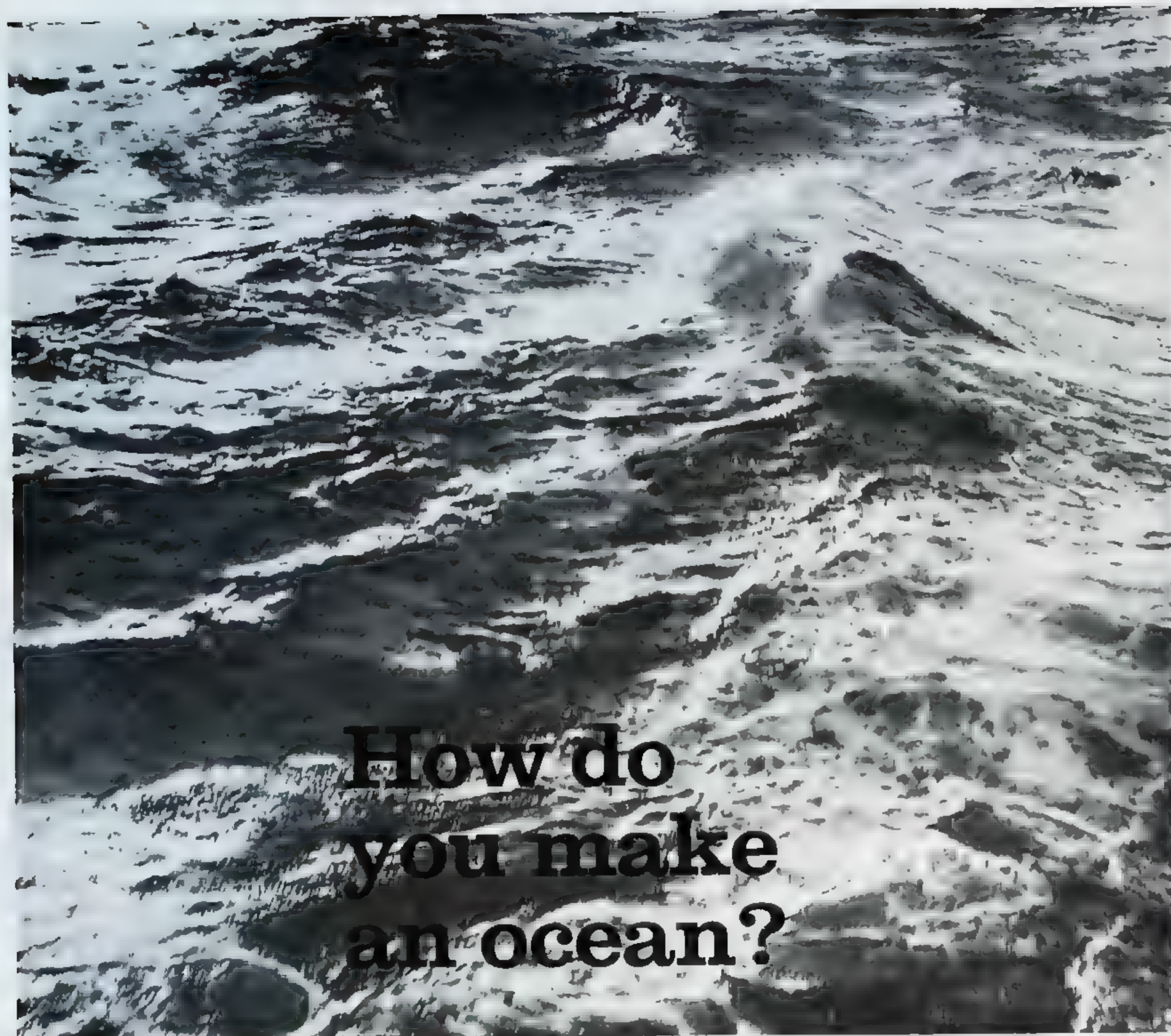
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least the possibility that Johnson's war policy may be ultimately vindicated. The result is a persuasive book—but one that ignores the fact that history has a way of redeeming the actions of Presidents whose contemporaries were too quick to call them failures.

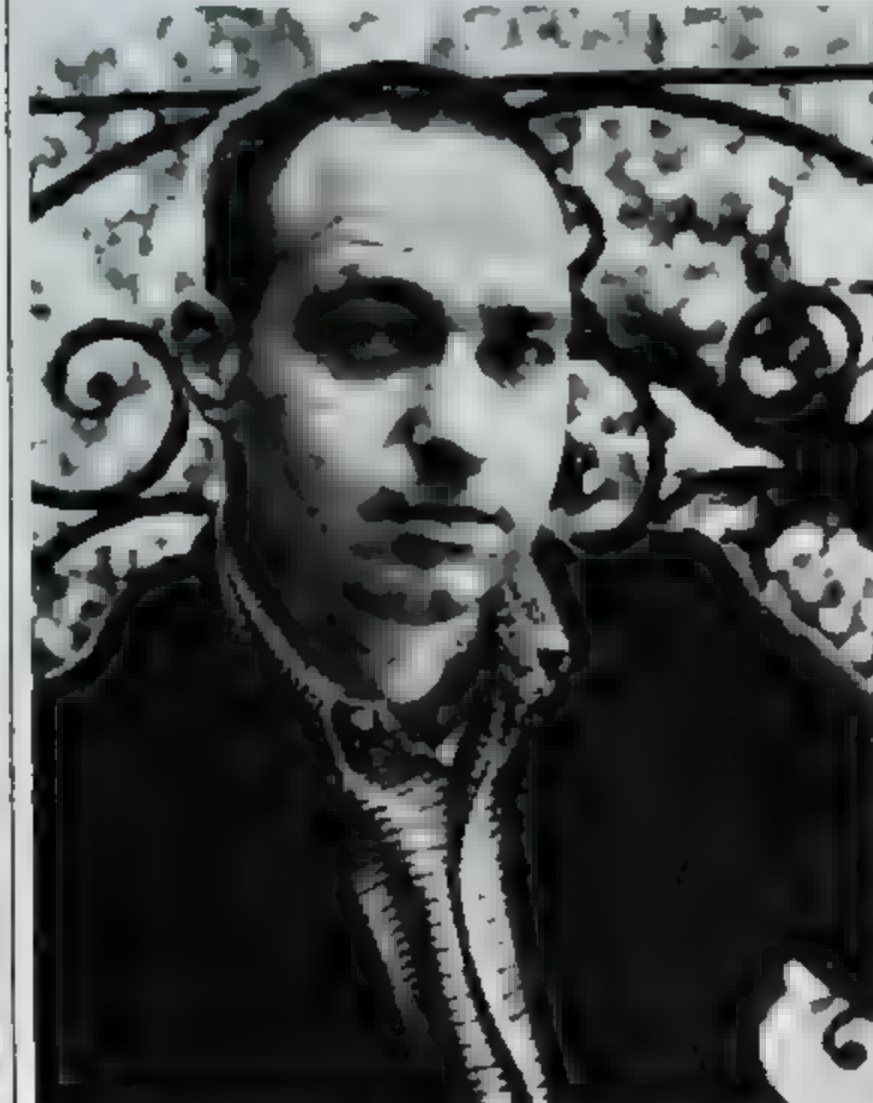
Through the Hedge

RED SKY AT MORNING by Richard Bradford. 256 pages Lippincott, \$4.95

A sweet and tenderly humorous song of youth is always appealing; and when it is sung mostly in rhythm and with nearly perfect nostalgic pitch, it becomes something of a rarity.

Josh Arnold is 17, going on adulthood, and grown up everywhere but in the head. When his father volunteers for the Navy in World War II, Josh and his decaying Southern-belle mama go off to wait at the family summer

CHARLES R. BARNETT



BRADFORD

Like Huck, Penrod and Holden.

place in Corazón Sagrado, a tiny town in the mountains of New Mexico. Unfortunately, Mama can't adjust to Sagrado; the people are Mexicans, Indians and Anglos, the streets are full of donkey manure, and there's scarcely anyone to play bridge with. She begins to tap the stock of sherry in the cellar and becomes a befuddled wino. Along with looking after Mama and completing the process of growing up, Josh has some special problems of his own. Chango Lopez, the meanest *pachuquito* in town, threatens to castrate him; an assignation becomes an embarrassing flop; and he can't decide whether he loves the Episcopal rector's daughter or the gardener's. Eventually, like Huck Finn, Penrod and Holden Caulfield, all of whom he resembles, Josh painfully squirms through the gap in the hedge that separates adolescence from manhood.

Author Bradford, 36, is the son of the late Roark Bradford, whose fanciful Negro folk tales about the creation, Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, were



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adapted by Marc Connelly into *Green Pastures*. He obviously has inherited his father's ear for dialect. On his own, he has the spontaneous gait and happy tone of a natural-born—if derivative—storyteller.

The Kindly Superspy

MY SILENT WAR by Kim Philby. 262 pages. Grove. \$5.95.

THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY by Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley. 300 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

THE THIRD MAN by E. H. Cookridge. 281 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

KIM PHILBY: THE SPY I MARRIED by Eleanor Philby. 174 pages. Ballantine. 75¢.

Each working day in Moscow, a chunky, blue-eyed Englishman arrives at the KGB headquarters at No. 2 Dzerzhinsky Square to pursue his duties as "chief adviser" in Russian espionage against Britain, the Commonwealth and the U.S. He is well equipped for the job. As the most successful double agent of modern times, Kim Philby O.B.E., scion of the British Establishment, Cambridge University, would very likely now be the head of the British Secret Service had he not been discovered and forced to flee to Russia in 1963.

Five years later, the massive scar tissue left on British intelligence has begun to heal, and diligent reporters are prying out coherent accounts of Philby's 34 years as a Soviet agent. Even now the full truth is not known, as illustrated by the fact that these four books show discrepancies at critical points. For example, how did Philby, as the net closed around him, escape from Beirut to asylum in Russia? The authors of *Conspiracy*, a team of reporters from the London Sunday Times, suggest that he made it to the Syrian border in a Turkish truck; then he went to Turkey and walked across the border into Soviet Armenia. In *The Spy I Married*, his American third wife, Eleanor, who later joined him for a time in Moscow until he threw her over for the wife of his fellow defector, Donald Maclean, has a different version: she says he told her that "he walked a good deal of the way." E. H. Cookridge, Philby's onetime colleague in the British Secret Service, who is now a multivolume espionage historian, provides an account that rings with spooky authenticity in some details. He says flatly that Philby sailed from Beirut harbor on the Polish ship *Dalmatova*. Philby himself, in his smug, annoyingly charming autobiography, refuses to say, since his Soviet friends might want to use the route again.

Despite such divergencies, the four books form a fascinating mosaic of the contradictory character of the master spy, a man ruthlessly cold and dedicated to Communism professionally, but by all accounts a warm and likable man in his personal life. Philby dispatched hundreds of Albanian patriots to their deaths, in theory landing them

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in Albania to stir up resistance, but in fact sending them straight into the guns of the Albanian Communist troops, whom he had tipped off. But he worried over some innocent emigrants mistakenly interned as German agents during World War II. He also wept when his pet fox was pushed off the balcony by his maid in Beirut and killed. With every reason to hate him, Eleanor Philby can write: "Our marriage was perfect in every way. He was the most lovely and devoted husband and a marvellous father."

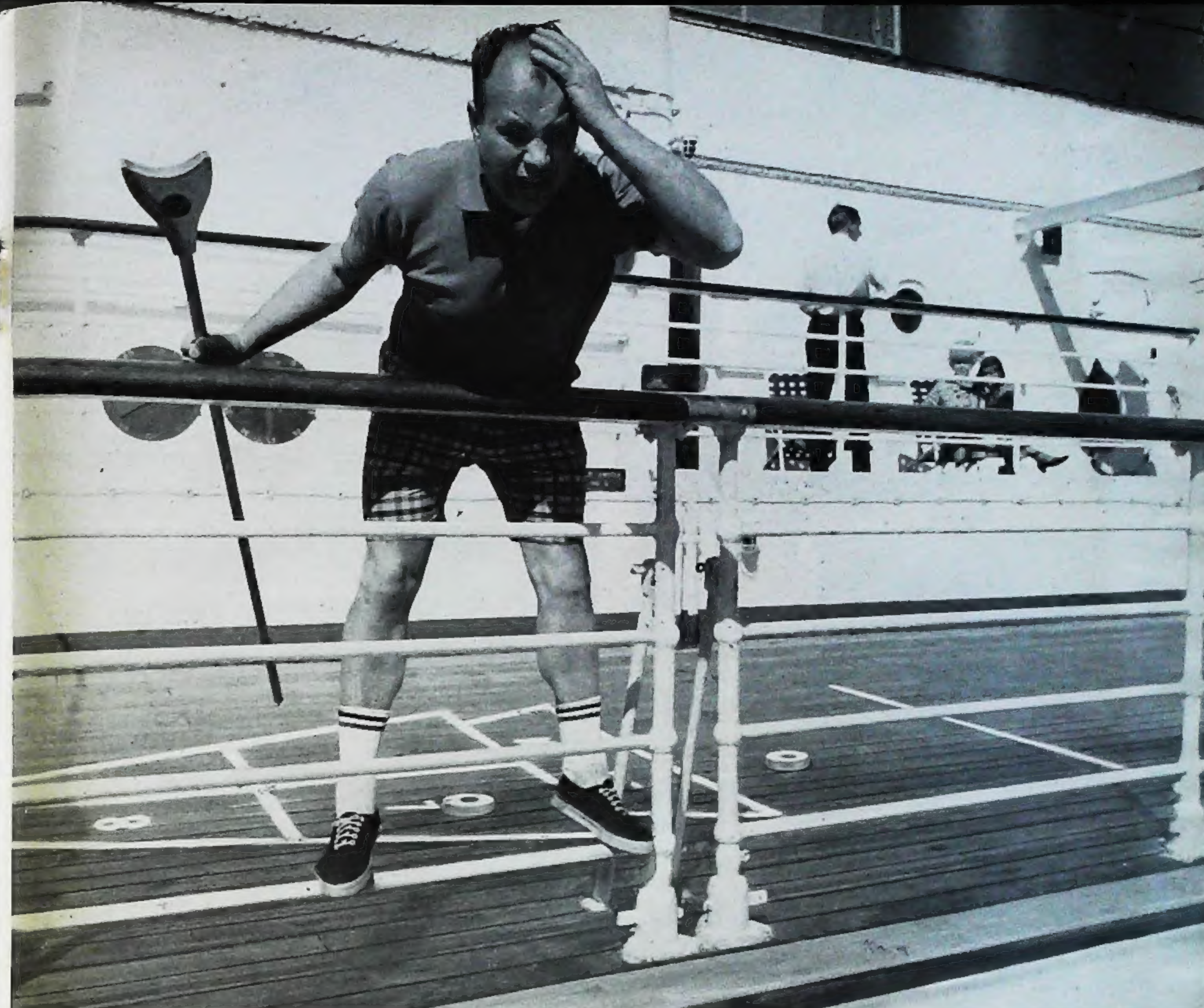
Philby had certain unlikely assets as a spy. He stammered badly, which won him instant sympathy and enabled him, in tight situations, to gather his thoughts before speaking. He drank to the brink of alcoholism but never became indiscreet, a facility that spared him suspicion for a long time. Reasoned his associates: "Surely so reckless a drinker could not be hiding a great secret." Serving a far-off master, he seemed the sanest, least ambitious man in the highly competitive corridors of Britain's espionage establishment.

The Games of Intrigue. Now that Philby is "home" in Russia, as he puts it, the other side of that cool, professional cloak seems to have been exposed. As Eleanor Philby says, "I noticed that he sometimes seemed pathetically pleased by the approbation of the Russians. Every pat on the back was like a medal or a bouquet of flowers. Kim's excitement at any word of praise seemed disproportionate." Indeed, *Conspiracy* convincingly argues that Philby, recruited to Communism in his youth at Cambridge during the Depression, never really grew up. He played the games of intrigue, the hide-and-seek of duplicity, while remaining in essence politically naive.



PHILBY IN MOSCOW
Mosaic of contradictions.

TIME, JUNE 7, 1968



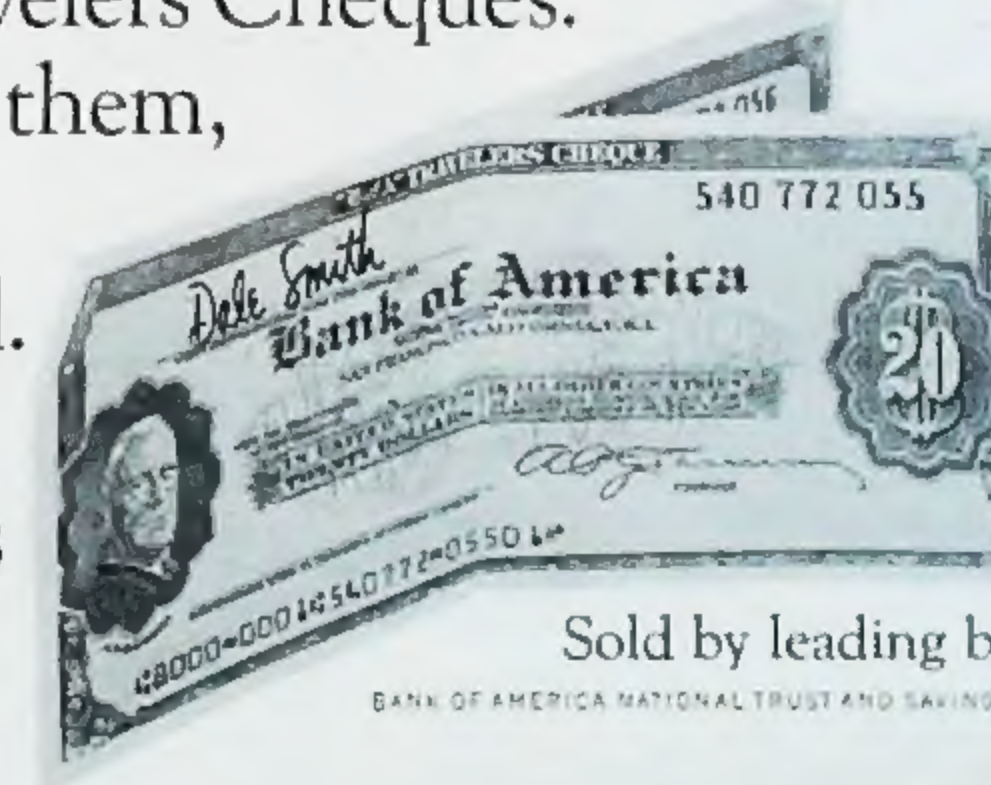
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